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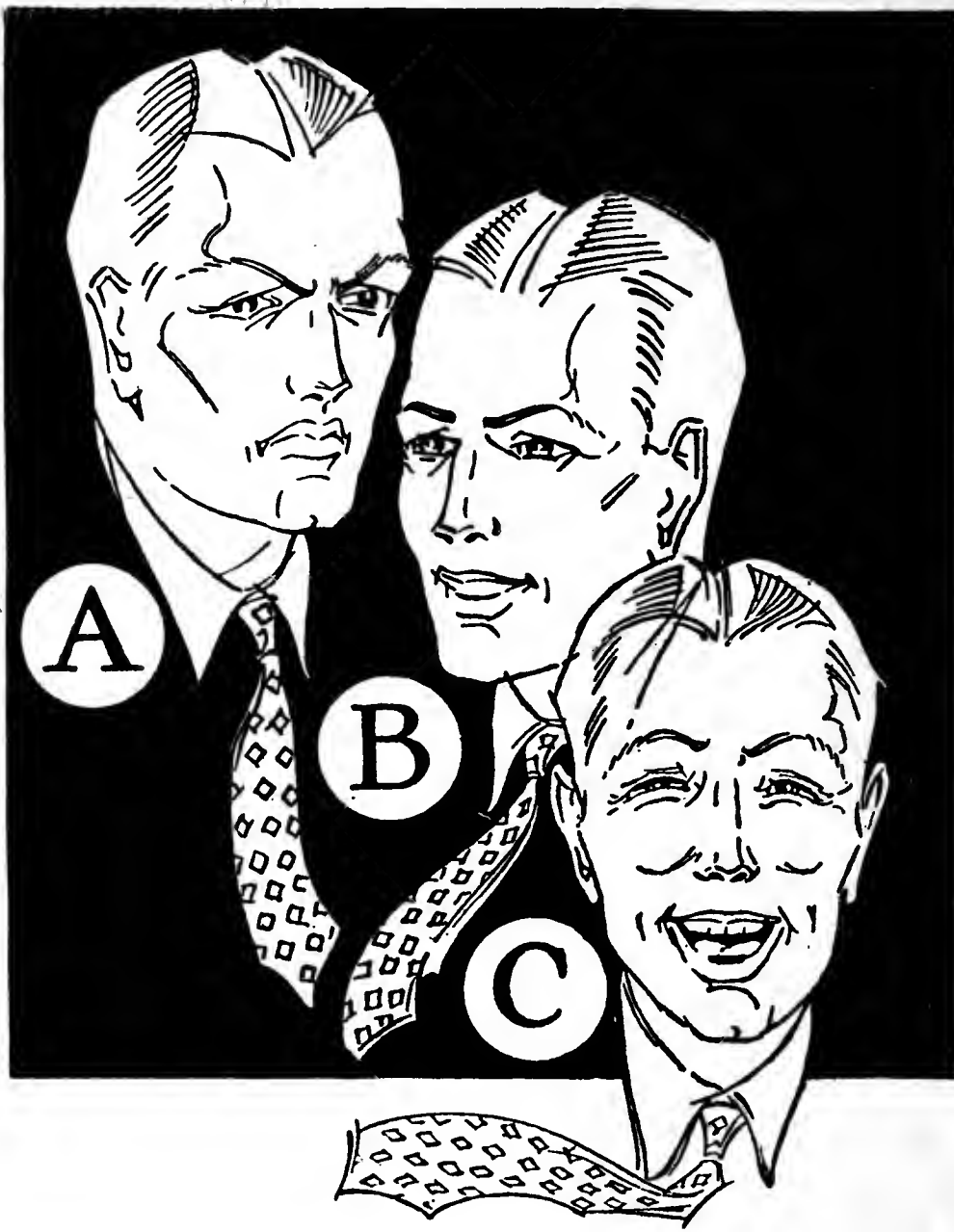
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THE
HAVERFORDIAN

**PUBLISHED ON ABOUT THE
20TH DAY OF THE MONTH
AT HAVERFORD COLLEGE**



JUNE 1928



an example in
EVOLUTION..

- Exhibit A*—College Student who has a grouch. Life a bore. Note frown. (Reason unknown.)
- Exhibit B*—Same C. S. just after telephone operator has told him to "go ahead please". Hears Mother's Voice. Note gradually-broadening smile.
- Exhibit C*—Same Ditto, after discussing problems with Mother and Dad. Great to be alive! Note broad grin.

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The Haverfordian

VOL. XLVIII HAVERFORD, PA., JUNE, 1928 No. 1

THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the *twentieth* of each month preceding date of issue during college year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates, and to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the *fifth* of the month.

Entered as second-class matter March 19, 1921, at the post office at Haverford, Pennsylvania, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1105, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized April 11, 1921.

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*" . . . on the edge of the pier . . .
a man standing motionless . . . "*

The Murder in Number Four

Further Adventures of Bencolin and Sir John Landervorne

DURING the night run between Dieppe and Paris, on a haunted train called The Blue Arrow, there was murder done. Six passengers in the first-class carriage saw the ghost; one other passenger and the train guard failed to see it, which was why they decided the thing was a ghost. And the dead man lay between the seats of an empty compartment, his head propped up against the opposite door and his face shining goggle-eyed in the dull blue light. He had been strangled.

This Blue Arrow has an evil name. At twelve o'clock the channel boat leaves New Haven. With good weather, it arrives at Dieppe about three A. M. On a wintry night of sleet and dull-foamed waves it is the atmosphere for ghosts. The great echoing customs shed, hollow with steam and the bumping of trunks, the bleary lamps, the bedraggled passengers filing silently up the gangplank, set an imagination running to things weird. Sickness, loss of sleep, the bobbing eerie boat floundering in against the pier, had made a wan crew of these eight people on the night of December 18th. Thus, after a six-hour crossing on which the vessel several times lost the Dieppe light and staggered helpless in the gale, they boarded The Blue Arrow for Paris.

Superstitious porters have many tales about this train. Its engine is misshapen, and sometimes there rides in the cab a blind driver named Death. Along the moon-lit waste people have been ground under the wheels, with no sound save a faint cry and a hiss of blood on the firebox. On this run, too, there was once a fearful wreck; they say that on some nights, when you pass the place, you can see the dead men peering over the

edge of the embankment, with their smashed foreheads, and lanterns hanging from their teeth.

The testimony of eight witnesses was to be had about the tragedy, on this night of December 18th when the murder was committed. Nobody had particularly noticed the victim; he travelled alone, and in the boat he had sat in a corner of the lounge with this hat pulled over his eyes, speaking to none of them. Sir John Landervorne, on his way to Paris to see his old friend M. Henri Bencolin, had asked this mysterious person what time the Blue Arrow arrived there, but he received only a shrug. Mr. Septimus Depping, another Englishman, had asked him for a match; the stranger merely muttered, "*Je ne parle pas anglais.*" Miss Brunhilde Mertz, militant feminist, clubwoman, and tourist from the United States of America, had tried to engage him in conversation about the inestimable advantages of prohibition (as she did with everybody), and had been highly incensed when he merely turned his back.

On the Blue Arrow, he went into a compartment by himself and pulled the door closed. He had not changed the blue night-lamps; those who passed in the corridor could see his back as he sat staring out of the window. The guard had got his ticket from his skinny outthrust hand while his back was turned. Even during the examination of passports before they boarded the train, although Miss Brunhilde Mertz had earnestly tried to look over his shoulder, nothing was seen. Then there was a dispute in the customs shed, because Miss Mertz shrilly refused to open her trunk ("Do you think I'm going to let that nosey man look at my underwear?") until, after she had shrieked "No key! No key!" in ever increasing volume, with the idea that the louder she yelled in English the more easily would she be understood, the weary inspector merely sighed and passed her.

Under cover of this disturbance, the dark man disappeared into the train.

Now here occurs a random bit of information of which nobody made much. Two of the passengers professed to behold something. These two were M. Canard, one of the most fiery of the French journalists, and his companion, Mademoiselle Lulu, who played a harp. They said that by one pale light on the edge of the pier, they had seen a man standing motionless at the line of the smoky whitish water. He had not been on the boat. He merely stood there, his cloak blown around him, leaning on a cane, and one of his hands clasped over the cane held a cigarette. The next moment he vanished, almost as though he had jumped into the water.

In the train, the midmost compartment was occupied by the man who was to die. That was number four. In number one were M. Canard and Mademoiselle Lulu. In number two, Mr. Septimus Depping and Miss Brunhilde Mertz. Number three was vacant. In number five, Sir John Landervorne. In number six, Villeford, the proprietor of a café in Montmartre of not too good reputation. In number seven Mr. Charles Woodcock, a traveling salesman from America. Number eight was vacant.

A drowsy hush settled on the train when it started, a drugged chill of spirits and bodies, for the heating system would not work. The blue night-lamps flickered a little in the draughty corridor. At one end of this corridor, by the door, stood Sir John Landervorne, tall and gray, leaning against the railing and smoking. The train swayed ever so little in a creaking rush: that was the only noise. At the other end of the corridor, from the second of the two doors opening from the car on that side, appeared the train-guard.

Somebody screamed. It was Mademoiselle Lulu. She had had an altercation with M. Canard, and in

tearful dignity she had swept out of compartment number one and planted herself in the vacant one, number three. Her cry was dreary and chilling in that cold place, as though produced by nightmare; for she had seen a face pressed against the glass of the door giving on the corridor, a bearded face which looked as though it had its nose chopped off. It disappeared in an instant; she put her head against the cushions in terror.

Someone else gave an exclamation. When everyone came tumbling into the corridor, it developed that the face had looked in at every compartment, as the testimony of witnesses showed later. *Yet neither Sir John Landervorne, who had been standing at one end of the corridor, nor the train guard, who stood at the other, had seen anybody there, though, at the moment Mademoiselle Lulu cried out, they were looking at each other from opposite ends of the car.*

Then Miss Brunhilde Mertz, while they all stood out there shivering, happened to glance into compartment number four. They saw the dark man stretched out between the seats, and he did not move. Then, while they looked at each other with that sinking panic of horror piled on horror, Sir John tried to open the door. It had been bolted on the inside.

Saulomon, the train guard, pulled the emergency cord. With the train stopped on a dismal waste five miles from Dieppe, they investigated. They went round to the other side of the train; it had no door there, but three windows set level together. One of these windows was down halfway, but secured there by its snap; it would go no further. The others were up and locked.

When the corridor door had been pried open, the occupant of compartment four was found with face discolored by strangulation, eyes blood-filled and staring out, the bruises of thick hands on his throat. He was dead.

Now this man had been seen entering the train, he had been seen sitting at the window, and Saulomon had collected his ticket some ten minutes before. The door was not bolted then. But the door was bolted now, and no murderer could have gone through that door. Nor could a murderer have come through the window. One of the windows was down some inches, but no human being could have squeezed thorough that space, even if anyone could have reached the window—for it was twelve feet from the ground, and the idea of a murderer clinging to the side of a train was impossible. The other windows were locked.

Two days later, the Parisian police discovered the murdered man's identity. He was traveling under a forged passport as a lawyer from Marseilles; his real name was Mercier, and he was probably the deftest diamond-smuggler in Europe.

II

There was a conference of puzzled people in the office of M. Villon, he of the great, bald mechanical head and small body, who may be remembered as having worked with M. Henri Bencolin in the LaGarde murder case. He had never forgiven Bencolin for tricking him into smoking the cigarette which held the identity of the woman spy, Sylvie St. Marie; but that was all meaningless ancient history now. For M. le Comte de Villon was now promoted to the position of *juge d'instruction*, the most dreaded police official in France, whose cross-examination of suspects is a process which even American third-degree experts are forced to admire. And now Bencolin was away; for some months he had been in the United States on a police mission. Villon was in sole charge of the Blue Arrow mystery; very spiteful in his quiet, ponderous way, with his pin-point eyes and big flabby hands.

He sat behind his broad desk, blinking slowly. With him were Sir John Landervorne and Saulomon, the train guard, each bright-featured under a reading-lamp in the gloom of the great room.

"It is curious," Villon said slowly to Sir John, "that you should be coming to France to see M. Bencolin, monsieur. He has been away some time. Surely you would know of that?"

Sir John was little grayer, a little more irascible; the rust had got into his voice and the rime on his features. He seemed to be made of wire and iron, gaunt in the leather chair, and the sharp cheekbones threw odd shadows up over his eyes.

"See here," he said, "I have had the honor to be associated with the French police many times, my dear sir. I was with Bencolin when he dug the truth out of that Fragneau stabbing in England, and the Darworth business, too. I have yet to be a suspect myself. . . . It's rather a shame Bencolin isn't here now. Would you accept him as a character witness?"

Villon muttered, "Bah! Bungler!" under his breath, and shifted, and played with a penholder. But he continued smoothly, "Monsieur, this is not a question of character witnesses. You must realize that both you and M. Saulomon here tell an extraordinary story. You say that you were at opposite ends of this corridor, and that neither of you saw a person there who was plainly seen by six people in the various compartments." He spread out his hands.

Saulomon, who was tall, smooth-shaven, and rather threadbare, ill-at-ease in Villon's ponderous presence, made a protesting gesture.

"M. le Comte," he remarked, "is justified in calling it extraordinary. But it is true. I swear it is true! I do not lie, I. For ten years I have served—"

"Oh, let him talk! It's true enough," Sir John

said irritably.

"Nothing? You saw *nothing*? Come, now, my friend—the dim light, the possibility that you might have looked away?—eh?"

"Nothing! The light was clear enough for me to see this man Saulomon at the other end. I wasn't looking away, because I was waiting for him to get my ticket."

"But, if I may ask, what were you doing in the corridor?"

"Great God! Can't a man step out for a cigar if he likes?"

"You could have smoked in your compartment, if I may mention it. Peste, but no matter! You could not have mistaken each other, possibly?"

"No, we could not. Both of us are over six feet; I have a beard, but it isn't black, and neither of us went near the compartments at the time this woman screamed. You want a small man with his nose chopped off. But why concentrate here? If *I* may mention it, why not discover how the person who killed this fellow Merc er killed him anyway? I had only been standing in the corridor five minutes or so. How did the murderer get in and out?"

"He didn't go through a bolted door," said Villon, smiling. "He must, therefore, have come through the window."

"Wriggling a normal body through five or six inches of space while the train was in motion?"

"Well, he might have been a very small man."

"A dwarf, yes. Where does your dwarf come from? And how is he able to strangle a man?"

"Why—from the roof of the carriage, possibly. They do it frequently in the American moving pictures." Villon's face was a strange caricature of an intelligent man being stupid; the dull-smiling lips and suspicious eyes strikingly naïve. For Villon was baffled, and he

was maintaining anything he could think of. Sir John could hardly restrain his bubbling anger, but he asked:

"And the motive for this crime? This phenomenal dwarf who slides down from train-roofs, strangles a large man, walks through a bolted door without disturbing the bolt, and parades up and down the corridor to show his beard and his chopped-off nose—what's his motive, if any?"

"His motive," answered Villon with sudden ringing clearness, "was robbery. I have examined the customs officer who looked at the man Mercier's passport. Mercier took his credentials out of a large wallet. The officer saw that the wallet was filled with thousand-franc notes. When the body was examined, the wallet was empty."

Villon got up from the desk. His big head seemed to drag down the weight of his body, and he was peering at them shaggily.

"Messieurs, I don't suspect you. Don't be under a misapprehension. I want to find out who knew this Mercier, and therefore I must see everybody. The other passengers are coming here tonight." He touched a bell. "No, be still please."

Then Villon went over to the window. Lights were strung over the naked city, following the dark curve of the river and the toy bustle on the Pont Alexandre. He shivered. For a while there was silence. Villon's next remark startled them with its dreary frankness.

"I must confess to failure. I do not seem to handle things the way Bencolin did. He saw to everything. But I'm only human; I have too much work! Work, work, nothing else, and I'm only human, yes—I should have caught this man Mercier. I didn't set the nets, and I should have done so. We were on the watch for him. He had diamonds. This will cost me my position, I fear, messieurs. . . .

"Bien, you shall know everything," Villon continued with sudden doleful helplessness. "Mercier had been in America. He had smuggled six uncut diamonds of great value past the English authorities; he arrived at Southampton two weeks ago on the liner *Majestic*. Scotland Yard lost track of him, but we were warned to watch the channel ports. He had a confederate. It is not known where this confederate is now; it is not known whether the confederate is man or woman. We do not even know whether Mercier was carrying the diamonds, or whether he disposed of them in England, but this latter is considered unlikely. They were not on his person when he was killed, nor were they in his hand-luggage. And you should know this. The tide of diamond-smuggling has turned to Europe now; the United States has become so rigorous that it is impossible for even the cleverest of them—like Mercier—to do it safely. I did not set the nets. It will cost me my position."

Slowly Villon turned round.

"A few things only are to be known as possible clues. The compartment has been tested for finger-prints, both on the glass of doors and windows, and the wood-work near the windows. The only finger-prints are those of Mercier. His luggage, consisting of a small portmanteau, was found rifled and scattered near the station; it had not been carried into the train. Do you make anything of that? Well, I will go on. Sir John, you were the first to examine Mercier after the murder. Did he wear a beard?"

"Why, yes—a brown beard. It was—"

Saulomon abruptly lifted his head.

"But that is—are you *sure*, monsieur?" he demanded. "I recall distinctly that the man in compartment four had no beard when I took his ticket."

"Exactly!" Villon cried. "And he had no beard when

he was before the passport examiner; the passport picture shows a clean-shaven face. But when he was taken to the morgue after the murder, he was bearded. The attendant doctor discovered that the beard was false. It had been hurriedly put on with spirit-gum between the time he left the passport examiner and the time he entered the train. *Why?*"

After a lengthy silence Sir John observed, "He might have been intending to meet somebody in Paris—" Then he stopped, and began drumming on the chairarms.

Villon went to the desk and leafed through some papers.

"Here are our reports. We had six people on that train, aside from yourselves. Four of them we may eliminate as having no probable connection with this affair. They are useful only as corroborating the evidence. With M. Canard I am personally acquainted; in fact, I may say that I am one of his closest friends. He had never before set eyes on this man Mercier, nor had his *petite amie*, Mademoiselle Lulu. M. Villefranche and Mr. Woodcock, the American salesman, you yourself have eliminated, Monsieur Landervorne. As you will see by the records, they occupied compartments where they were under your eye the whole journey until the time of the murder—and we shall be forced to accept you as a reputable witness. Besides, thorough inquiry nets no possible connection between either of them and Mercier, or our agents would have discovered it. *But*, by a curious coincidence, both Mr. Septimus Depping, the Englishman, and Miss Brunhilde Mertz, the American lady, had seen Mercier before; they must have seen him. All three of them travelled to England on the *Majestic* two weeks before." He picked up two typewritten sheets. "Here are their records. With your permission, I will read:

"Depping, Septimus. R., Loughborough Road, Brixton, London. Business; jeweller, Bond Street, London. Age, 50 years, appears in comfortable circumstances. Recently returned from the United States. In Paris now on business for firm of Depping & Davis. Occupied compartment number two with Miss Mertz. Testimony: 'I was asleep most of the time, when I could, because the woman kept talking a lot of damned drivel about women's rights, and poked me in the ribs with an umbrella when I dozed off. Once I went out to see whether I could get a drink; that was shortly after the train started, and about ten minutes before we saw the man look in the window. I couldn't get the drink. Yes, I saw the man look in the window, but not very well; I was sleepy. I don't remember the time. All I remember was that that asinine woman talked loud enough to wake the dead, and complained about everything, and said the American trains were comfortable and much faster than anything she's seen over here. Address in Paris, Hotel Albert ler, rue Lafayette."

"Mertz, Brunhilde Nation. R., Jinksburg, Missouri, U.S.A. Author of 'Woman, the Dominant Sex,' 'What Europe Owes to Uncle Sam.' Age stated as none of our business. Touring the continent for the purpose of lecturing about it in America. Testimony: 'It's a pity you can't ride on a train in this abominable country without getting murdered! And such service! Did you ever hear of the checking system for baggage?' Examining magistrate: 'Madame will pardon me if I ask her to confine herself to the essential facts?' Witness: 'Well, if that isn't essential, I'd like to know what is—such cheek!—I want you to know I'm an American citizen, and you can't bully me, young man, or our ambassador will—' Examining magistrate: 'Madame, I beg of you—' 'Well, what do you want to know? I didn't kill the man; I sat right in my compartment the whole time. Certainly I saw the measly, stupid little rat's face that looked in...'"

"And so on," said Villon, putting down the paper. "Miss Mertz was a somewhat difficult witness, as you will perceive. That is all."

He sat down. In the stillness his chair creaked. Taxis hooted along the quai below. Leaning forward, Villon rested his head on his clasped hands.

"It would almost make one think wild things," Saulomon said in a low voice. "If you were aboard The Blue Arrow, night after night, you would feel it. Thieves, murderers, ghouls, ride it, streams of them, and we don't know them; we hardly see them—in the mist. But their evil remains, like a draught out of a cellar." He looked up suddenly. The sharp features, the long, powerful hands, the eyes of a mystic, made him incongruous in his rôle. But in the next instant stolidity closed over him, and he stared down at the floor.

It was as though the imagination of all three, focused on a weird train and a strangler's hands, brought a little of the blue mystery of it into that room. A sense of remoteness added to their feeling of nearness to a dead man in a false beard—which somehow made it all the more horrible. A sudden noise would have startled them. They were looking at murder, through the distorted magnifying-glass of an eye witness.

III

It was some moments later that Miss Brunhilde Mertz arrived, escorted by Mr. Septimus Depping. They sat in chairs so that a semi-circle was formed round Villon's desk. Miss Mertz leaned forward, a heavy stuffed woman, staring down over the icy bulges of her figure through glasses which made her eyes terrifying in size; she carried her gray hair like a war-banner, and spoke with the baffled ferocity of a saint who knows he is right but can convince nobody. A hat resembling

a duck under full sail rode aggressively over one eye. Mr. Depping, on the other hand, was uncomfortable; he fidgeted, polished his monocle, stroked his ruddy face, smoothed at the creases of the immaculate trousers on fat legs.

"Er—well?" said Mr. Depping.

"—and furthermore," said Miss Mertz, "if you think you can bullyrag me, I want to tell you you've got another think coming!" She shook her finger, and the duck wagged ominously. "The very idea of this outrage, *the very idea!* Now, none of your parleyvooing on me, sir; you speak English. Everybody ought to speak English over here; the idea of this foolish talk, widdgy-widdgy, and waving your hands, like a lot of crazy people! It isn't natural, *I say!* And—"

"Madame," said Villon, rather awed; he stumbled, and added deftly: "Mademoiselle, of course!—I do not wish to offend you. We are merely trying to get at the truth of this matter, you see. Just a few questions."

"Questions! Bah! If you were half a police force you would have solved this thing long ago. The idea!"

"Perhaps mademoiselle has some ideas?" Villon asked politely.

"*I have found the murderer,*" said Miss Mertz.

There was such an abrupt and appalled silence that Miss Mertz enjoyed the full savor of it before she went on. Then she became theatrical. Flustered, pompous, with glasses and hat coming askew at the same moment, she got up.

"Let a real intelligent person show you how to act, you slow pokes!" she cried. "I want to tell you, if you had more people from the good old U. S. A. around, you'd soon know how to handle these things—wouldn't they, Depping?"

"Er—of course," said Mr. Depping.

"Now I'll tell you how I did it. I was coming down

the elevator in the lobby at the Ambassador tonight and right over by the door that runs into a little alcove, I saw a man sitting, and I knew who it was. It was the same one who looked in the compartment at us on the train; I'd swear to it on a stack of Bibles. Well, I knew what to do, and I didn't waste any time. I got my porter, and he got a policeman. The porter speaks English, and I told 'em what to do. You never can tell what they'll do against Americans in these foreign cities; if we jumped on the man, he might start a rumpus, and maybe we'd get a knife in us, the way they do in these foreign cities. So I just had the porter call him in the corridor that runs out to the street right by the hotel. They jumped on him, and stuffed a handkerchief in his mouth so he couldn't yell for his friends and maybe get me killed; and I told the policeman I'd be responsible—to bring him right around here with us, and I'd present you with the murderer." Triumphant and breathless, she pointed toward the door. "They've got him right out there now, and your flunkies all round here are trying to keep him quiet."

Villon rose heavily, as though lifted by a sort of slow explosion. His mouth was partly open, and he merely stared. Depping was fumbling to adjust his monocle.

"Bring him in!" shrilled Miss Mertz.

Everybody in the room scrambled up, turning a hodgepodge of astonished faces. An apologetic *agent de police* escorted through the door a very quiet little figure, who was spitting out a handkerchief with gurgles of disgust.

Villon bawled, "Lights! Turn them on over by the door!" When the lights came on, Villon's mouth opened still further. The prisoner gently disengaged his arms from the grasp of the policemen. He stood looking over the group slowly and sardonically—a small man, whose lips were pursed mockingly under

his pointed black beard, eyebrows raised in quiet amusement. His careful evening dress was slightly rumpled under the long cape, and he held a silk hat under his arm.

"Oh, my God," Villon said slowly and tonelessly.

"Mademoiselle," explained the stranger, "is not oversupplied with brains."

"Brains? *Brains?*" cried Miss Mertz, glaring around her at the group. "What do you mean, brains? Do you know who I am?"

"Why, naturally," the stranger replied, smiling. "If I may be so bold as to say so, you are the meddling shrew who has nearly ruined a somewhat important piece of work, and I, mademoiselle, am Bencolin, the prefect of police of Paris."

IV

Bencolin went over to the desk. He put down his hat, removed his opera cloak, and put that beside it; then he pulled off his white gloves—quietly, in perfect stillness. Villon had not moved.

The prefect of police faced them, his finger-tips spread out on the desk. Under the light of the hanging lamp his head was sharply outlined, with the glossy black hair graying at the temples and parted in the middle; the pouches under the quizzical black eyes, and the wrinkles around them; high hooked nose; curling moustache and short pointed beard—with Bencolin, the caricaturists had always a chance for Mephistopheles.

"I am sorry that I have had to resort to this deception," he said. You noticed not a little of the aristocrat in the back-thrown head, the slow, graceful speech, the faint and dominant contempt with which he faced Miss Mertz. "I have been in France for several days, but few people knew it. I was not pre-

pared to have my presence smashed in on you in such an abrupt fashion, but I had no choice." He smiled suddenly, and exhibited the gag he still held. "Chiefly, my apologies go to M. Villon. But since I am here, I must make my arrest before I should have chosen to do so."

Mr. Depping had the monocle in his eye, and was frankly staring. Sir John's face wore a curious smile. Saulomon was casually searching after cigarettes. Miss Mertz still had her arm extended in the dramatic gesture; she had not straightened the hat over her eye.

"Bencolin," cried Villon, "you were the man in the corridor, then?"

"Yes. That is why I owe you so many apologies. Won't you sit down, Miss Mertz? I have much to explain.

"When I arranged this elaborate bit of deception," he went on, "I did not know that I should have to cope with murder. My intent was to trap the accomplice of the man Mercier. We of the police cannot be content with knowing the identity of our guilty men. Unlike the detectives in fiction, we must have proof. My friends, two months ago I went to America to assist in running down a league of smugglers—that story does not belong here. Four of them are now in the hands of the New York police. The fifth, Mercier, escaped us, and came to England. The sixth and last is here, in this room.

"Please do not interrupt. I knew who he was, I knew that Mercier would meet him, and Mercier walked into my trap. For Mercier sold in England the diamonds he had brought with him from the States. I know to whom he sold them, and I knew that when Mercier came to France and divided his gains with his last confederate, we should be able to arrest that confederate. For Mercier carried marked money.

"There was a trustworthy man in whom I confided, privately; he watched Mercier in London, and followed him on the channel boat, which I met at Dieppe. Of course, Sir John Landervorne's connections with Scotland Yard ceased long ago, but he remains no less valuable for that. I met the boat at Dieppe. *I must not be seen*; if I were seen, it was necessary that my presence be denied. I had confided in Sir John. I also confided in M. Saulomon, the train guard, because I recognized his intelligence, and also because it was such an ironical joke that I should confide thus in the man who murdered Mercier—M. Saulomon," he said quietly, "you are caught. I trust that you will make no resistance."

It would have relieved the tension had anybody exclaimed, or moved, or cried out. Instead, there was such a deadly matter-of-fact calmness in the room that the whole proceeding seemed unreal. Saulomon was lighting a cigarette; his big hands did not tremble, his face was wooden, but under the harsh light the veins were throbbing in his head.

"Proof, monsieur?" he asked.

Abruptly the thought shot through Sir John's mind, "God, something's going to happen!"—the stiffness of Bencolin's pose, the tensivity like the sound of drums slowly rising.

"Your strong box at the Credit Lyonnais," answered Bencolin, "contains the marked money you stole from Mercier's wallet when you killed him. You said that you took Mercier's ticket; you did not, because you never went into the compartment. I found it on him when the body was examined at the morgue. They found none of your finger-prints at the scene of the crime; nevertheless, they were found on the metal clasps of Mercier's rifled portmanteau."

It was rather like handling a bomb. By his shiftings

in the chair, the struggle that reddened and pulled his face, they thought for a moment that Saulomon would act. Then, soothingly, the struggle ceased. Saulomon inclined his head.

"I did it, monsieur," he said.

"Let us reconstruct, then. You knew Mercier was coming over, but you did not know on what day to expect him. At Scotland Yard we did not arrest him; we deliberately forced him over on that boat, letting him think he was distancing us, because we wished to use him as stalking horse for you. Mercier and you had been working cleverly. Consider! A train-guard, who there in that dimly lighted place could pass for a porter, could take a man's luggage and abstract smuggled stones from them before the luggage went to the customs. A clever plot. But this time Mercier did not play the game. He wanted to get away from you with the money he had gained in England. The false beard? Exactly! He put it on after he had left the passport inspector; he did not turn on the full lights in the compartment, hoping thus to deceive you and slip past. Well, you could play such a game yourself, eh?

"Now! Mercier is already in the train, and you know who this bearded gentleman is. He has bolted his door so that those who got into the train would not enter and see there a man wearing a beard—he did not wear a beard on the boat. You could not enter by the door. But *outside*; the train is waiting there by its platform, and, as usual, it is a high platform above the tracks, so that one passing by the train finds the train windows on a level with his breast. Inside one compartment, near the window which is half-way down, sits Mercier, opening the wallet which contains his winnings. You see him. You are a tall man—your hands through the open window in an instant, there in the darkness of the platform. Mercier sees only two hands which flash in

at his throat. He is still gripping the wallet when the life has gone out of him. Had it fallen on the floor, you would have been baffled, for you knew the money was not in the portmanteau which you had already rifled. Look! His knees are drawn up in a death-agony which is grotesquely like that of a sitting man. Here is an alibi. Mercier propped against the window, sitting there as though he were peering out, with his back to the door—you saw the possibility. Nobody could see that he was dead. He would tumble down, of course, after the train started and the movement dislodged him, but if it could be proved that he were alive when the train started, your alibi could be strengthened all along—it was almost perfect. Your error lay in saying that you had taken his ticket, for you wished to keep him alive as long as possible, and you did not want to discover the body—there might be embarrassing questions.”

Bencolin sat down on the edge of the desk and pulled up his trouser-leg. He regarded Saulomon thoughtfully.

“I also made a mistake, M. Saulomon. I should not have gone into the train at all. But, looking through the window outside and seeing Mercier on the floor, I was not unnaturally startled; I came in to see what had happened, and found the door bolted. Then I began to realize what had happened. I wanted to see who was on the train, and when I foolishly exhibited myself at the corridor-window I had to get Sir John and M. Saulomon to swear that they had seen nobody. Why? Well, was it not good tactics? If I revealed myself to the murderer as the prefect of police, got him in the league with me, and threw myself on his mercy for silence, was it not rather good evidence to him that I suspected nothing? Otherwise he would hardly have been so secure in his position, and he would not have deposited in a bank that marked money which

will send him to the guillotine."

Saulomon stood up. His eyes were brilliant, he smoothed at his pale hair, and suddenly he laughed.

"It was admirable, M. le prefect. Well!" He glanced towards the policeman in the doorway.

"I could kill you, Bencolin," said Villon venomously. "If for nothing else, I could kill you for that absurd masquerading as a ghost. Why? Why must you look in and scare everybody to death?"

"That statement," said Bencolin, "is not flattering. Besides, I did not have my nose chopped off; I merely pressed it against the glass." He contemplated the speechless Miss Mertz, raised his eyebrows, and chuckled faintly. "Give me pardon for a little curiosity, my friend. I wanted to see whether Miss Brunhilde Mertz had succeeded in getting through the French customs the one of Mercier's diamonds which she had bought from Mr. Depping in London."

V

Bencolin and Sir John Landervorne left Villon's office in the Quai d'Orsay. There had been a somewhat hectic scene, in which Miss Mertz was remembered to have struck somebody with an umbrella. In the midst of it Sir John remembered most distinctly Saulomon's tall, pale figure standing unmoved among the shadows, on his face a dim smile of wonderment and pity.

Muffled in their greatcoats, Bencolin and Sir John crossed over and stood by the embankment at the river. A faint snow hovered in the air, like a reflection of the weird pale carpet of light which flickered on the dark water, and, beyond, on the dull shine of the Place de la Concorde. A necklace of lamps on a soft bosom which shivered with the cold; windy spaces and low gray buildings, twinkling, muttering; the lighted arch of the bridges; farther on, the closed bookstalls where

the river curved away. To Bencolin, every house held a quiet mysterious beauty, every street-stone was a shining miracle. He leaned on the balustrade and sniffed the sharp wind.

"A pretty enough chess-board, isn't it?" he remarked after a while. "A chess game can be a terrible and enthralling thing, when you play it backwards and blindfolded. Your adversary starts out with his king in check, and tries to move his pieces back to where they were at first; that's why you can't apply rules or mathematical laws to crime. The great chess player is the one who can visualize the board as it will be after his move. The great detective is the one who can visualize the board as it *has been* when he finds the pieces jumbled. He must have the imagination to see the opportunities that the criminal saw, and act as the criminal would act. It's a great, ugly, terrific play of opposite imaginations. Nobody is more apt than a detective to say a lot of windy, fancy things about reasoning, and deduction, and logic. He too frequently says 'reason' when he means 'imagination.' I object to having a cheap, strait-laced pedantry like reason confused with a far greater thing."

"But, look here," said Sir John, "suppose you take this business tonight. You gave a reconstruction of that crime, all right, and perhaps that was imagination. But you didn't tell us how you knew that was the way it happened. Reason told you that. Didn't it?—how did you get on to the murder, anyhow?"

"It's an example of what I was trying to say. There is so much elaborate hocus-pocus around the whole matter of criminal detection that it makes a detective wonder why people think he acts that way. The fiction writers want to call it a science, and attach blood-pressure instruments to people's arms, and give them Freud tests—they forget that your innocent man is

always nervous, and acts more like a guilty one than the criminal himself, even his insides. They forget that these machines are operated by the most catankerous one of all, the human machine. And your psychological detective wants to pick out the *kind* of man who committed a crime; after which he hunts around till he finds one and says, 'Behold the murderer,' whether the evidence supports him or not. I hope you'll permit me to say damned nonsense. There is no man who is incapable of a crime under any circumstances; to say that a daring crime was necessarily committed by a daring person is to argue that a drunken author can write on the subject of nothing but liquor, or that an atheistical artist could not paint the Crucifixion. It is frequently the tippler who writes the best temperance essay, and the atheist who finds the most convincing arguments for religion.

"And your so-called 'reason,' in an intricate crime, convinces you of exactly what is untrue. It reduces the thing to the silly restricted rules of mathematics. In this Mercier murder, for example, reason said to me, Mercier was alive when the train started, because he was seen sitting by the window, and the guard took his ticket; also, somebody must have been in the compartment with him, since no man could have strangled him from outside while the train was in motion. This was perfectly elementary logic, and quite false. Imagination asked me these questions: Why did not Mercier make an outcry when somebody attacked him? Why did he not struggle; does a person sit quiet and unmoving when he is assailed? Why no resistance, then? *Because Mercier did not see the murderer*, a thing impossible if anybody were in the compartment. What does it suggest? Hands through the window, obviously; confirmed by the fact that, though Mercier's wallet was robbed, his pockets were not rifled—the murderer's

arms would not be long enough to do this through the window. Discount the testimony for an instant, says imagination, and see whether this would have been possible at any time. Yes, before the train started. Did anybody speak with Mercier after this time, or see him move? Nobody except the train guard. Yet this sole witness first says that the man's back was turned when he took his ticket; later he announces that Mercier was wearing no beard. How did he see that, if the man's back were turned and the lights were so dim that you who examined the body face to face could hardly distinguish the features? Then see whether the guard did take the ticket. If not, he lied, and the evidence of the only person who spoke to Mercier after the train started is discounted. I found the ticket."

"Well, then. Who fits all our specifications for the guilty man? We know him to be a confederate of Mercier; it seems likely that he is also the murderer. Who else? Two others on the train had been associated with Mercier. On the boat from New York he had made arrangements with Mr. Depping to sell Depping his diamonds (I also was on that liner, and it was I who threatened Depping with the law if he did not pay Mercier in marked money). Moreover, Miss Mertz had bought one of the diamonds. Both these people were on the train. Neither had reason to kill Mercier, so far as I knew, and it was physically impossible for either to have killed him. Depping was too small to have reached that window; Miss Mertz had not the strength."

Bencolin paused, and smiled. "Voila! I'm getting as verbose as a detective in fiction," he said. "I dragged you over here to Paris, and I don't mean to talk shop all the time. Suppose we go somewhere and have a drink. *Taxi!*"

John Dickson Carr.

Sentiment

I

*Come! let's grant our love is over;
Though it was ne'er so sweet,
There's nothing lives forever—
And love was ever fleet.*

*The dream we dreamt is ended—
Bleak dawn!—and night is o'er;
Though we on knees down-bended
May all the gods implore,
Crushed love shall not be mended
Forevermore.*

*For love grows frail and fretful,
And ever his fires die down
To ashes dull, regretful
Of the flames of past renown;
For only fools, forgetful,
Call his a deathless crown.*

II

*For ever comes disillusion,
When gods descend to earth;
And more bitter the pangs of love grown old,
Than the pains of death and birth.*

*But for us, no harsh awaking
From rapturous dreams at dawn;
No pangs of love forsaking
His shrine, grown pale and wan;
No sobs of hearts a-breaking
For love that's gone.*

*No shadows of tomorrow
Bedim our parted ways,
And grief, nor pain, nor sorrow
Can steal our yesterdays,
For we from memory borrow
His silver-luted lays.*

III

*Oh let us leave in heaven
The drink that gods have brewed,
Nor take Olympian nectar
To sweeten earthly food.*

*We have sipped from the cup at leisure
What we'll not taste again,
Have drunk the wine of pleasure,
And left the lees of pain—
No gall of bitter measure,
No dregs to drain.*

*The bliss we both remember
As ours ere love was slain
Those sparks beneath the embers,
That blend of joy and pain—
Like sunshine in December,
Surely, these remain.*

IV

*So let us thank the gods, love,
That this is past and done,
For better 'tis to have loved and lost—
Aye, better far than won.*

J. W. M.

Downfall

MALCOLM was going to be sent to the country for the summer. In the country, his father said, he would be away from his bad companions, (that meant, Clarkie) and he might become again the nice little boy he had been before—before—, his father's voice hesitated, stopped.

"Oh, Malcolm," his mother said, "how could you? How could you do it?"

In the sitting-room they were, after supper. His father and mother were at either side of the library table, sharing the *Evening Bulletin*; he was in the corner at his mother's writing-desk, doing his Arithmetic. Not looking up he printed carefully across the top of the yellow sheet of tablet paper, Malcolm Campbell, 107 State Street. That was who he was. He was Malcolm Campbell. Clarkie had said, "When my ol' man starts bawlin' me out I kid him along a little . . ." Clarkie, but not he. They couldn't make him cry, or beg to be forgiven, the way they had used to. No matter what new tyranny they plotted to make him victim of, he would never let on.

"To think that this should have happened," his father said in a sad voice. He looked at Malcolm over the top of his newspaper, and Malcolm, silent, sullen, returned his look, then dropped his eyes to the reading-problem about A, B, C, and a ditch. His father's voice changed, became angry; his chair creaked as he moved in it impatiently. "If it is due to this Clark boy we'll get you away from him, all right."

"Oh you will, will you?" Malcolm retorted, to himself. Shading in the capitals of his name and address, adorning the tails of the letters with little curlycues, he thought of Clarkie. It was last June, just about a

year ago now, when Miss Briggs had caught him with Clarkie's dirty picture, and Clarkie had not owned up. —How bitter had been his disillusionment to find his hero yellow, and a sneak.

"What good would it 'a' done if I had said it was my picture? You was the one they caught with it. You ast me for it, Malcolm."

He had been suspended, and old Flossie had announced that he was going to expel Clarkie, but in school, at recess, was Clarkie, disdainful and confident as ever, his arm about Malcolm's shoulders.

"I ain't allowed to go with you."

Clarkie's embrace tightened. "I'll never forget what you done for me, Malcolm, ol' pal. You're game. You're the gamest kid I ever seen. Let's be friends, Malcolm. You're the best friend I got. You ain't mad at me, are you?"

No. He could hardly be mad at him, this admired, reckless figure, so suddenly become humble, more to be loved, begging for friendship, than he had ever been when he was a hero to be worshipped from a distance. "You're the best friend I got." And Clarkie was his best friend. During the past year his father and mother, everything around him, had altered; against the change that attacked his world, Clarkie alone was proof and unshaken. Only a favorite before, he was Clarkie's equal now, the one to whom deference was due, as a right, who did not have to command to be obeyed. Sometimes Clarkie, his face softened from its usual bravado, would say, "Kid I wisht we'd been pals before," and they would fall silent, reviewing the glorious adventures which they had shared, regretting the wasted years when they had not known each other. Clarkie never tired of recounting Malcolm's loyalty and silence in the face of punishment, and the big boys, down by the river, listened with respect, compli-

menting him on his gameness. If you have a pal, never open your lips about him, never let on, they said, calling to mind one of their number who had gone silent to prison. The worst, the yellowest thing you could do was peach on a pal. "I know he's only a kid," Clarkie said. "He's two years younger'n I am, but I think we oughta take him into the River-Rats. If he ain't a member I don't want to be." He was a River-Rat . . .

"How could you do it?" his mother repeated.

"That's a nice thing," his father said, rustling his paper. "My only child a thief before he's thirteen."

That was because he had taken the money from his mother's pocketbook. The day before yesterday he had taken it, and they were still talking about it. Thief—as though it wasn't, by rights, his own money that he took. Twenty cents a week he was supposed to get, for mowing the lawn. Because (his father said) his conduct got worse and worse he was not to get an allowance any more. "Then I won't mow the lawn."

"Oh, won't you? We'll see about that. You'll do just as I tell you, young man."

So he had taken the money, from the side-board drawer, in the dining-room. Clarkie had said it was his, by rights. . . .

"Let me handle this," his father said, angrily throwing down the newspaper. "We've got to face the facts. He's a bad boy, he lies, he steals, and worst of all he adopts this sulky, defiant attitude. Why, he won't even talk to us. The trouble is he's an only child, and we spoiled him. Punishing him don't do any good, whipping him don't do any good—"

"I told you time and again you were spoiling him. You used to let him do just as he pleased, but you wouldn't listen to me."

"What's the use of talking like that again? You know yourself he has changed completely; he used to

be one of the most lovable, nicest-dispositioned children—" His father's voice became more stern. "I'll send him to Frank Gotwals' place this summer. He won't be spoiled there."

"I don't think he's a bad boy. It's this John Clark's fault."

"There's a young scoundrel it would give me great pleasure to see where he belongs, in the Reformatory. I can't understand how his father lets himself be fooled. We must get Malcolm away from him. Frank Gotwals will take this stubbornness out of him, and when he's up there maybe he'll appreciate his home, and find out how much better it is to be with people who love him."

"Oh John, must—Malcolm, go to bed."

So that they could talk further about him, how he had stolen from the pocketbook, how old Flossie had written home because he was going to be left down this year; decide to send him away for the summer.

"Did you hear what your mother said?"

"Well, I gotta do my 'Rithmetic, haven't I?"

"Oh Malcolm, you've had plenty of time for that. Go on now. It's way past your time."

"Do as your mother says, I tell you."

"Yeh, and I tell you I gotta finish my 'Rithmetic."

His father jumped from his chair and came toward him, his face flushed with anger. Silent, sullen, Malcolm looked up at him.

"If I'd talked that way to my father I don't know what he'd 'a' done. I know—"

"Oh, John," his mother interrupted. "Malcolm, what makes you act this way?"

"If I didn't know you were the same boy of a year ago I wouldn't believe my own eyes. Ever since you were suspended your conduct has been going from bad to worse, and now you're stealing, yes, stealing. I

don't know what it is that changed you, but let me tell you I'm changed, too. I've been treating you lately just the way you deserve, and the worse you act the worse treatment you get. What sort of treatment do you expect? Answer me that."

Malcolm looked up into his father's red, furious face, then back to the green and tan pattern of the carpet. The worse his father treated him, the worse he'd act; his father couldn't scare him, Mr. Gotwals, none of them could scare him.

"You're ashamed to look me in the face? I don't wonder. I put you on your honor not to have anything more to do with this Clark boy, but you don't know what the word 'honor' means, apparently. You've lied to me about him, you've lied about your school work, you lied about taking this money—but I'll take it out of you, see if I don't. And Mr. Gotwals will take it out of you this summer. You're stubborn, but we're just as stubborn. No son of mine is going to be a liar and a thief,—if he is he's not going to be a son of mine. Now go to bed."

His mother held out her hand to him; without heeding her he slouched insolently out of the room. As he started up the stairs he remembered, with difficulty calling up a memory separated from the present by a great space of time, how his father had used to pretend, for a joke, that Malcolm was afraid of the dark, and insist that he had to be carried to bed. Weak with struggling and laughter he would relax finally in his father's arms, and his father would throw him on the bed and tickle him until his mother yelled, "Stop that racket, you two. You'll bring the house down."

His father would kiss him, his mustache brushing his cheek. "Good night, son, sleep tight, don't let the nuf-nuf bite." (His mother said it wasn't nice to mention "bed-bugs".) "Don't go yet, papa," Malcolm

would object, clinging to his neck. His father would squeeze his legs above the knees, causing him to roll around on the bed in helpless laughter. "Lie still, can't you," his father would command, laughing. "That's not the way to go to sleep."

How different his father had been then, before . . . before he was suspended. As though that was anything. Yet his father had condemned him unheard, had whipped him without giving him a chance to explain. Through the shadows of the past year the shock and injustice of that punishment yet remained clear in his mind, unobscured by any of the punishments that followed it. His father constantly referred to his suspension as a disgrace, and a reflection on him; since that time he had treated him like one whose every act was wrong, the way Clarkie's father treated Clarkie. "I put you on your honor . . ." as though any paltry word, any extorted promise, could make him give up his friend. "Liar", his father called him. For a long time he had not told his father the truth about anything. Inextricably involved in falsehood he could not remember, himself, all the ready lies that he had told; enough that they had secured a little respite, that when one was detected another was at hand to take its place. "Thief". As though, when he still did the work, the money wasn't his, by rights. Cigarettes, Clarkie and he had bought. (He could inhale.) Forty cents, out of his mother's pocketbook.

His mother had cried, because she was afraid, in her heart, that he was bad, though she tried to defend him. She had used to say that he was a spoiled child; it had been his father who said that he was a son to be proud of. How he had loved his father, then. . . .

In his own room Malcolm sank upon the blue and white coverlet of the bed, kicking off a shoe, which fell to the floor with a bang, and rolling down the woolen

stocking. He couldn't trust his father. Once Clarkie had broken into Miss Eshleman's desk and copied the questions for the Arithmetic exam. He had called Malcolm on the phone to give them to him; that was the kind of friend he was, and his father said Clarkie ought to be in the Reformatory. His father overhearing him had told old Flossie. That was the sort of dirty trick his father would do. Now he was going to send him to Mr. Gotwals, because Mr. Gotwals was strict, and would make Malcolm do just as he said. . . . Like hell he would. The worse they treated him the worse he'd act.

One shoe and stocking off he limped to the sectional bookcase in the corner, enjoying the novel, uneven gait the shortness of one leg forced him to adopt. The bookcase had only two sections; he got one every Christmas. From the rear of the lower one, altogether concealed by the complete set of the *Pony Rider Boys*, piled to the top, he took a tattered, paper-bound volume with a brilliant cover, *Diamond Dick's Revenge*. He laid the book on the bed and sat down beside it, his chin in his hand, the better to contemplate the picture on the cover. Diamond Dick was bound to a tree, a man was swinging a club, about to strike him; another; about to shoot him, was leveling a pistol. Diamond Dick was looking at his enemies unafraid, on his face a sneering, defiant smile. No matter what the odds against him, or the perils he braved, Diamond Dick never whimpered or squealed. Nor would he.

"Squeal, squeal,
Monkey on a wheel . . . "

The River Rats . . .

"Malcolm, aren't you undressed yet?" His father's voice. "Do you want me to come up there?"

"I am undressed," Malcolm yelled back, unbuttoning the top button of his blouse. How he had loved his

father before. Did he hate him now? . . . They would be sorry, sometime, that they treated him this way.

He replaced the book, twisting his lips into a sneering, defiant smile, like the one in the picture, taking a last look at Diamond Dick, at himself, surrounded by enemies.

Harold W. Brecht.

The Dreamer

*Oft do I wander through the lands of old,
And live again the dim, forgotten days
Of man's dead youth; awake the long-hushed lays
Of vanished bards, hear all their tales retold;
Give to the dead, slow-moving past new wings,
Revive dry bones to hot, rich life again,
Hear clash of swords, the cries of charging men,
The beat of drums and pomp of many kings.*

*And then I turn, look down the long dark road
Of ages yet to be, and pierce Time's strong abode,
To see some dreamer of a far-off day
Muse o'er the past—some dreamer such as I—
Who hears but sounding brass nor knows the way
I loved the stilly dusk and silent sky.*

J. W. M.



*Sing Me the Song of Silence
Ye Voices of the Wind.*

*I saw thee in the shadow of the wind
And heard thee whisper where the
silence reigned.*

*Then I forgot why I had lived;
Forgot the hope, the bitterness;
forgot what I had gained.*

*For thou wert formed of starlight
When the sea was in the air;
And the last sweet song of evening
Lulled thee softly, sleeping there.*

*Man has called thee Silence
For he never heard thy name;
And he never learned to listen,
So his fate shall be the same.*

Bramwell Linn. !

Blind Date

SCENE: *P B X switchboard in the offices of Wykoff, Dunk & Fitzgibbons.*

TIME: *10:25 A. M. Monday morning, to say nothing of 10:26. . . 10:29. . . 10:33 and so on.*

" . . . Good time, y' say! Lissen, Mame, I'm off blind dates fer the resta m' life. . . Yeah, I had a swell healthy time, I had. Oh swell. . . yeah, if ya call gettin' t' bed at twelve onna dot swell. . . Yeah, that's just exackly where li'l ol' Flo was when the whistle blew. Right in 'er li'l beddie—waitamminute kid. . . Wykoff-dunk'nfitzbibbuns. . . Mr. Dunk? Sorry he's in conference wissome outtatown buyers. . . Mr. Wykoff? Sorry he's sittin' in too. I c'n letcha tawкта Mr. Fitzgibbuns. . . justamminute. . . H'llo Mame, what was I sayin'?. . . Oh, yeah. Yeah, that was a swell Satiday night I had all right. Was this bozo wet? Say, lemme-tellya. Honesttagawd, Mame, if 'e'd bin eny wetter 'e'da turned out salty. . . Yeah, me too. . . I say if they're gonna be fish I like 'em fresh. . . yeah, keeps the conversashun goin'. An' I say—scusemeasecon' Mame. . . Wykoffdunk'nfitzgibbuns. . . No, he hasn't come in this morning yet. . . I'll try, sure, but I tellya Mr. Leafy hasn't come in this morning yet so ya might as well—oh, there 'e is, I guess 'e slipped in without me noticin'. . . go ahead ple-uz. . . I was jes gonna say, Mame. . . What? Why yes, Mr. Leafy, I got the key closed. . . I was sayin' this guy's even got 'is pockets salted down anna don't mean maybe. . . Yeah. I'll say I said it. . . Yeah, ev'ry time. Well, we meet up all right an' that was the oney thing that did happen right. There was Mary an' Wally an' me an' this wet smack named Ellison. An' lissen, kid, 'e starts off with 'Call me Ellie.' Call me Ellie me eye! That ain't the half o' what I'm callin' 'im before the night's over. . .

yeah, I'll say! Well, we hop the L an' g' down 's far 's—bewithya'nasecon' dearie. . . . Wykoffdunk'nfitz-gibbuns. . . . Wykoffdunk'nfitz-gib-buns!. . . . Say lissen! Who d' ya want!. . . . Wellya gotta wrong number!. . . . H'llo Mame. These dumb clucks gimme a pain. . . . Yeah, youanmeboth. Well, we get off at Forty-second an' walk over t' the Paramount. Oney try an' get in. Somebuddy says let's have a drink an' come back later an' everybuddy else says O. K. Then this bozo Ellie—oh de' me button me glove!—Ellie says he knows a good place. So we trot up the street t' some dive 'e says 'e knows. Well, maybe he does know it but they don't know him. Buttcha can't kid Ellie, so 'e steers us aroun' t' another place. I tell 'im why not go over to Mike's where we gotta chance o' gettin' in but 'e's all fer showin' us what a great little guy he is an' whatta lotta places 'e knows. . . . Yeah, I was tellin' 'im but 'e wouldn't lissen. I'll say Mike's is good an' I oughtta know. . . . buttcha can't tell this bozo anything. He gozinta one place an' says 'I'm Harvey Ellison' an' the guy at the door says 'Oh yeah?' an' shuts the door again. An' that happens about nineteen times. So about that time I'm gettin' fed up an' I say if we can't get in eneywheres then let's make it the movies an' if we can't get in there then let's call it all off. So we turn around. But on the way back papa starts t' argue. An' he says doncha wanna drink? an' I says sure I wanna drink. An' he says why doncha be a sport an' come along till we c'n get in some place. But I says lissen, boy friend, when I drink I like t' go round in circles but goin' round in circles t' get a drink is still another horse yeah, thass what I tell 'im. Well, we're goin' about a block when Ellie wants t' do some phonin'. Here's where li'l Flo does a disappearin' ack says I so when 'e gozinta some cigar store I tell Mary an' Wally t' be good kids an' push off. . . . Yeah, left 'em flat. . . .

Yeah. He's lucky 'e saw 's much o' me 's 'e did. I tellya Mame, blind dates. . . Ohmigawd Mame! I got four lights. . . gee, don't they never give a girl a minute t' 'erself! . . . Seeyalater Mame. . . Wykoff-dunk'nfitzgibbuns. . ."

Robert Barry.

Kings

(Apologies to J. M.)

*Vain Egyptian Pharaoh with his caravan of camels,
Ambling home to Pharos from the ancient Hindustan,
Bearing obelisks and statues,
Pyramidic marble,
Which his slaves have borne with blood across the hot Soudan.*

*Pompous Roman Consul coming from a conquest,
Prancing through the Forum along the Sacred Way,
Bearing captives in a triumph,—
Rajahs, Sultans, Princes,
From the kingdoms of the world lying West of old Cathay.*

*Haughty Gallic Emperor with his sharp-clawed Eagles,
Marching home from Friedland, his banners towering high,
Bearing cold command and power,
Ambition for the world;
Proud of Austerlitz and Jena, exalted to the sky.*

*Proud Columbian Ruler returning from a parley,
Whizzing through the country in the sun-streaked dawn,
Bearing quiet peace and order,
Justice for his people,
For the carnage, blood, and battles of the monarchies are gone.*

BOOKS

NAKED TRUTH

CLAIRE SHERIDAN

This autobiography is the brilliant epitome of a life that has been filled with every sort of experience that an artistic and cosmopolitan existence offers. This genre has been so emphasized lately that one is apt to view with indifference the appearance of a new one, but this one is so engaging and illuminating that it should not be passed up. Mrs. Sheridan is frank and daring in what she tells of herself and of others and, yet she apparently never sacrifices the truth for the sake of sensationalism.

Clare Sheridan is of course, most famous as a sculptress but she is also a traveller and a novelist; and her ability as a writer is evidenced in the style in which her life story is written. There is a rare discrimination in what she chooses to tell, always including the racy and revealing incidents and omitting those irrevelant and less interesting ones. But she never hesitates to compromise her own position where this adds to the piquancy of the account.

As a means of observing other famous people in unconventional moments, this book cannot be equalled. Among Mrs. Sheridan's friends are such people as Henry James, Winston Churchill, King Milan of Servia, Charlie Chaplin and she turns the spotlight on all of them without their make-up on and one is given a more intimate view than usual of these interesting people.

This book is eminently worth having, for whoever reads it will be amused and certainly many will be led to wonder about some of the incidents in it.

(Harpers, \$5.00)

BAD GIRL
VINA DELMAR

Now gather round, boys and girls, and cousin Vina will tell you all about how the stork brings your little brothers and sisters. Somebody called Babette Deutsch's *On Such a Night* an obstetrician's handbook but for a real exposé of God's greatest mystery this little gem of Miss Delmar's will be hard to beat. And if that isn't enough to recommend it there's a neat little story connected with it, all about Eddie, the big, silent he-man of One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, and Dot, the Harlem personification of the eternal glory of motherhood. Now I know, dear, that sounds bad, but just give Miss Delmar a chance—she could make a best seller out of *The Orient in Bible Times*.

(Harcourt, Brace and Co., \$2.50)

THE ISLAND WITHIN
LUDWIG LEWISOHN

In this narrative of Jewish life which is carried from nineteenth century Europe to contemporary America Mr. Lewisohn has pointed out, clearly and strikingly, the futility of attempting to rationalize the racial instincts and prejudices of Hebrews and non-Hebrews. This theme is so emphasized that one cannot think of the characters except as symbols and the story is forgotten immediately. And this is as it should be, for such a sacrifice was necessary to create this profound and absorbing tragedy out of the present-day Jewish problem. As for the style, Mr. Lewisohn's writing is always forceful and impressive, whether he writes in the field of fiction, essay or biography.

In particular, the author has introduced most successfully in this novel a new phase of technique in the

writing of fiction, namely the treatment of the subject matter of each of the major divisions of the books in a brief introductory essay. One may consider such treatment either as an insult to one's intelligence and perspicacity or as a great improvement, but at least in this case the innovation is justified. Mr. Lewisohn is so thoroughly cognizant of his subject and his style so brilliant that the few pages which precede each "book" add immeasurably to the significance of the work.

(Harper and Brothers, \$2.50)

A MAN OF LEARNING

N. A. CRAWFORD

In this beautiful piece of satire we are edified and inspired by the life of Patrick A. Redfield, educator and big league four flusher. This is a novel of the first water and one of a totally different kind, in fact it is about two jumps ahead of most of its kind.

Dr. Redfield as a child was official manager of the back yard intrigue and deviltry, as an adolescent he was a high pressure salesman who achieved success by breaking down the resistance of the faculty, fraternities et al of the various schools he attended, and as a man he was a Rotarian and college president. His gall was so enormous that one marvelled rather than despised. His theories of college administration are fearful and wonderful to look upon, and God help us if they ever get in general use.

The whole thing is a gorgeous burlesque with enough truth behind it to bring it close to one's own experience. There's an admirable plea or rather demand expressed in this novel to guard against commercialism in education, but it is so humorously put that you are likely not to realize it till you reflect on the book later.

(Little, Brown, \$2.50)

POOR LITTLE FOOL

FULTON OURSLER

The author of this very entertaining novel has chosen to show that companionate marriage is not a success—at least not always. Before anyone gets the idea that this is just one more of those books with an ax to grind it had better be explained that such is not the case. There are no formal arguments against this marital arrangement or any discussion of it, but the story is intended to show some of the difficulties of this new institution.

The girl in the case is a clear-headed modernist who faces the appalling results of her trial marriage intelligently, and has the nerve to refuse to go through with it even after her husband has attempted suicide as a means of gently persuading her. The husband is a weak uncertain sort of person but with something childishly appealing about him that keeps you from totally disliking him. In fact in the last analysis he is so pityfully sincere in his devotion that you may admire him.

Although this book is not particularly important, we recommend it for light entertaining reading, which is all it was intended for.

(*Harpers*, \$2.50)

BEASTS AND SUPER-BEASTS

SAKI (*H. H. Munro*)

The Viking Press is doing its good turn for humanity just now by reprinting the works of Saki (*H. H. Munro*). His *Beasts and Super-Beasts* is a magnificent assembly of lies, told in the grand manner, with the assumption that a good lie is an end in itself, and not a means to an end. In the collection of stories there is only one which is definitely tragic—*The Cobweb*. It seems just a little out of place among the other cynical and mendacious stories, but it serves admirably to demonstrate Mr. Munro's versatility.

(*The Viking Press*, \$1.75)

PIRATE'S FACE

NORVAL RICHARDSON

A diplomat for whom there is still charm and romance in distant lands has written a charming and fanciful tale of South America. Into it he has woven his conception of Americans, a rather glorified one of clear-eyed young St. Johns, and the romance of the foreign, unspoiled by an intimate knowledge of it.

Mr. Richardson has created a charming character in Lucienne, the child of an American dilettante living in Europe. The girl, whom her father has sheltered and brought up to be cultured, is the essence of sophisticated inexperience and as a result she lives in a dream world, untouched by mundane matters. When her father brings her to America and marries her to a penniless aristocrat she accepts it all blindly as the will of her father and therefore the thing she must do. This faith in her father keeps her from worrying over the change which marriage makes in her life, the change from reading experiences to living them.

The story of her life in the South American mining camp, whither the fortunes of her husband lead her, is particularly well written. The author very effectively emphasizes the contrast between the technical details of her husband's work and the rugged beauty of the mountains where, in spirit, Lucienne lives with the lover of her dreams, a Spanish adventurer whom she saw on the boat and who is seeking silver near the mine.

In the end she realizes that she belongs to the world of the living and to her husband and settles down to the business of being an ideal wife and mother. This last is no doubt a tribute to the glorified virtues of the St. Johns, and it rather disappointed us, but if you skip over the final chapters of the book there will remain in your memory only the absorbing, almost exotic, romance of the novel.

(Little, Brown and Co., \$2.50)

THE RIVER BETWEEN

LOUIS FORGIONE

The author has chosen as his subjects a group of Italians living on the Palisades, just across the Hudson River from New York, and the book suffers greatly because of it. For Mr. Forgione has attributed to them a sensitiveness and depth of feeling which, for any one who has ever come into contact with metropolitan foreigners of the working class, create a sense of unreality which is impossible to overcome.

It is the story of an immigrant contractor who is burdened with a poetic soul and who is ever seeking to escape his "Demon", loneliness. In Rose, a flashy Italian girl of the second generation type, he thinks that he has at last found his perfect companion and mistress, but various complications, such as the fact that she is the wife of his son, finally force her to leave him.

The story is unusual and it is exceptionally well done. The characters are portrayed vividly and distinctly and they are treated with the sensitiveness which is so necessary in a book which depends to any great extent on the reactions and emotions of its characters.

(*E. P. Dutton, \$2.50*)

SEVEN FOOTPRINTS TO SATAN

A. MERRITT

The paper jacket on Mr. Merritt's book announces proudly that *Seven Footprints to Satan* is quite as fine a thing as *Dracula*; in fact, there is a hint that it might be even a little bit better. This boast is, of course, without much foundation in fact, and a comparison of the two authors' works would be rather unfair to Mr. Merritt. Taken merely as an unusual story of adventure, *Seven Footprints to Satan* is an interesting and, one might almost say, absorbing, book—for the right sort of person.

(*Boni & Liveright, \$2.00*)

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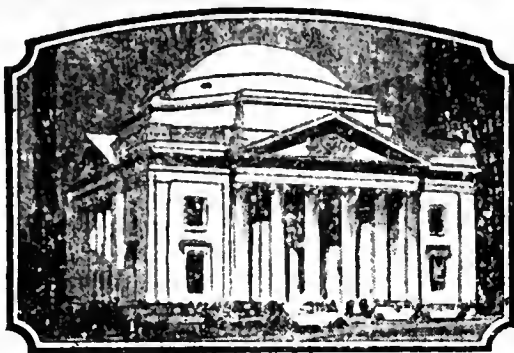


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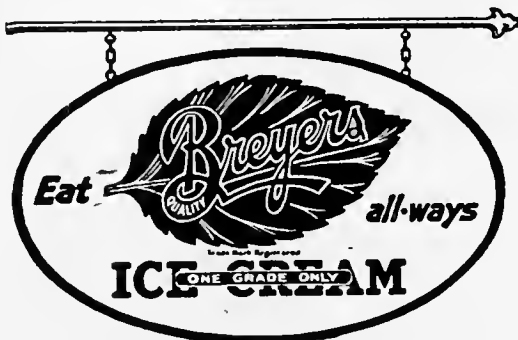
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The Haverfordian

VOL. XLVIII

HAVERFORD, PA., NOVEMBER, 1928

No. 2

THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the *twentieth* of each month preceding date of issue during college year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates, and to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the *fifth* of the month.

Entered as second-class matter March 19, 1921, at the post office at Haverford, Pennsylvania, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized April 11, 1921.



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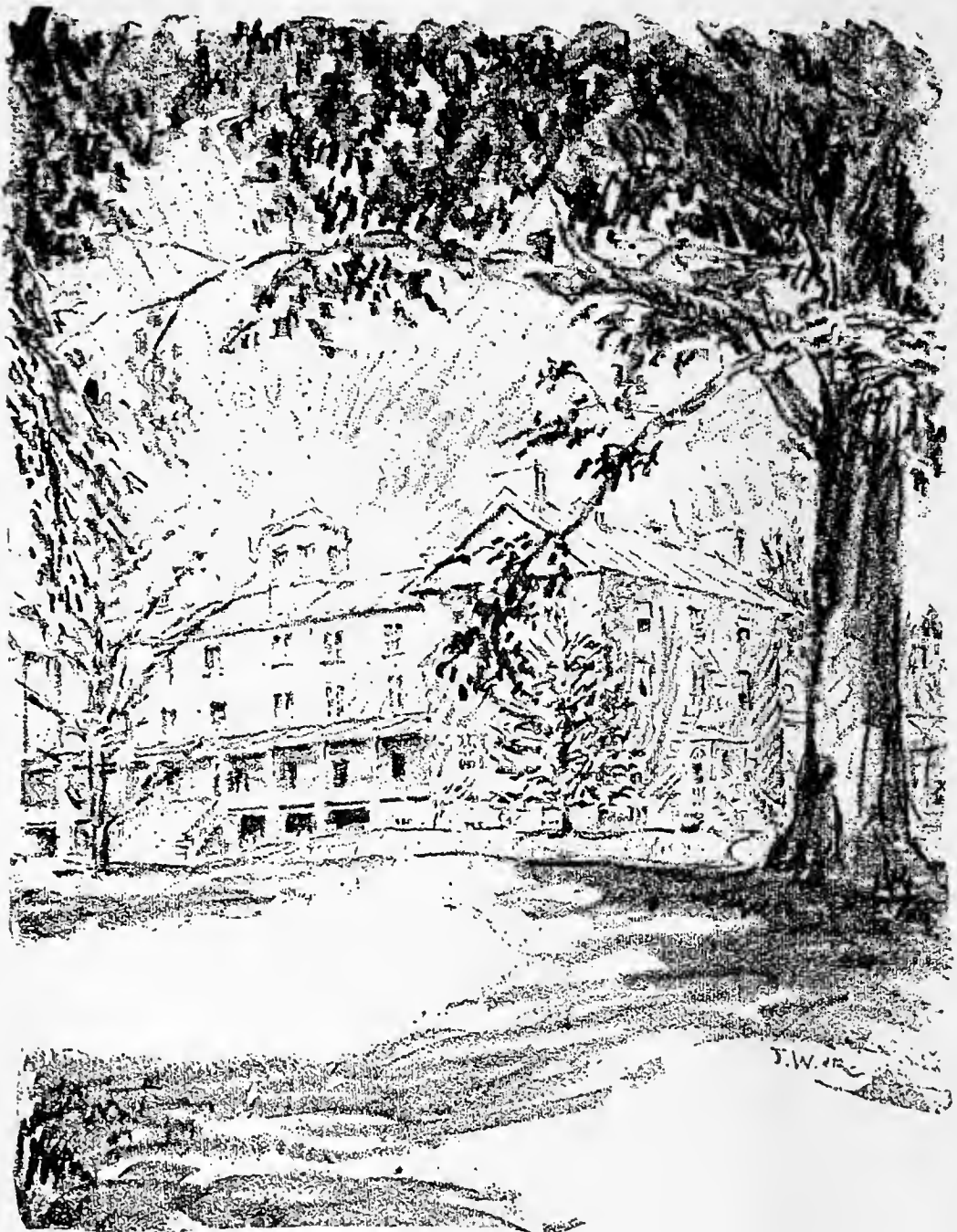
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The Tin Widow

MR. RONALD HEATHMAN was now three weeks in his grave. His "going-off" had been accomplished with a high degree of unction—no case here of "unhousled, unanointed, unaneled—"; and his actual interment had been propriety itself in every respect. A modern, rather more modern than his wife in some respects, he had insisted, almost with his closing breath, on being cremated. Instead of a consoling phrase, promising a future meeting, he had shut his eyes and died after whispering, "See that they burn me, Caroline "

His wife, during the three weeks that followed, remembered this last injunction time and again, and always with tears. The urn containing her husband's ashes had appeared to her imagination, morbidly excited no doubt, as a cooking pot of mean appearance, and this conception touched something deep in her soul that made her shudder and weep, almost quail at the blasphemy of Mr. Heathman being served in high Heaven on a platter.

Mrs. Caroline Heathman was the sort of simple soul, whose activities are baffling to both the psychologist, and his popularizer, the story-teller. The surface of her spirit was so smooth, so unruffled by any original activities that nothing was offered for observation. Such things as did occur to her, produced their effect in such remote caverns of her nature, as to be hidden from the light of day. She had been married very young, before the cruelties of social intercourse had altered her virgin surface, and forced her to become like other people or else consciously protective of her own ways. She never, therefore, knew exactly why she did anything. Her husband had done nothing to alter this—to the contrary, his entire being had led him to protect and preserve his wife rather than develop her.

Thus after ten years of married life, she was alone in the world, armed only with her own vague method of procedure, and a small stock of simple notions acquired through daily contact with her husband.

Mr. Heathman, modern as he was, had old-fashioned remnants in him, nevertheless. He worshipped fidelity in women, and even went to the extent of advancing it for men. Here his modernity had shown itself, coyly peeping from behind the skirts of an older ideal. What he had thought and said in the interval of years, had stuck to his wife's soft mind, perhaps in a form that would have made the father of the thought shudder, but at the same time definitely there.

"Caroline," he had said, communing with her, "it seems to me that a woman only reaches her best when she realizes herself through her husband, when an idea of him is treasured. Perhaps the same is true of the man." This had been plain enough for her; she was not to marry again, if Ronald should die first.

At another time he had spoken more mystically, and hence the idea that remained of his speech was even more wonderfully simple and vague. "Widow's weeds," he had said, "are not to me depressing. Nor is the phase itself, saved as it is by beautiful implications, dismal. Widow's weeds are but a symbol that a happy relation has been perpetuated, and surely this cannot be cause for gloom." She was therefore to celebrate her union by wearing the garments of mourning, given that Ronald should die first.

After Ronald was buried, it almost seemed that he had graciously passed on in advance, for the sake of testing her.

All this made it very easy for her husband's relations to mould her to their fondest hopes. The family, with its immediate sisters and brothers, its battalions of aunts and uncles, and its outposts of cousins, had made

the funeral a bulky affair. And the family was solidly of one mind—that Caroline, as the direct representative of their dead member, should be made to do the honors properly. These honors apparently were to consist of immense homage to be paid to the qualities of the deceased without delay. The funeral dinner, in addition to its baked meats and admirable service, was the scene set for the start of this eulogy. Caroline was at once amazed and instructed—for Ronald seemed to have had characteristics which even his wife had not noticed. “. . . amazingly good heart and easy purse—a thousand to Cousin James at a bad moment: no question of repayment ever raised—that home too for illegitimate children: but too far perhaps, but still it showed . . .” “. . . always the brilliant one of the family—that speech he made when Arnold took the Weatherby Cup at the Club: so clever . . . had he left any papers? Caroline had better get a good man to go through them . . . might be some gems there . . . Uncle Ryecroft was the one to do it, hadn’t he already compiled a history of the Heathman-Duntan family . . . they’d really better be turned over to him.” Caroline agreed.

And a week later, the aunts, who were stopping-on to preserve her from despair, finished the good work. Aunt Agnes, the eldest of the collection, approached her after a breakfast at which Caroline had presided in a lighter colored dress than usual.

“My dear child, do you think it quite right? Don’t misunderstand, I—we know your love to dear Ronald, but is it showing the proper respect?”

Caroline then remembered that Ronald wished her to wear mourning, because it would show that they were not separated in spirit, that it would be the acme of faithfulness. And because she had really given the matter neither thought nor feeling, she listened quite

willingly as Aunt Agnes brought it again into her mind. Agnes explained the wishes of the family. "Mourning did show respect . . . the world knew this, because of the considerations it gave to a proper widow . . . you recall, of course, Mrs. Hemingway's experience when she couldn't find a taxi in the rain: a kind old colonel stopped his and offered it to her; he said it was because he respected bereavement." (Neither Aunt Agnes or Caroline knew that after Mrs. Hemingway had accepted the offer, it had proven necessary to call the police to remove the good-natured colonel. But Ronald Heathman, who was already become a spirit knew, and he listened therefore to Aunt Agnes' white lie with grim amusement.) The conversation had by now moved from fast principles to the more technical details. "And too, you know, my dear Caroline, that it is dignified and beautiful . . . no matter what a few wicked-minded people say . . . we know better . . . poor, dear Ronald . . . the French, they understand the use of black . . . oh, yes, with them so splendid and fine . . . you needn't lose fashion either . . . yes, I do know a shop . . . yes, my poor, dear Caroline."

The following morning, they drove to town in Ronald's motor, with Ronald's chauffeur; and set seriously to their task of perpetuating the decencies. *Chez Latour* was an invaluable aid to this duty — it knew well how to mingle in a sweet draught the heady wine of a successful business enterprise, and the heavier liquor of soothing the torn heart and the unstrung nerve. *Chez Latour* took Caroline, and after making her feel that they had been anxiously awaiting her since the moment of her husband's demise, tacitly offered her their congratulations on having finally done the right thing. She was shown *le crêpe comme article de mode et de beauté*. She was rapidly transformed

"from the inside out," as Aunt Agnes rather coarsely said with reference to undergarments. (Ronald's spirit, anxiously gazing on these matters, shuddered as this ill-judged phrase came to his ears.)

The customary *ensemble* of solemn black was triumphant. Banded and cowed, with pendant streams of gloom about her, Caroline now felt one with all true wives in her simplicity. For a month or more she held close to her sorrow, carrying with her wherever she went the unmistakable symbol of her lamented Ronald. Black-shoed, black-stockinged, black-shirted, black-bonneted, she exercised in the country roads, or motored to town. The large, drab city was no brighter because of her. At the same time, no especial kindness was shown her by colonels; but, in her simplicity, she did not notice. And it was just as well, because she had always found herself embarrassed by the gratuitous kindness of people older than herself. In this way five moved on to six months, bringing no diminution of the intensity of Caroline's mourning. Nor would even a more extended period have altered it, because her soul was now fixed in a girdle of black. Ronald's family never mentioned to her, that much as society admired fidelity in this form it nevertheless recognized the desirability of bringing it to an end one day. They knew too well that an estate of ten thousand a year was best in the family, and that a widow's girdle when black is not easily let down to any man. Caroline would still be a widow in fullest degree to this day, if there had not been a divine intervention. This story ultimately exhibits the nature of this intervention, but Caroline's family have always persisted in referring to what happened as the result of demoniac possession.

* * * * *

When Roland Heathman died, he found, rather to

his surprise, that it had the effect of clarifying his mind. It was like a stiff whiskey, only the effect did not weaken. As he reviewed his life from this vantage point he saw that he had often been a fool, and that almost every day he had said a great number of silly things. Far from being disturbed by this, he felt pain only because his intimate friends had apparently never noticed. Caroline, his wife, had not noticed either. Then Roland's spirit looked at Caroline—she was cutting roses in the garden at the time—and he suddenly saw that she was a fool too. The way she stood by the bush of Jacqueminots in which he could see slugs which she could not—with her toes turned faintly in and her left stocking slightly wrinkled around her ankle, gave ample proof. Suddenly too, he heard all the things she had ever said to him, and he noticed that they had apparently been all the same. This gave him an idea and he rushed to another town for a moment to look at her mother who was still alive and in her boudoir talking to her second husband. Yes, her remarks were the same as Caroline's had been to him. As he listened back along the conversation of his wife's female progenitors, the result was still the same. His spirit gave a faint pinkish blush as he thought of facing his fellows at dinner that night.

He had, ever since his death, dined with a rather jolly crowd of scientific spirits, on whom the sole effect of their dissolution had been a deplorable fashion of plain speaking. He recalled the twitting Sir John Fortescue had got the evening before, when certain activities of his widow had been brought to light. She, apparently, was using money, well-gained in artificial silks, to support a group of missionaries to the Hottentots. What his friends had said at the table about Hottentots and the advantages of dying before his wife went mad, had affected even Sir John's ghostly self-

possession. And now that Ronald had seen that his wife was a fool, he felt impaled on pins and needles, at the thought of facing that jolly, scientific crowd. Even his vaporish parts grew thick with horror. Then he remembered that, as a spirit, he had new abilities which, perhaps, would enable him to control the situation. He could understand what people were going to do before they actually did it: he could see through a stone, a brick, or a wooden wall: he could see four bridge hands at a single glance; and he possessed many other equally precious traits. Considering these powers, he turned away and went to dinner with a somewhat gayer heart. His fellows, he found, had not yet noticed Caroline, and his feelings were spared. "If," he thought, "I can work rapidly enough, I may be able to get her to conceal herself before my reputation is lost."

It is, of course, well known to everyone, that, though spirits do possess remarkable powers, they cannot in any way control fundamental events. These are operated from a higher source. But they can foresee happenings, and in a small way they can call the attentions of those still alive to significant details, and thus they can frequently produce a desired result, even without having a direct control of the elements. Ronald saw, therefore, that his plan would be extensive, and that he could not expect a conclusion for some time—as long in fact as it would take a letter to reach Paris, and a parcel to return. He found new material for quips in the activities of Lady Fortescue, and kept the subject alive at table until Sir John simply abominated him, and even the braver spirits began to find it worn. It did, however, divert attention from his own shame, until it could be securely hidden.

Peeping over his wife's shoulder, he saw her post a check to *Chez Latour* for a black hat, and then flitted silently to this grand shop, arriving just in time to

observe the Paris correspondence. Among the letters was one to the Paris buyer, instructing him to secure a window model for the display of mourning costumes, and Ronald selected this, as most suitable for his plan. Hurrying to Paris, and because of the facilities at his disposal, arriving there considerably before the letter, he amused himself by visiting the theatres without paying for programmes or tipping the cloak-room attendant. In this way the time passed pleasantly enough, until the moment arrived for interviewing the Paris buyer. Then Ronald did perhaps the only not quite honorable deed in the whole affair. He took the form of a window model salesman from the firm of Ferrinot et Cie., and sold the buyer the one model necessary for his purposes. This act can indeed be held up to him with some strictness, for this privilege of assuming alien flesh—once thought to be a common act among spirits, is now known to be so severely frowned upon that it is usually exercised only in situations of decided stress. But this, in fact, was what Ronald pleaded when his action was later brought against him. So, my readers must judge, on the basis of their own experience, whether a moral law had been broken or no.

Rightly or wrongly, the Paris buyer was persuaded, and a huge packing case was dispatched. Ronald followed its course anxiously, even sitting on it during its journey by boat and train, to guard it from any counter forces that, unknown to him, might be at work to frustrate his purpose. There was old Uncle John, for instance, who was such a stickler for etiquette and family solidarity, that even death had not cleared his mind! He might have got wind of the business, for spirits can read each other's thoughts. Fortunately they do not often bother themselves! But the case did arrive safely to *Chez Latour*, and it was unpacked. The general feeling it aroused was one of surprise mixed

with dismay. Then the buyer's letter was read, and the feeling altered to one of pleasure and satisfaction. The model was dressed in the latest perfected form of widowhood and placed in the window. Ronald, following all this with interest, saw in the final result the absolute certainty of success. It remained only to get Caroline. Exultant, he went post-haste down into the country.

Caroline was lunching in the garden. The day was warm and bright, and although he was no longer susceptible to this himself, he could not but notice the fine effect it produced in Caroline's face, making it shine like a healthy apple. Even the darkness with which she had surrounded it could not dim its glory. Ronald was not affected emotionally by this sight, but he felt very happy as he considered its possible effect on his plan. His wife had an impulse to go to town and she sent the maid to call the motor. She had acted so often on impulse in the course of her life that naturally she did not know of her dead husband's hand in this particular one. Completely unsuspecting therefore, she got into her motor and was driven off toward the city. Ronald merrily but invisibly perched beside his former driver.

Caroline's impulse was very ill-formulated—she did not know exactly why she was in town—, and Ronald had a busy afternoon controlling her vagrant desires and leading them along a fixed path which was to end at *Chez Latour*. Although he could suggest impulses to his wife, he was afraid that if he put *Chez Latour* into her mind she would rush there and purchase even more extravagant mourning, completely neglecting what he had prepared for her. So he had, painfully enough in view of his wife's silly vagueness, to content himself merely with cancelling her weak wishes as they appeared in the front of her mind. Things went badly, and he was much put to it to keep her from frittering away

his valuable time while she purchased bad novels, and black-edged letter paper, and black ink. By tea-time he managed to get her into a tea-shop just two squares away from his target, and there he was more than delighted to wait while she refreshed herself. Then out into the street again, where he found that she was much more easily managed when she was well-fed. He had taken advantage of it; but he was surprised to see how little real difference his death had made.

The city here was very dull and solemn. Dust, and the perpetual gloom of the buildings made it a very suitable place for the selling of "widow's weeds". The wind, having blown dark clouds across the sun, now came down into the street and blew itself recklessly in and out. A few lights began to appear in those shops where darkness was not the necessary adjunct of business. Slowly but surely through the drab way, Caroline was being moved nearer and nearer to the prepared scene. Ronald, now in front exhorting, and now behind almost vulgarly pushing, felt himself getting exhausted. At last there was but one corner more to be turned, and after she had been hurried around it, he went and stood in the shop entrance, that he might be in the best place for viewing the entire event, and for calculating his chances of success.

Innocent, simple beyond belief, somewhat surprisingly demure in her sartorial sorrow, she came on, absolutely without a suspicion of a trap. Finally, in front of the shop window, Ronald saw that she had become aware of a very powerful influence. She seemed to feel that something strong and disturbing was emanating from that austere display of funereal correctness. Slowly she adjusted her eyes, and more slowly her mind, and when this was done, she faintly screamed at the sight. Ronald hugged his purely ideal ribs and danced with delight on the top step at this sound.

Chez Latour had its display arranged in the height of modernity. The buyer, with an eye to the trend of fashion—helped, of course, by Ronald—had secured the very latest mannequins. It was the figure of an elegant female, cut from tin, and polished to an amazing degree. The designer, with a strong sense of significance, had lengthened the neck until it almost seemed to coil, had sharpened the shoulders and hips to an angular intensity. The eyes and mouth, mere gashes in the simplified shape of the head, were accentuated by the light thrown on the figure, until they acquired that so desirable hardness which signifies “high-life”. Extended in arm and leg, and posed with voluptuous but yet somehow a stiff sweep, there it stood. The window-dresser had risen to heights of genius. The heaviest of the Latour blacks had been draped on it. A bonnet was on its peaked head, lines of black were hung from its sharp shoulders, and then the smartest of all widows stood forth. The model had been skillfully surrounded by Parisian emptiness, and then lighted.

Here the miracle happened, for as one came on the window in the solemn street, one came upon not merely a tin widow, but upon a vision. The light covered all the sexless tin, and brought forth an irrepressible and intensified woman. The lustrous head and neck became—oh, nothing as base as flesh and blood—but a bright illustration of eternal femininity.

The long arms with their silver hands, so beautifully twisted with melancholy, and so unrelieved beside the black cloth of the dress, expressed the intimate desire of all simple women, that tremulous, fearful joy of being owned. The whole figure called through the silent, gloomy street to women who had nothing to do but be owned, it solidified their vague longings and showed in shining form what generation after generation had whispered to silken pillows.

Naturally, the designer of this figure, not even the window-dresser, had realized what they were producing. They could not foresee that their creation would cry aloud in the horrid street and be heard—they had not thought beyond its being plainly noticed. Perhaps Ronald was responsible. But more reasonably, so splendid was the actual result, it must be put down as one of the accidents, which, though they happen rarely, will alter the course of one's life.

There it stood, and when Caroline saw it, she screamed faintly in the street. Ronald knew that it had been a vision to her because of that uncontrollable cry. Caroline was far too simple alas to see all the meaning of this vision, but certain more coarse and obvious parts of it did affect her. She read, for example, the possibilities that lay in widowhood: she thought it was a duty up to that moment. Poor soul, she thought the eternal feminine walked only in silks and satins. And then the scales were lifted from her eyes, and the fundamental desires of her own simple heart were shown to her. Is it to be wondered at, her scream? If she had seen more in her vision probably she would have acted less; so one must be glad for Ronald's sake that her sensibility was no greater.

The best writer achieves his highest point of expression when he draws close to the great heart of Nature and lets his pen inscribe the phrases that fall straight from Her lips. All else is artful. One can say therefore, without hesitation, that Caroline returned to her motor a sadder and wiser woman. Wiser, because for the first time in her life she knew what she wanted to do; sadder, because through lack of experience she did not know how to do it. Ronald went home to sleep, carrying a lighter heart than he had done for days.

While he was resting, the higher source intervened with one of those attempts at jocularly which are so dis-

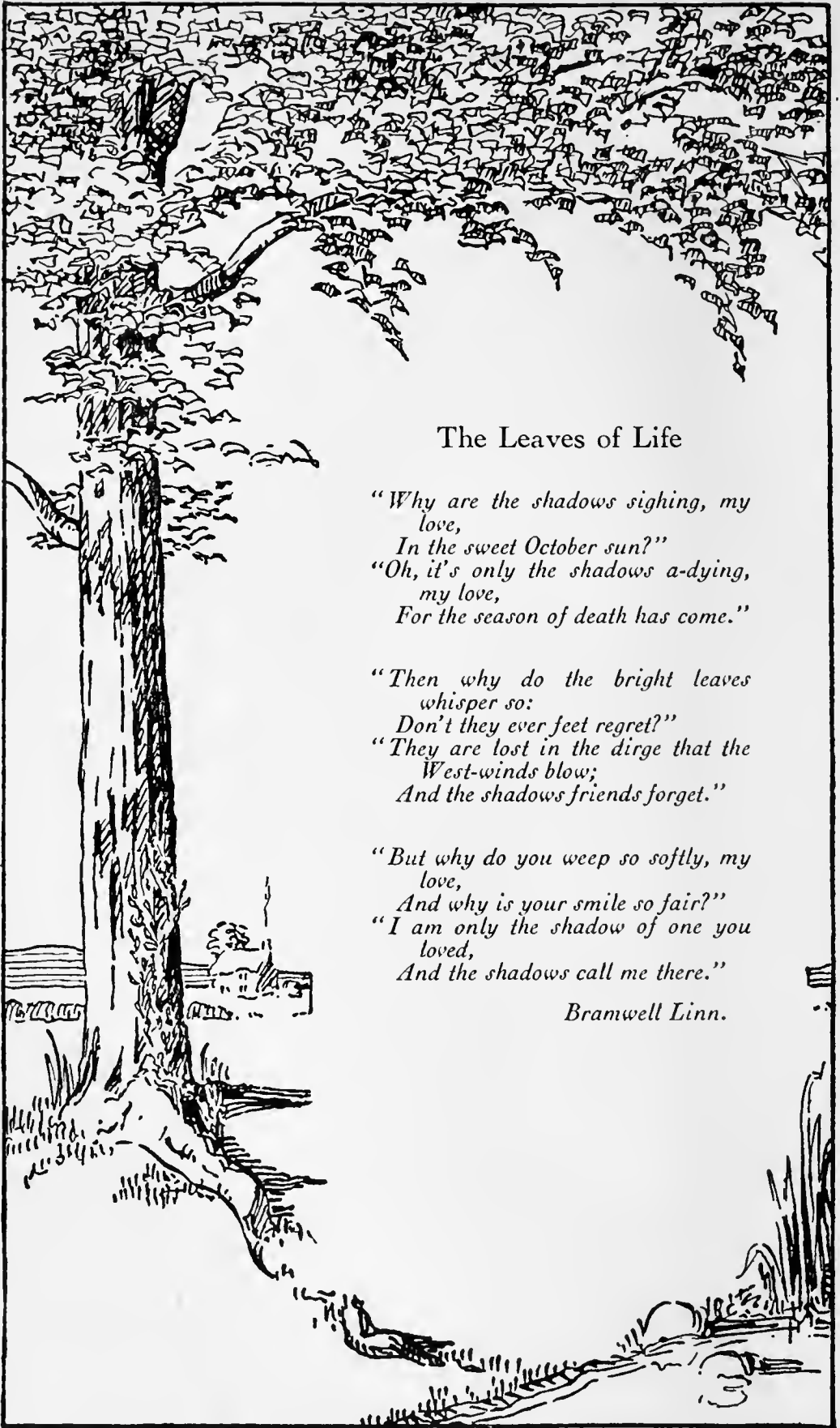
turbing to all who believe in the fundamental proprieties. It poured with rain, and Caroline, tripping back to her motor, was caught in it. As she stood in a lighted shop-doorway, she saw a taxicab draw up before her, and a kindly old head with an air of ancient battles still about it, popped out of the rear window.

"May I, Madam, take the liberty of offering you my cab?" asked a very heavy, but sympathetic voice. Caroline, without a moment's hesitation, so complete was the change in her, stepped in. The old colonel did not get out, neither did the police tactfully appear. Instead the cab was ordered to drive on: Ronald was safer than he yet knew.

W. A. Reitzel.

Eastward!

*I long to travel Eastward to those lands
Of antique beauty: realms of mystic lore
That breathe of love, or golden-gleaming sands,
Or perfume-laden winds from Singapore.
Some proud pagan couched beneath the flap
Of soiled tent will try to market spells,
And idols; and will laugh aloud, and snap
His fingers, when I tell the infidels
That I am bound to sunny Palestine,
The home of Christ. Away to Turkestan
I'll go, or sit within a Buddhist shrine,
Or seek the ponderous walls of Teheran—
Where citadels and temple pillars seem
An ancient soul within me, when I dream.*



The Leaves of Life

*"Why are the shadows sighing, my
love,
In the sweet October sun?"
"Oh, it's only the shadows a-dying,
my love,
For the season of death has come."*

*"Then why do the bright leaves
whisper so:
Don't they ever feel regret?"
"They are lost in the dirge that the
West-winds blow;
And the shadows friends forget."*

*"But why do you weep so softly, my
love,
And why is your smile so fair?"
"I am only the shadow of one you
loved,
And the shadows call me there."*

Bramwell Linn.

One Man's View*

THERE is a pleasant thrill about the present presidential campaign. Politics have taken on a new vitality. This is largely because the Democratic candidate, Governor Smith, possesses the gift of lining people up whole-heartedly either for or against him. If he is elected, which seems hardly possible, the revolution in our political life will be almost exactly parallel to that produced just one hundred years ago by the election of Andrew Jackson. It will mean that a number of traditional respectabilities count for less with the mass of humble citizens than the voice of a man who speaks to them in a language that they understand and who bases his candidacy on faith in the political capacity of the average man. For Smith really believes that the voter can be taken into the confidence of the candidate and that, if the issues are stated clearly, the voter can be trusted to recognize his own good and to vote for it. This faith is the source of Governor Smith's success in New York State; it is a faith that I personally should like to see justified, if for no other reason, because as Americans we have been nourished on it and because it is a substantial part of our national pride as Americans.

Governor Smith labors under many handicaps. He has but a short time in which to overcome them. He has to awaken a faith in his leadership corresponding to his own faith in his followers. He cannot be elected by those who would normally vote for his party, for they are in a minority, and many of them will not accept his leadership because he comes from a political Nazareth. Can any good thing come out of Tammany, will be for many the decisive question. The independent voter

* In the *Atlantic Monthly* for October under the title "Studies in Temperament", will be found a brilliant and fluent exposition of the ideas that I have rather haltingly expressed above. I had, of course, not read this article until I finished my own.—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

who votes for Smith will be voting for the man. For Smith is a man and a leader. He has remade the Democratic party in New York State. He has made it a liberal and a progressive party, the party that guarantees to each citizen at least a minimum of opportunity and initiative, a certain right to live his own life, short of actual crime, even though he may go counter to the cherished beliefs of a majority of his fellow-citizens. He has stood for social welfare and for education when it counted, and he has the insight to discover just what measures must be opposed if generations of workers are not to be deprived of their heritage, and just what measures must be adopted to prevent the growing rigidity of civilized forms—caste, creed, and property—from overwhelming the helpless individual. He thinks in terms of human welfare and that is not always identical with the prosperity of business organizations. His recent speeches have shown that he can deal with national problems in the same terms, and there is more than a hint that he will approach international problems in the same spirit. He is such a man as we may never see again in public life, one who combines an instinct for politics with an intelligence and an integrity that are usually considered incompatible with political success.

On the other side we have a party,—a party that identifies prosperity with successful business, regardless of the increasing class of those, notably farmers and miners, who do not share that prosperity,—a party that is content to show neither sympathy nor imagination in its dealings with foreign countries, so long as debts are paid and business prospers. For the Republican leaders, able men as they are, show a tendency to measure prosperity by figures, regardless of unfairness in the distribution of their impressive sums. There are rights and aspirations that must also be taken into account and that may outweigh considerations of financial profit. Certainly

it is more important for each citizen to receive a reasonable minimum than that the total should go on increasing with growing inequalities in its distribution.

Mr. Hoover does not lead the Republican party. He is a passenger in a high-powered machine. In no case have his personal views prevailed over the tradition of his party, and some at least of his views he has sacrificed in order to avoid opposing that tradition. His speeches are excellent expositions of the doctrines of his party. There is nothing personal in them, nothing progressive, nothing adventurous. Nor in all his experience has Hoover shown political tact. For campaign purposes he has learned the Coolidge trick of keeping cool and committing himself to nothing to which everyone could not subscribe. He is not an ardent prohibitionist, an ardent pacifist, or an ardent Republican; and he proposes to help the farmers by placing tariffs on non-existent imports and by building waterways to transport grain to markets where the price bears no relation to the cost of labor or machinery in America. He is a doer, not a thinker; and when he is opposed, instead of understanding and reconciling his opponents, he loses his temper. This occurs usually in private, but there was a public exhibition of it in connection with the Stevenson rubber scheme that bodes ill for our relations with foreign countries, unless he can eliminate or compensate for this fault. Hoover's achievements as an executive have not, like those of Smith, been conspicuous in the field of politics.

Hoover and Smith are both remarkable men, but it is Smith whose qualifications fit him to be president. He is a genius at formulating policies and at communicating them to others. If he is elected the Democratic party will have a new birth. If he is defeated, he will still have compelled the Republicans to nominate their best man, and will thus be partly responsible for what of

good is accomplished by the blunt honesty and lack of pretense that are embodied in Herbert Hoover. In any case he will have aroused an interest in politics in millions of citizens who never before cared enough to vote, and he will leave a Democratic party purged of vast hordes of fanatics and enriched by the addition of some thoughtful citizens who admire his application of honesty, common sense, and sympathy to the solution of political problems.

L. A. Post.

“The Flower That Once Has Blown Forever Dies”

*They mock their youth who say it is not so,
That this sweet passion is the fairest bloom;
And they have never loved without the mind.
Their thought has robbed them of the soft, warm glow
Of life, and they, poor souls, were ever blind.
But let them think, and preach, and point the doom
Of this fair flower—the fairest always fade,
And ever must the less fair follow. No
Less fair, I hold, for having faded first!
This mottled course of shifting pain, of gloom,
And mellow-minded hope all find the same.
Let thieving preachers slake the sweetest thirst
With dust, and beg the earth to bear her sons
Unearthly, old and wise—they are the worst
She ever bore; and mother-like she weeps.
Why curse the gem because the crown was made
For fools one mad inlay of gold and jade?*

Bramwell Linn.

Tomorrow's Silence

*I am the gray old cobweb,
Dusty, and old, and gray,
That was spun by last year's spider
Before he went away.*

*Only the insects know me
Who tangle their idle wings;
And it makes me think of my spider,
And other idle things.*

*Then I wonder why my spider
Left me hanging here alone
To be an idle sort of cobweb,
So torn, and old, and blown.*

*Lying there on the sand
What are you good for, seashell,
Waiting for tomorrow,
And an idle child's hand?*

*Your song is only an echo
Out of the deep green sea;
And your home is gone forever,
So cool, and green, and free.*

*Song of the shell and the cobweb,
Song of rafter and sea:
We are all but halves of tomorrow
Lost in eternity.*

Bramwell Linn.

None But The Brave

THE battle of Bloreheath was over. In the distance the shouts of the victorious Yorkists, in pursuit of their Lancastrian foes, grew fainter; on the field, indistinct in the early autumn twilight, scattered figures wandered from place to place methodically stripping the bodies of the dead. Here an archer retrieved his arrow from the belly of a scarce dead foe, there a billman changed jerkins with a corpse, yonder a man-at-arms slipped a few farthings from a dead man's pouch into his own: all worked with the weary, relentless efficiency of professional soldiers reaping the fruits of a hard-fought victory. It was a harvest for many reapers, this field—the Grim Eternal Reaper that afternoon, they this evening, tomorrow the villagers, and after that the crows. A rich crop this autumn, but they must gather it quickly tonight and be off betimes on the morrow to reap in other fields. Meanwhile they worked silently on, unmindful of anything but the sordid task before them.

Not so their commander, the Earl of Salisbury, chafing in his hastily pitched tent on the heath across Hempmill Brook. It had been an encouraging victory for the House of York—hard-fought and gained against odds of three to one—but it meant no more than a short respite to the victors. A scant five miles away at Eccleshall lay Queen Margaret and another Lancastrian army—no mob of half-disciplined Cheshire squires such as they had vanquished today, but a force of hardened veterans like his own—and King Henry with the rest was marching to join her. He was faced with the dilemma—defeat if he stayed to face them in the morning, rout if he attempted to get his baggage off the field now. And half his men were gone—lying like so many fallen shocks of wheat on that hill across the brook, or spread over the countryside cutting down fugitives and looting peasant cottages.

He walked to the door of his tent and stood there peering across the battleground to the dim, shadowy woods beyond. Nothing, so far as soldiers were concerned, but those scattered clumps of human scavengers; not a sign of any returning from the pursuit. And little hope of seeing any: those hot-headed sons of his, Sir Thomas and Sir John Neville, would chase the foe right into the royal camp, and probably end by getting captured themselves. Nearly a thousand of his best men gone with them, too—not promising for his chances of escape tonight.

He turned to see his right-hand man, Sir Walter Strykelande, approaching, and a slight exclamation of satisfaction escaped his lips as the tall, blond Northerner joined him. Salisbury was the first to speak. "Ah, Strykelande, have your men yet returned from the pursuit?" he queried, still gazing out into the gathering dusk.

"They are most of them busy on that field yonder," replied the Northerner with a grim smile. "I command veteran soldiers, my lord."

"And the Lady Eleanor Molyneux?"

"She is still in her swoon."

"She took Molyneux's death hardly, then? Let her be treated gently and her welfare carefully looked to."

"She has been placed in my own tent, my lord, and I doubt not that she will recover. A wife of twenty-two does not die of grief for a husband of fifty. Sir William was a brave foe but——" He finished the sentence with a leer.

"Have her well cared for. Her marriage is worth four hundred pounds a year to some trusty follower of York.—And have another recall sounded for the pursuit to cease. Draw in your own men and——"

A scream pierced the air—a woman's scream followed by a confusion of men's voices and a clashing of armour

in Strykelande's tent. In a minute it ceased and a pair of squires came towards them dragging the two causes of the clamor. Salisbury gazed at them dully, his interest only half aroused.

The Lady Eleanor stood before him, tall, slim and, despite her somewhat disheveled clothes, almost majestic in her silent disdain. A wisp of light hair had blown down over her blue eyes, her breast still heaved a little from the recent excitement and the pallor of her swoon had been succeeded by slight touches of red in either cheek. A haughty stare was her only reply to Salisbury's questioning.

The Earl turned his attention to the other prisoner, a man in the black garb of an Austin friar. Scarcely as tall as the woman, in comparison with Strykelande's great bulk he appeared a mere squat tailor of a man. From beneath eyebrows and hair hardly less black than his robe peered a pair of half-mocking eyes, gray as a sword's blade and keen as its point. He might have been twenty-five or he might have been forty.

"Who is this fellow and how came he here?" snapped Salisbury.

"We do not know, my lord," replied the first squire. "As we sat outside repairing Sir Walter's helmet we saw him nearby and then a little later we heard my lady's cry from within. But as we rushed in and seized him, methought I saw him slip a curious ring beneath his cloak."

"Theft was it, you knave? Speak up! Who are you?" growled the Earl.

"I am called Stephen Blentford, my lord," replied the friar with a suitable obeisance and a slight ironic smile, "a poor Austin friar who craves the favor of your lordship's protection as far as the priory of my order at Ludlow."

"And the ring?" interrupted the first squire savagely.

"It is a relic of special virtue, blessed by His Holiness."

Involuntarily the squire let go of his arm and crossed himself—"By its sacred power I have healed many and divers ills. I but sought to restore my lady from her swoon and perchance gain your lordship's goodwill. No doubt the suddenness of the recovery startled her."

"And what does the Lady Eleanor say to this fine story?" said Salisbury brusquely turning towards the woman.

The Lady Eleanor cast a look of hatred at her house's enemy and turned to look with withering scorn into those steel-gray eyes of the friar. They seemed to pierce her like the hot stab of a rapier—pierce her and bring a hot flush of exasperation to her cheeks. Filled with rising anger, she turned again to the Earl and opened her mouth to reply, those two steel-gray eyes still looking disturbingly into her soul. Then, "It was even as he says, my lord," she answered quietly and dropped her eyes to the ground.

"She lies!" shouted one of the squires—he of the pious veneration for the sacred ring of the Pope. "With my own eyes I saw her clutch at the ring and I will maintain it with my life."

"You dare give the lie to a lady?" cried the Lady Eleanor, white and trembling with rage. "And you allow him to insult me like any scullery-maid?" she went on, turning finally from the impassive features of the other three to Blentford.

The friar smiled slowly and turned to the Earl with just the hint of a shrug. "This hot blood would be better saved for Lancaster, my lord."

"He is right," snapped Salisbury. "Call off your watchdog, Strykelande, and bid him bring in your followers from the battleground. Sound the general recall again and have the men prepare their suppers. As for these two, let them be placed in my tent for safe keeping."

II

They sat in the commander's tent, those two, behind the dividing partition, their eyes averted, neither venturing to speak. At length the friar broke the silence.

"Your ring, madam," he said, holding it out to her, "and with it my most humble gratitude."

"You were not so ready to own the debt a few moments ago," she replied coldly.

"Had I owned it then I should never have lived to pay it."

"For all that," she pursued, "a brave knight will ever maintain the truth of a lady's word, no matter what befall."

"And would a lady's lie be any more true because he died defending it?"

She flushed angrily, still looking away from him. "A clerk's and a coward's quibble! A brave man, worthy of a fair lady, does not pause for such a question."

"No, nor perhaps ever lives to see the lady again."

"And you mean that you——" she faltered and stopped, the sharpness dying out of her voice. "Tell me," she said, swiftly turning to him and laying a soft hand on his arm, "why did you want my signet ring? —— Where have you seen me before?"

"To tell you the truth which you set so high a price on, madam," responded the friar, raising his head to look her full in the face, "I never had that honor until this afternoon."

"Then why should you steal my ring?" she exclaimed, her disappointment showing in her voice.

"Let me explain. Your late husband, my lady, in his zeal for the House of Lancaster, happened to seize on and carry off an ancient manuscript belonging to our order. Very precious it was to us, being but newly

come from Italy and without its like in all England; call it ignoble and scholarly if you will, but have it back we must. Your ring, madam, presented to his head steward——”

“And you would take my ring not for gallantry or glory, but for a mere bauble—a book? What magic does it hold within it?”

“The magic of the ancient philosophers, my lady,” he responded with that slow smile of his. “They who sought after what you yourself prize so highly in a fair lady—Truth.”

“Ah, my confessor has told me of that magic—black heathen magic accursed by God,” she answered haughtily. “And where came you under its spell?”

“Padua, Florence, Bologna—where men have learned that there are other things in the world than lances, crowns and crucifixes.”

“Oh, but I would not deny that there are; I too have read books—in my idle hours at home—nearly a dozen,” she countered triumphantly. “Not dull, sinful philosophy, but glorious tales of romance, love and high adventure—King Arthur, Sir Galahad and all their deeds of chivalry . . . You do not doubt me?” she ended anxiously.

“Nay, I was sure of it before we had talked five minutes,” he returned with dry politeness. “And may you have read, perchance, any of the tales of the Italians—of one Boccaccio, say?” he continued, not without guile.

“No ——” she faltered. “Are they stories of love, then?”

“Yes,” he said, “of love—love among princes and peasants, among Christians and infidels—even among monks and nuns,” he continued with a slight leer.

“Oh,” she said frigidly, “more wicked foreign books,

not about love, but sinful lust. True knighthood ever scorned that."

"Not about love, perhaps," he replied, "nor chivalry, but of life, the one thing always real and ever true. For tell me, my lady, have you ever found *true* knighthood, save in tales of romance? Bethink you, when have you seen the knight who chose to remain prosaically at home and fight the battle of the poor against oppression, instead of going a-trumpeting off on some fine plundering expedition to place a new king on the French throne?"

"At worst he is no coward, my valiant friar," she flashed. "He does not shrink from combat, nor show his bravery unworthy of the respect and admiration of a lady."

"And the no less valiant, but base-born, man-at-arms who fights at the knight's side—is he also worthy of a lady's respect and admiration?"

My Lady Molyneux bit her lip.

"And yet," she began again, gazing at the ground, "the unworthiest of warriors has always this shining ideal before him—this pattern of true chivalry to which he should conform, subduing the sinful flesh. Even the basest knight cannot be stark dead to this high aspiration."

"And so, my lady," he hazarded, "you would take Queen Guinevere's dead, time-worn glove and mold your hand of living flesh to fit it, or rebuild my human limbs to the proportions of King Arthur's suit of enchanted mail. You would recreate mankind to suit the imagination of some strolling minstrel, and brand him as unutterably low and base, who dares protest against the impossible."

The Lady Eleanor gazed at him stolidly as one beyond her depth. In the hush that followed, the harsh tones of Salisbury, who had entered the fore-part of the tent,

came as welcome as thunder on a sultry summer's day.

"Only three hundred more returned to camp?" he was saying. "The fools must think they conquered all England in that skirmish this afternoon. Let them devise a plan for saving all our heads tomorrow, then, if they be so valiant. If we moved a cart off that field tonight, Queen Margaret's horsemen would be upon us before we were a furlong away." His voice paused in dejection and a squire mumbled something to him.

"Yes, yes, summon a council of the leaders," he continued wearily, "and let it be known that Sir Ralph Leigh's forfeited estates fall to the share of any who offers a real plan for escape. And tell Strykelande to post more sentries." Again the tired voice lapsed into silence.

My Lady Molyneux still stared at the ground, groping for a reply. Blentford gazed at her half amusedly, half reflectively; suddenly an idea flashed in his eye and he spoke.

"Come, come, my lady," he said with a great show of heartiness, "perchance you may be right, and the really brave knight is never without some leavening measure of chivalry. Take the Earl of Salisbury, then; is he not a brave warrior?"

"He is my house's sworn enemy," she evaded petulantly.

Blentford made a gesture of impatience. "If your ladyship would but answer my question! Did it not take a brave captain to defeat your husband's side this afternoon?" he flattered.

She drew back her head in pride. "Yes, he is a brave knight," she said.

"And then chivalrous too?" he continued.

"Yes," she answered, "enemy though he is, I will maintain that also. A few surly oafs of peasants he may have strung up by the neck on tree limbs, but to

me he has acted as a true and gentle knight ever does to a lady."

"Then listen sharply at the tent wall when I talk to him," he said with a tone of finality, ignoring her ill-concealed look of curiosity.

III

The Earl of Salisbury sat in the fore-part of the tent, moodily listening to that mysterious and somewhat disconcerting Austin friar.

"And if you follow this plan, my lord," Blentford was saying, "you shall be five hours' march distant by morning. I will ——"

"Come! come! to the point!" the Earl said brusquely, "What do you require in return?"

"That the Lady Eleanor Molyneux be left behind with me," replied the friar suavely.

"What! You whoreson dog!" thundered Salisbury; and my Lady Molyneux, on the other side of the partition, heard, between her virtuous blushes, the sound of a heavy blow.

"Out with your plan and another word of my Lady Molyneux and I'll have you kicking your heels in the air beneath the nearest tree."

For a full minute there was not a sound. Then Blentford spoke slowly and with no trace of anger in his voice. "And you, my lord, will you not be cooling yours before the block ere this time tomorrow?"

Another silence. Then, heavily, "You are right —— I must escape somehow. But come, be reasonable. The Lady Eleanor is worth four hundred pounds a year to her husband and you can never marry her. Here now, say a hundred pounds in gold."

"Pardon such a thing as a whim in a mere friar," Blentford replied imperturbably, "but it is the Lady Eleanor or nothing."

Salisbury's hands clenched but with an effort he pushed aside the impulse to violence. "What assurance have I that your plan will save us?" he ended lamely.

"The fact that you have no other."

"And your plan is?"

"You ride off leaving your artillery mounted here for firing. With it I shall make such diversion for the Queen's army as will appear later," answered Blentford.

"And on what am I to rely that you will not deceive me and ride off?" pursued the Earl.

"On the favor of the holy saints, on my word and the sound of your own guns," returned the black figure.

"Good. And now the hundred pounds ——"

"The Lady Eleanor," corrected Blentford.

"Come now, say two hundred."

"The Lady Eleanor," repeated the friar with an air of finality.

Salisbury glared at him once more in silent rage, but something in the mocking gray eyes caused him to drop his gaze to the ground. "So be it," he said wearily, "you will both be left behind—by mistake."

IV

Very still and deserted the camp seemed with the cannonade momentarily interrupted and the muffled tread of Salisbury's soldiers already vanished in the distance. The various camp fires, sunk to a few glowing embers, cast a weird light on the ugly black cannon, and by one of these was crouched the figure of the noblewoman. A short distance away the black friar flitted like a disembodied, Satanic spirit from gun to gun, reloading them as he went. Finally, with a brand from the fire he touched off one after the other. The reverberations seemed to break some sort of spell; my Lady Molyneux shook off her previous air of aloofness as he approached, and ventured speech.

"Now, in truth, I see," she said softly, "how strong is the allegiance men bear to the house of York, when you, who were so fearful of fight, have entered on this mad scheme to speed its cause. No longer do I marvel at our defeat."

"Believe me, madam," he replied with a wry smile, "I care not one hair's breadth which house rules England or all Europe."

"But why, then, this madness?" she queried, her voice rising in bewilderment. "Why have you turned aside from your dull, scholar's life to this errantry and high adventure?"

"You ask, and I must answer that I know no more than you. Why, tell me, did you not denounce me to the Earl for taking your ring?" he countered.

She was silent.

"You see you do not know," he went on, "you act first and seek the reason afterwards. Why did you speak to me just now after calling high Heaven to witness that you would never talk with me again? You will say now you admired my courage and pitied me, but when you spoke it was mere impulse. And so with me. Why did I try to steal your ring? I told you it was the only way to recover my order's manuscript, but there were a dozen other ways. It was but an impulse. Why did I ever go off to Italy to study the ancient tongues? Because I hoped to rise to rank or high position in Church or court? Ah no, madam, because my fancy bade me press the quest of knowledge. Why did I embark on this mad scheme, then? A mere whim, my lady, and more than that I cannot say—but I fear this counterfeit philosophy wearies you."

She sat there without a reply, gazing thoughtfully into the fire. Seizing a burning brand, Blentford left her there and glided off to make the rounds of a half dozen more cannon, touching them off in slow succession.

He returned to find her still peering silently into the embers. It was some more minutes before she again spoke.

"In truth," she began at last, "you speak strange things, but surely you cannot mean all these mad and well-nigh wicked sayings. For you *are* of gentle birth, are you not?" she concluded anxiously.

"One might call it that," he smiled ironically back at her.

"Then have you never felt that essence of all nobility, some deep allegiance to something greater than these things you call 'whims'? Some great call to fight and die on the field of honour for King and Country?"

"For which king," he interrupted with a wry smile, "your Henry or Salisbury's Richard?"

"Well then," she rejoined impatiently, "an allegiance to something far nobler and holier than any earthly ruler—to fight for Our Blessed Lord, for the Virgin and all the holy saints?"

"To fight and kill for one who said: 'whosoever shall smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also'," he twitted her.

"What saying is that?" she cried hotly, her lips trembling with vexation. "None of the holy saints ever spake that unknighly word. It was some heretic!"

"Ay, madam, some heretic," he said with ill-concealed irony.

"Oh! will you never have done with your smooth answers?" she exclaimed, losing her temper completely. "Have you no reverence or regard for anything fine or noble—no love for the things that *I* know of?" The hot tears started to her eyes and her shoulders drooped brokenly.

Touched with contrition, he said gently, "I have a deep regard for one of those things at least, madam,

else I should not be here." And very tenderly he leaned her head against his shoulder.

My Lady Molyneux looked up into his eyes, a strange, excited smile of happiness succeeding her tears. "My name," she whispered roguishly, "is Eleanor." And suddenly her tense, resisting body went dreamily limp in his arms.

And a half hour later, as the first tints of dawn were streaking the sky, a royal sentry five miles away at Eccleshall reported to his officer that the Yorkist cannonade had ceased.

V

The many camp-fires were mere heaps of gray ashes, the ungainly guns glistened with moisture in the long, low beams of sunlight and the two figures sat huddled together in the chilly morning dew. In that mingled emotion of true affection and mere scornful pity, Blentford was but dimly aware that the Lady Eleanor was speaking.

"And when they arrive," she was saying in a curious, rapt monotone, "I will be welcomed and honored and you will be safe for my sake, and you will enter the service of Lancaster and become a brave warrior and some day our good King Henry may even knight you."

He looked kindly into her eyes and then resolutely away. "No!" he said abruptly—almost harshly. "I will never turn soldier. It is too sordid and bloody—and dull!" he added defiantly.

"Oh, but you will become a brave soldier for my sake—Stephen," she said, looking up into his face with a sly smile. "You would not be unworthy of me?"

"Hark," he said, "is that not the vanguard of Queen Margaret's army?"

She rose, somewhat pettish at the snub, and together they shaded their eyes and gazed into the rising sun. Beyond and to the right of that field of yesterday's

corpses, they caught the glint of sun on steel. It was the royal army.

With the end of his exploit in sight, Blentford's mood suddenly changed; he became first mildly, then hilariously drunk with excitement. He turned to the Lady Eleanor mockingly: "Let us do this thing in true knightly style. I alone shall withstand their onslaught; your place shall be there, in safety." And in mock-heroic style he pointed to a position behind one of the guns. Slowly and uncomprehendingly she obeyed.

As the Lancastrians advanced, deploying slowly through the fields for fear of ambushade, he singled out one tall, dark knight who wore the Swan of the young Prince Edward and seemed to be in command. With mock solemnity Blentford placed himself full in his path. "Victory, my lord, and welcome," quoth he with a grave, formal bow.

The knight reined in his horse and looked at him quizzically. "And the Yorkist army?" he asked, his eyes roving to the deserted guns.

"I have that honor, my lord," answered Blentford with the barest suggestion of a smile.

The knight merely stared.

"Come, come," continued the friar bluffly, "you have not yet asked my surrender, nor told me who it is that calls for it, nor what force he musters against me."

"I crave your gracious pardon, Sir Friar," returned the knight with elaborate mockery. "Sir Roderick Bohun, commander of the vanguard of King Henry's and Queen Margaret's army, fifteen thousand strong, begs the favor of your surrender."

Blentford bowed gravely once more, but the knight, put out of countenance, cried roughly, "Enough of this child's play, fool! Where are those who held the camp with you?"

Blentford made a broad sweeping gesture towards the

silent cannon. "Only those," he said. "Will it not be a splendid tale to bandy about the length and breadth of England? One friar holding off fifteen thousand men all night long—in truth a brave story!" And, unmindful of the knight's dark frown, he indulged in a fit of silent laughter.

"Come, come!" rejoined Bohun testily, "were there no others?"

"Oh, if you choose to include my—er—captive——" and the friar motioned to the scarce visible form of Lady Eleanor.

"A woman!" ejaculated the knight, "and gently born too, if I mistake not. Quick, fellow, who is she?"

"Permit me to present you, my lord," replied Blentford in his grandest style, "to my Lady Eleanor Molyneux, widow of the late Sir William, of Cheshire, worth four hundred pounds a year and already of the Lancastrian persuasion. Her Ladyship is still, unfortunately, somewhat overcome with grief, but——"

"Stop, you clown," Bohun interrupted and, turning to the squire at his side, said pompously, "I call you all to witness that I do here, before all other suitors, beg the hand of the Lady Eleanor in marriage.—And as for this fellow, madam, I shall see him neatly trussed up by the neck on Tirley Castle wall, where he can cast no slurs upon your honour and tell no tales of holding off a whole army single-handed."

"No! please, spare him!" cried my Lady Molyneux eagerly, her cheeks filling with red.

"Why? There *has* been something between you, then?" scowled the knight. Then turning to Blentford, "What do you say? No lies now, you dog; out with the truth! What do you here?"

For the moment Blentford was superb. He turned to the Lady Eleanor, smiled an extremely knowing smile and bored into her with those steel gray eyes of

his until she lowered hers to the ground—and then he spoke. "I stayed on that field all night, my lord," he cried with almost a maniac's laugh, "*because I was afraid to leave it.*"

VI

The late afternoon shadows of Tirley Castle ramparts stretched long and jagged across the courtyard and up the very door of the tiny chapel; inside, the sun shining through the round west window, cast on the floor and altar steps fantastic caricatures of the two score occupants. There was the confused, dim mass shed by the onlookers in the pews; there was the shadow of Queen Margaret's confessor spread out indistinctly behind him as he put forth his hands in benediction; there was the clear broad shadow of the mailed knight, Sir Roderick Bohun, stretched out before him as he knelt on the altar steps; and there at its side, was the thin, wavering shade of her who had this morning been the Lady Eleanor Molyneux. And cutting between the shadows of the kneeling pair was the grim, black shadow, cast through the rose-window from the gibbet on the ramparts, of a grotesque, dangling figure in the garb of an Austin friar.

J. W. Martin



B O O K S

THE BUCK IN THE SNOW

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

The publication of Edna Millay's first book of poetry in five years is a literary event whose importance could not possibly be exaggerated. A contribution by America's finest living poet is now added to the splendid lyrical output which, in the last few years, has raised our standard in this field higher than it has yet been raised in our generation. Perhaps the truest and the most wholly favorable thing that could be said of *The Buck in the Snow* is that it could not, so far as we can see, be disappointing to the most ardent admirer of Miss Millay—that it fulfills every expectation, and is well worth the five years of waiting.

For the most part we find an unaltered technique. The varying of the number of feet in successive lines, the perfect facility of rhyme, the admirable skill with extended phrase construction in the sonnets, the ease of expression, are all quite as marked as ever. Perhaps the only new turn is a certain clear abruptness in occasional verses which, when combined with the imagery we have found so often before, is quite definitely reminiscent of Elinor Wylie. For a student of the subject there might well be a great deal of food for thought in this development which brings two of our greatest women poets closer together than they seem ever to have been before.

Edna Millay's poetry is beautiful simply in the complete harmony of beauty of thought and beauty of execution. Some other of our moderns, such as Grace Conkling and possibly Robinson, have shown an equal depth, and we cannot truthfully say that Miss Millay is unique in the extent to which she uncovers the emo-

tional notes common to poet and sympathetic reader. But we can and do say that she is unrivalled in the passionate sincerity of her expression of the love of life (somewhat like Sara Teasdale's), of the ocean, and of her own deep humanity.

This volume is a success—and much more than a success—in every way. It is successfully Millay, it is successfully song, and it is successfully poetry at its highest and finest. If one single poem were to be picked out as the best, it would be "To a Friend Estranged from Me"—possibly "Dirge Without Music". The former is as beautiful a short lyric as there is in the language.

(*Harpers*, \$50.00, \$25.00, \$2.00)

HAVELOCK ELLIS, PHILOSOPHER OF LOVE

HOUSTON PETERSON

This is the biography of the man whom H. L. Mencken has chosen to call "the most civilized living Englishman," and by its accuracy of detail and sympathy of understanding, the author has probably written the definitive life of Havelock Ellis.

This work is a happy appreciation of a man who has done an infinite amount of research work in morbid psychology and emerged sane and unalarmed. Few people are aware of the debt society owes to a person who has explored the distasteful regions of sexual perversion and catalogued the vast amount of information that Ellis has.

In the writing of this book Mr. Peterson has had access to private papers of Mr. Ellis and has been closely associated with him with the result that there can be nothing of a more authoritative nature written. Even for the person to whom Ellis means only one thing, "The Dance of Life," this book will provide interesting reading.

(*Houghton Mifflin*, \$4.00)

ONCE MORE YE LAURELS

DAVID COURT

In this novel, Camilla Weymouth and her four direct descendants are carried through their respective lives in this vale of tears, and then left with their ghosts haunting the next generation. All of them seem to suffer some malignant complex which denies them any continuous happiness, and which seems to have been inherited from Colonel Peters, Camilla Weymouth's husband.

The first section of the book is devoted to painting in the background for Martin Dorney Peters, who as a genteel rounder fares rather worse than the rest, and who finally commits accidental suicide after a hectic life.

In the place where dedications are usually found, is this Spanish verse which causes us to hesitate to give this delightful book our approval:

*"Guarde para su regalo
esta sentencia un autor,
Si el sabio no aprueba, malo
si el necio, peor."*

(John Day, \$2.00)

OSCAR WILDE

A PLAY BY LESTER COHEN

The portion of Wilde's life treated in this play is the dreary time before and during the De Profundis period when Oscar was enjoying a stretch in jail for various erotic indiscretions. In the dialogue are some very brilliant remarks, part of which are supposed to be authentic. This drama will probably never be produced but it is amusing reading and may be of interest to the person who takes him seriously, which we unfortunately do not.

(Horace Liveright, \$2.50)

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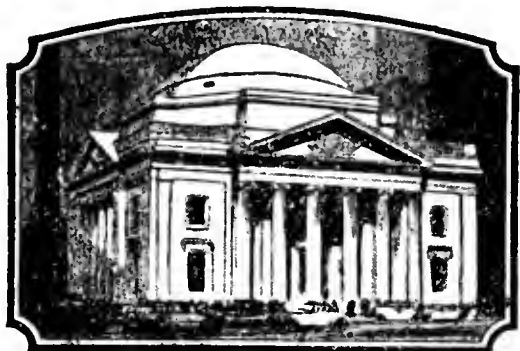


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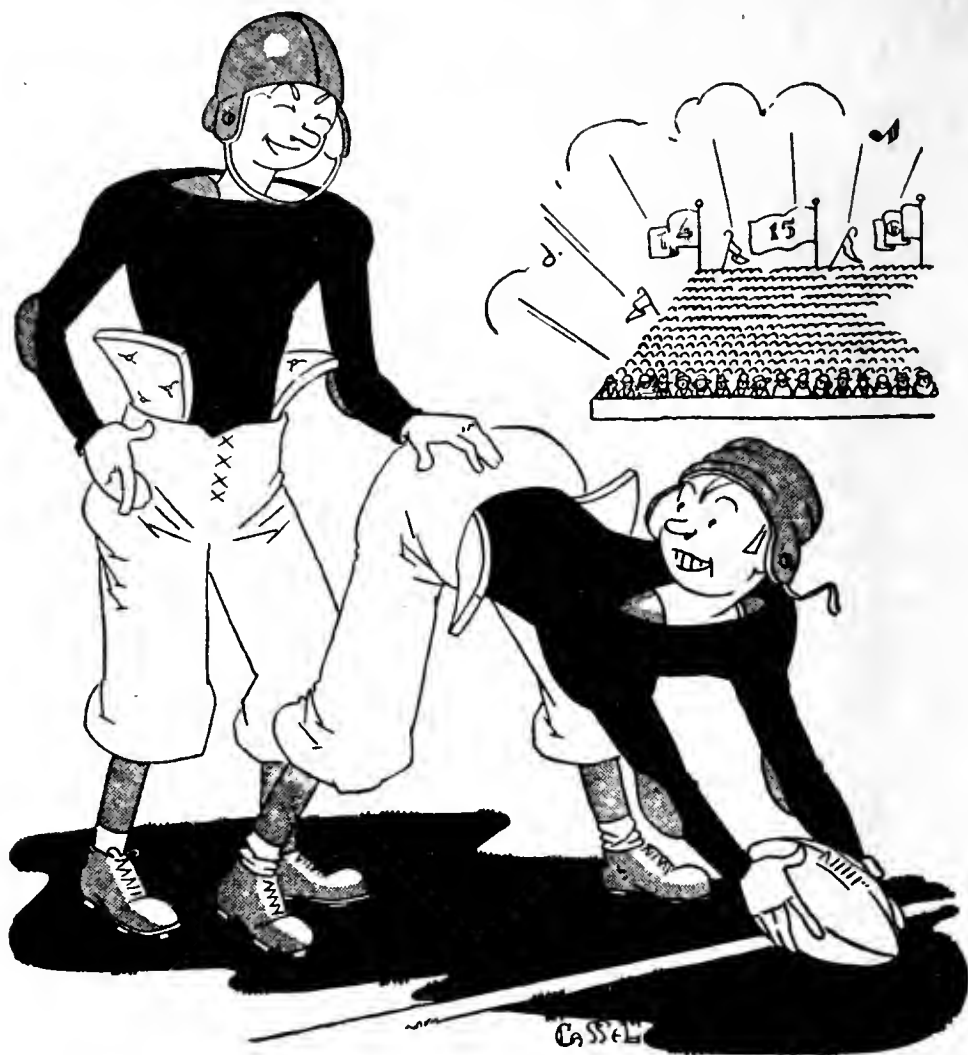
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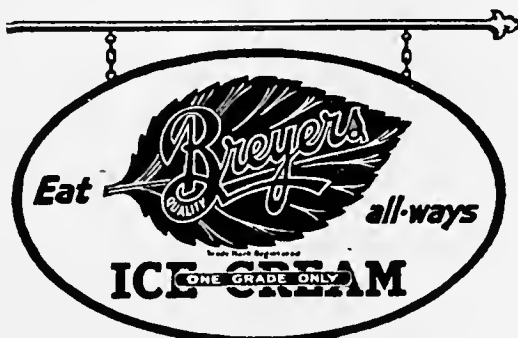
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The Haverfordian

VOL. XLVIII

HAVERFORD, PA., DECEMBER, 1928

No. 3

THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the *twentieth* of each month preceding date of issue during college year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates; to this end contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the *fifth* of the month.

Entered as second-class matter March 19, 1921, at the post office at Haverford, Pennsylvania, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized April 11, 1921.



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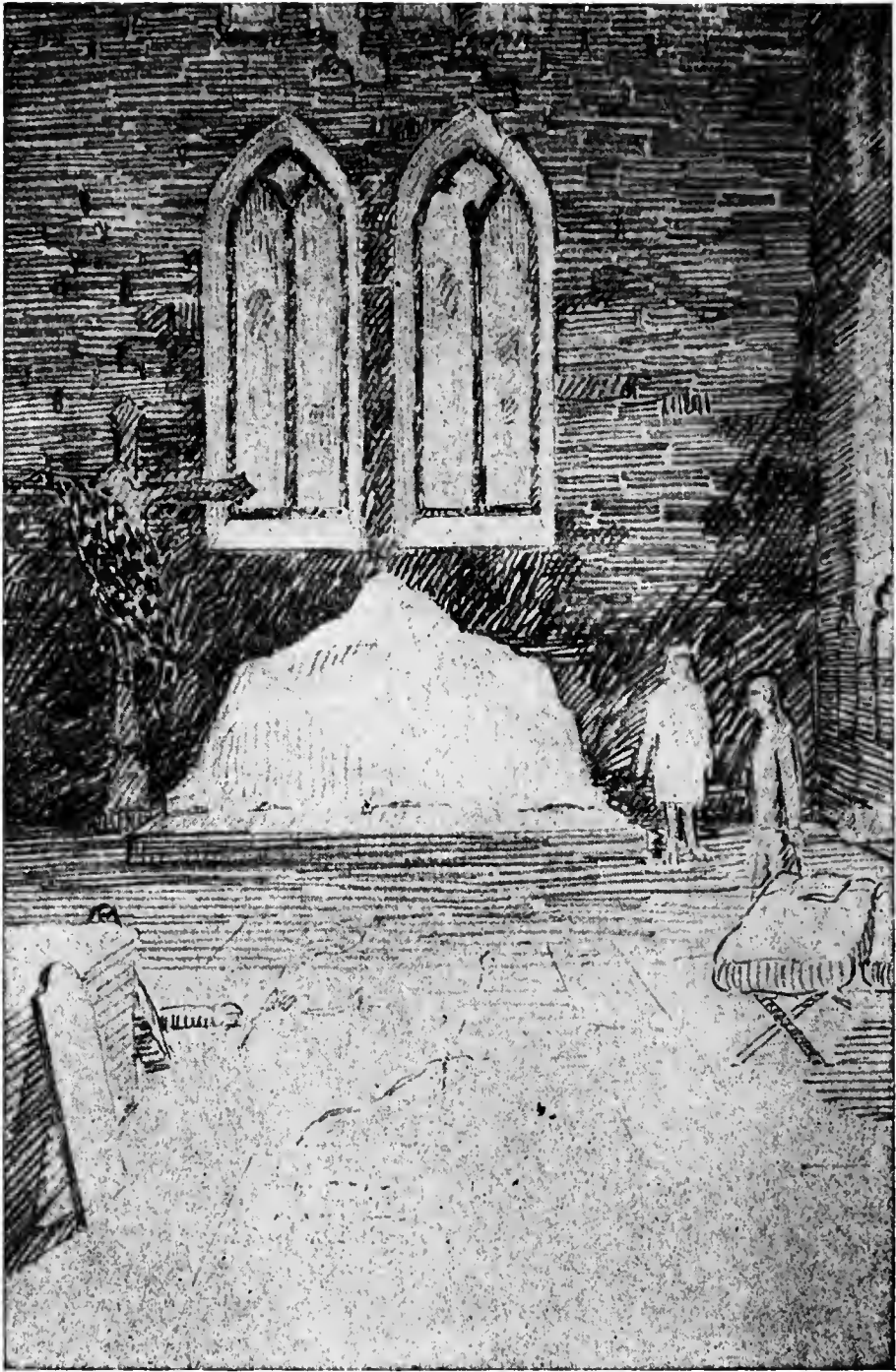
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*" . . . the chapel of the
abbey church . . . "*

The Sacred Interlude

A Picture in One Act for an Imaginative Theatre

The action takes place in the chapel of the abbey church of "Saint Michel et Tous les Anges" near the village of Trévigné, France, on an afternoon in May, 1917.

Although it is early afternoon, the chapel is in semi-darkness. A dim, cerulean light, fluttering through two stained glass windows in the background, gives to the whole stage a dull, submerged tone, like that of a hidden grotto. Occupying the central background is the high altar, shrouded in white. In the vague half-light, it seems far more like a great crouching monster than an implement of worship. In the foreground, right, are six hospital cots facing the audience; on the far left a Union Jack is flung haphazard across a carved crucifix. The whole scene is one of confusion—memberless plaster saints lean against an improvised operating table on the left, and the granite floor is strewn with debris from four clerestory windows, high above. The sun's rays, streaming through these ruins, have found their way to the right wall, just above the cots, and are cruelly exposing empty niches and shattered plaques. The chapel is empty. As the curtain rises, a little procession enters through the sacristy door on the right. It consists of a nurse leading the way for two orderlies who are carrying a stretcher.

NURSE

The first cot will do. Lift him gently—there! He's just stunned. Hasn't come to since you brought him in. The M.O. says he'll never see again.

[They carefully lift a uniformed body from the stretcher to the bed. It is difficult to determine anything about this person, for the whole upper part of his head is encased in a great, gory bandage. He is of medium stature, and might be any age.]

FIRST ORDERLY

[*Fingering the bed clothes*] Too Bad! Werry bad! An' 'im such a nice 'un.

NURSE

Where did you find him?

FIRST ORDERLY

It be a sad story, Miss, our findin' of 'im. 'Twas over at the Widow Le Veuve's farm, five miles away. [*the orderly says "Lee Vooves"*]. This 'ere bloke must 'ave been a-tryin' to save th' widow an' 'er three young 'uns, for the 'ouse was a-burnin' like a 'ay rick when we got there, and there was th' widow an' two young 'uns, fainted but safe, and inside o' the 'ouse this 'ere bloke a-lyin' in a 'eap where a burnin' beam 'it 'im between the eyes, and a-claspin' the dead body o' the littlest brat of all.

NURSE

Oh, I hope you took the widow to Trévigné?

SECOND ORDERLY

Yes'm, an' axing your pardon, miss, there's hanother bloke outside. Does M.O. want 'im in 'ere?

NURSE

No. The M.O.'s got to tend to this one first. I'm afraid he's pretty far gone.

SECOND ORDERLY

Yes'm. 'E's a pretty bad case. We found 'im over to St. Dennis [*he says "St. Denny's"*] after the Boches 'ad retreated. 'E was a-lyin' in the middle of a field with six of 'em dead around 'im. 'E was conscious, too, that's wot 'e wos, and 'e was a smilin'—[*he pauses to think*]*—*well, like 'e was a-goin' to Blighty, though 'is innards is ripped to shreds.

NURSE

Poor man!—But you two had better report to the M.O. right away. Before you go, though, was there any identification on this one? [*she motions towards the body in the first cot.*]

FIRST ORDERLY

Yessim, there was. [*Fumbles in the depths of his kit for a moment, and finally brings forth a wallet which he hands to the nurse*] 'Ere it is.

NURSE

Thank you. Now you'd better go. [ORDERLIES go out, the nurse opens the wallet. Reads.] The Reverend Walter Shipley, St. Margaret's, Purefoy, Nottinghamshire. Chaplain to His Majesty's 14th Regiment of Royal Fusiliers. Hm! a padre. Well, it won't be the first time we've been honored by the cloth.

[Goes over to the bed and starts to make THE CHAPLAIN comfortable. An interval of five or ten minutes follows during which THE CHAPLAIN begins to move ever so slightly. Now and again, he emits a low and long drawn out groan. The NURSE, unmoved, goes on with her tidying operations. At length, the silence is broken.]

THE CHAPLAIN

[Incoherently] Courage, my dear, I'm coming—just one second longer. [Stops suddenly, bewildered—then continues in an awed voice] My eyes! Oh God, my eyes! [Becoming more agitated] They're burning a hole in my brain! Oh God! [clasps his head]. Why—why—I'm blind!

NURSE

[Soothingly]. Don't fret yourself, sir. Many's the man who would give anything to leave us with only the wound you have got.

THE CHAPLAIN

I can't believe it! Oh God! I can't believe it!

NURSE

You'll be all right soon, sir.

[As THE CHAPLAIN does not answer, she turns and tiptoes softly from the chapel. There follows a long silence. Then THE CHAPLAIN begins to mumble incoherently. Gradually, he grows more intelligible, until he is speaking quite clearly, but in a strange half-frenzied tone.]

THE CHAPLAIN

It can't be true! . . . It can't be true! . . . yet it is. My life . . . shattered! . . . Nothing left . . . only blackness! Life!—light!—the world!—God! . . . everything, gone. [*Pauses, then in a rising voice*] And I—what have I been doing? Haven't I given my life to a God that now strikes me down like a cur? Haven't I obeyed Him? haven't I served Him? And now, . . . this . . . punished for doing right! . . . Oh . . . [*His voice breaks and he turns petulantly over on his side. After a brief interval, he begins again more calmly, but brokenly. As he speaks, his tones become more impassioned and higher pitched until, finally, he is almost shrieking*]. How can I believe?—no just God would condemn a good man. . . . Oh God—my just God—help me! . . . But no—you have vanished in a wisp of smoke . . . you have failed me . . . and I have played the fool! For there is no God—no God! only Chance! . . . Oh! I am done with God—forever!

[*Exhausted by the emotion, he sinks back on the cot, his body shaken with convulsive sobs. Gradually, his restlessness ceases and in a few minutes he falls into a doze. The chapel is deathly quiet. Then the sacristy door opens and the NURSE enters stealthily. She motions to the two ORDERLIES who are carrying a stretcher.*]

NURSE

Ssh! The dominie's asleep. [*Lowers voice to a stage whisper.*] Lay him on that next bed. [*ORDERLIES lift another man on to the bed next to THE CHAPLAIN'S. He—that is, what is left of him—is swathed in bandages. His left arm is in a sling and his right leg gone at the thigh. His head is unharmed; in appearance he is tall and handsome with the broad receding forehead of a thinker and the firm mouth of a doer. He is wide awake and in spite of his condition, has managed to assume an amused, somewhat cynical smile.*]

THE OTHER MAN

May I smoke?

NURSE

Surely. But don't wake up the padre if you can help it.

THE OTHER MAN

Right ho! [*The NURSE goes out, left, and returns in a moment with a cigarette. Goes to THE OTHER MAN'S bed and lights it for him.*] Thanks. [*Exit NURSE. He leans back, contentedly puffing rings at the vaulted roof. They lie still in this manner for a long time, one smoking and one dozing. The silence is finally broken by a moan from the CHAPLAIN.*]

THE CHAPLAIN

The injustice of it—the cruelty of it! Oh, I can't bear it! [*THE OTHER MAN continues to smoke pensively for a minute or two, not paying particularly much attention to his neighbor. Then, suddenly, something seems to strike him and he leans over impulsively, but with great difficulty, and taps THE CHAPLAIN on the shoulder.*]

THE OTHER MAN

What's the trouble, old fellow?

THE CHAPLAIN

[*Sitting up with a start.*] Who's that?

THE OTHER MAN

A friend.

THE CHAPLAIN

Who are you? Where am I?

THE OTHER MAN

You're in a British field hospital near Trévingé, if that means anything to you, and I'm—well, I'm another inmate.

THE CHAPLAIN

Something's wrong . . . I can't quite remember . . . I was just starting up some stairs when everything went black, and it's still black. I'm blind. [*Pauses and then continues slowly and thoughtfully.*] It seems to

me that I remember coming to and raving about something. [*Turns to THE OTHER MAN and says earnestly.*] I hope you will overlook anything indiscreet that I may have said. You see, I must have lost control because of the shock of knowing that I'm to be blind for the rest of my life. It's a terrible sensation, I can assure you.

THE OTHER MAN

[*Jauntily*] Don't let that depress you, padre. Why, look at me. I'm still trying to put up some sort of a front, although I'm dying.

THE CHAPLAIN

Dying?

THE OTHER MAN

Yes. Not the slightest doubt of it. I can't possibly live another two hours. I know it from the way the M.O. acted. My legs are gone; my whole stomach's ripped to bits. I'm not complaining, I'm only worried and a little shaky about facing what's got to come.

THE CHAPLAIN

Just what do you mean?

THE OTHER MAN

[*Reflectively, jerking out his phrases with long pauses in between.*] Well, I don't exactly know—I guess I'm not ready, as they say, "prepared", to die. It all goes back to my childhood. My pater was a padre like you are, and I was brought up in the musty atmosphere of religion—I mean professional religion. I beg your pardon, but I'm quite sincere in every word I say. To me, religion always seemed like the odour of dead incense or the smell of a snuffed-out candle-wick. Anyway, I never believed a word of it. [*Pauses significantly*] Except about this business of death. There's my Achilles' Heel—I'm afraid to die, and I've got nothing to grasp, no staff to lean on but bravado, and that's beginning to give way under me. The thing I'm worried over is this. Perhaps there is something about religion

besides mustiness. So far, I've missed it, but when you're about to knock on the Golden Gate, so to speak, it keeps coming to the front as the only important thing. You padres have us there, that is, if you really believe what you profess. [*Stops abruptly and then in a low voice*] Padre, do you really, honestly, believe in a God?

[*It is a critical moment; THE CHAPLAIN recognizes this, but flinches and temporizes.*] I always have. But I have had great cause recently to have my faith severely shaken. [*Becomes apologetic and goes on faster than ever.*] But tell me about yourself. What were you?

THE OTHER MAN

Me—oh, just a bit of human wreckage. I came up from Cambridge about fifteen years ago to read law and then got the wanderlust and ran away to sea. I had my own ship before the War.

THE CHAPLAIN

Why are you fighting on land then?

THE OTHER MAN

Oh—sentiment, I guess. My two brothers were killed in the retreat from Mons. I wanted to be near them.

THE CHAPLAIN

I see—but there was something you said a little while ago, which I can't seem to get over. You spoke of "the something else" in religion besides mustiness. Yes, there is something else, but it's frightfully rare. Neither one of us has it. It is nothing more or less than real, glowing Faith. I admit now that I have never had it. I thought I did, but when the crisis came a few moments ago, I found I was wrong. And you, you say you've never believed. Had you no creed, at all?

THE OTHER MAN

Oh, I've had creed enough! I usually hit Life pretty square, if I do say so myself. I thought I believed in something I was pleased to call "Natural Law", and I

tried to follow that. I lived clean. I tried to be kind and all that sort of stuff, but that whole business crumbled up when they brought me in here. There must be something more. That is where you can help, padre, if you only will. What I want, what I need, is the old, simple form of religion, so that I may try to find that "something" that brings peace. [*Stops, apparently thinking, and then, suddenly*] Padre, will you try telling me the story of the Gospel?

THE CHAPLAIN

[*Embarrassed and a bit pompous*]. Why, the Gospel is not one story. It is a great collection—

THE OTHER MAN

[*Interrupting*]. Yes, yes, I know, but only touch the high spots, for there must be a unity somehow running through it all. Please, padre, for a dying man's sake!

THE CHAPLAIN

[*Simply*]. I'll try. It's a puzzle to know where to begin and where to end. [*They settle themselves for the long story, each making himself comfortable in his own way. At length THE CHAPLAIN begins:*] At any rate, you remember how one of the Gospels begins: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God——"

[*The curtain is lowered here to denote the passing of an hour and a half.*]

[*When it rises again, the two men are still in the same essential positions that they were when the Chaplain's story began. The CHAPLAIN is still speaking.*]

And there you have it. That is the story of the Man and His teachings. Only remember those two words and you have the soul of his mission: "Give Thyself".

THE OTHER MAN

[*Who has been silently regarding the vaulted ceiling, and now speaks very weakly*]. Padre, I'll never forget these last few moments. I believe that I do, in fact,

I know I do see a unity throughout the whole tale that can come only of mutual Faith—Faith of Man in God, and of God in Man. I would never have believed that simple words could do so much, for my mind is at last made up. My life of doubt is over, thanks to you. Now I can face Death . . . unafraid.

THE CHAPLAIN

[Who has been holding his bandaged head in his hands. Speaks in a radiant voice]. And, I can face Life! I don't know what's done it. I have only told you the facts I've recited a hundred times before, but we both seem to have gained the "something" we were striving for—*[Pauses]* Now even I believe again. It's like a magnet; you can't help believing. Lad, I wonder if you have felt the presence of a Third Actor in this little drama. I have. God has been here and talked to both of us. We have never met before and we'll never meet again, unless it is in the Hereafter, but for these two hours, we've had our little interlude, and it has been the most holy moment of our lives—our Sacred Interlude with God!

[Pauses to await an answer. Finally THE OTHER MAN speaks, leaning forward in bed, as if nerving himself for a great effort.]

THE OTHER MAN

Padre, you're right. The curtain is coming down on my life and going up again on yours—but, for a brief instant, we've met and talked with the Great Director behind the scenes. We've had our interlude and gained our strength—Divine Strength—to live and to die. I'm going fast,—but that's—all—right—because I've the Faith—to—face the Music. I—die—believing—*[Stops abruptly, and falls back pale and white upon his pillow. THE CHAPLAIN waits for a long moment during which are heard, faint and distant, the bells of the monastery. At length, he breaks the silence.]*

THE CHAPLAIN

Lad, are you there? [*Silence. He gropes feebly toward thr OTHER MAN'S bed until his hand touches the cold, still face at its head. He inclines his bandaged brow in reverence*]. God be with you, friend of Eternity! It is you and not I who have saved a soul.

[*Curtain*]

J. T. Golding.

The Listener

*Sifter of dreams in the moonlight,
Does one other also dream
Of cold starlight in the morning,
And the tide in the silent stream?*

*Does one other long for a dawning,
With the hiss of the wind in the trees,
And the tart of the salt sea's scenting
Born on the morning breeze?*

*Shall the hush of a thousand voices,
By other ears than mine,
Be heard ere the crack of dawning,
In the hidden files of time?*

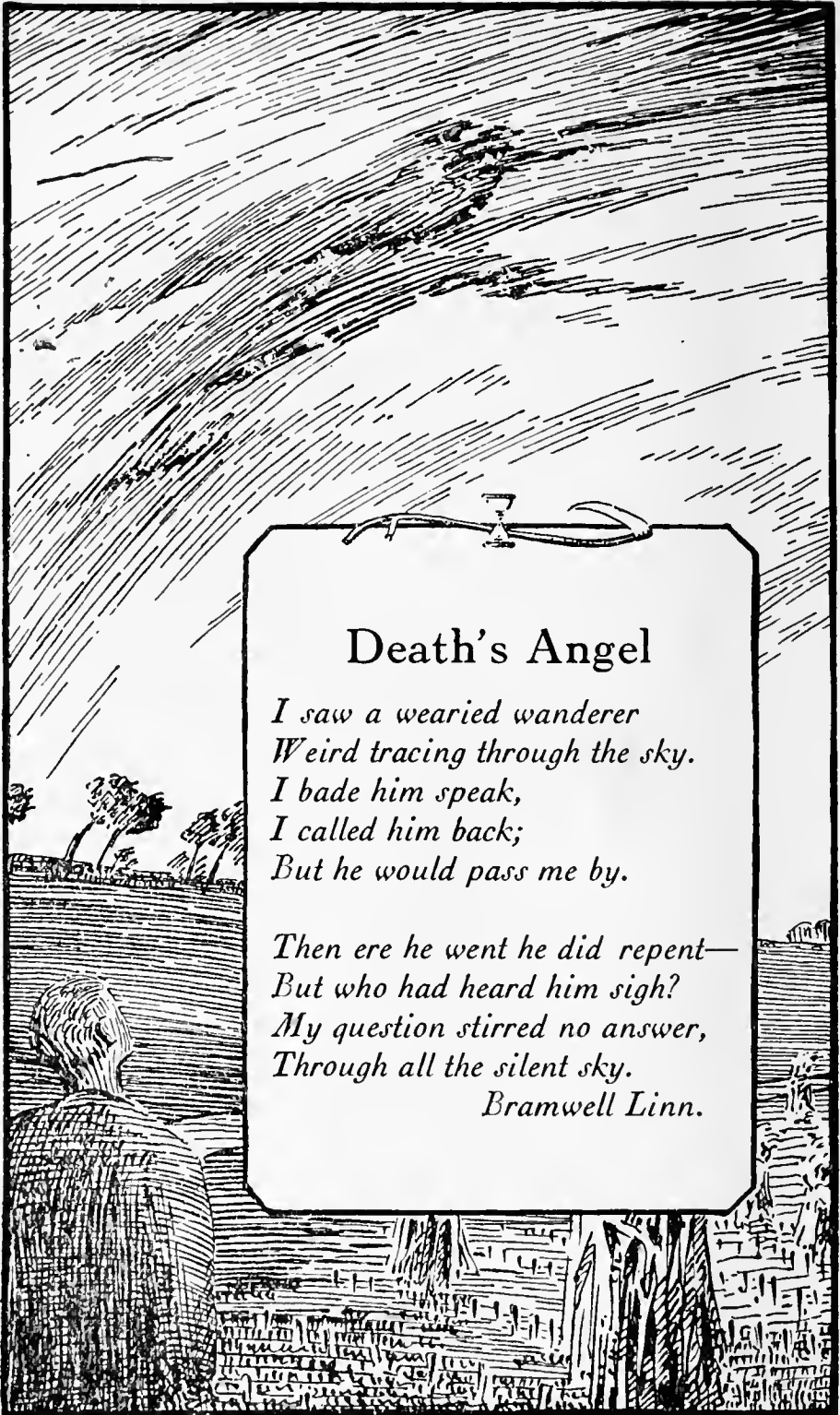
*Or shall only a shadow pass me by,
A wasted, wanton thing,
Only a spirit of mockery,
To hear the dawn-wind sing?*

Bramwell Linn.

Between Two Suns

*Ah! wherefore wake, if I may dream;
And wherefore dream, if I may die?
To doubt were all to dream: to die
Were but to know—yet would I know?—
For that should end my dream! The same
Sad laughter quibbles all—I would know,
And I would dream: I'd find the unshadowed truth,
And lose mine own. Then would the coffin worm
Diminish in his pride—or that be made
The greater. This quarrel would thirst the very stones,
The poor, blind creation of an idle race
Who stole their sight, bequeathed it to themselves,
Then cursed their blindness; who drove the trees
Soulless to the wood, and made a forest
Of their doubt. I cannot want the thought
That they are wrong—the dream would have it so.
For truth's eternal signet has marked the western sun;
And the shadows that we build us are
The shadows of ourselves, quaint figures taught
To follow, not to lead! Seek not thyself
Among the clustered stars, nor find thy voice
'Midst all the singers of the night, but search
The stars within thy soul, and the anthem in thy heart.
To the sea eternal flowing only
Fancy lends a shore; and the waves, though
Ever flowing, seem to break forever more.*

Bramwell Linn.



Death's Angel

*I saw a wearied wanderer
Weird tracing through the sky.
I bade him speak,
I called him back;
But he would pass me by.*

*Then ere he went he did repent—
But who had heard him sigh?
My question stirred no answer,
Through all the silent sky.*

Bramwell Linn.

To Content

I WAS already late for dinner and the rain was annoying. It was one of those steady November downpours that had cleaned the downtown streets earlier than usual. Here and there a bedraggled newsboy wiped his face disgustedly as he noisily advertised his wares. The glassy pavements reflected brightly lighted store windows, and the trolleys clanked their way over the crossings. I quickened my pace at the thought of the comfortable corner that was ready for me in my restaurant a few blocks uptown.

Hurrying along with umbrella lifted the better to see my way, I had stopped at a street-crossing, when my attention was attracted by a girl's face in the doorway of a deserted store. There was something familiar about the clear gray eyes that shone glassily above the high cheek-bones. I looked more closely at the girl. She shrank back, but I could see from the quiver of her small, sensitive mouth that she recognized me. Then, through all the tawdry make-up and the shabby clothes, I knew her.

The rouged lips forced a smile.

"Hello," she said nervously. Then, "I guess you didn't recognize me, did you?"

"Hardly, at first; but I do now." I was no less ill at ease than she. "Come, jump into a taxi. Let's go and have dinner somewhere." I saw her hesitate and glance down at her clothes.

"It doesn't matter," I said. "I've just come from work myself, and we can go where no one'll see us. Come on."

She hesitated a moment longer; then, with a smile, "All right." I noticed she had the same old way of smiling out of one side of her mouth. I hailed a cab and we got in.

She began to chatter nervously, about the rain, the cold. Her English had lost the refined precision that I remembered: "ain'ts" and "it don'ts" were noticeable, but as she babbled on I saw her hand making the same simple gestures she used to make. Finally, she stopped and sat silent as the cab rattled on. Then it all came back to me with a rush,—the vivid scenes we had lived through, she and I, twelve years before—how she had been engaged to an old classmate of mine and what had happened that June, three months before they were to have been married. The papers had been full of it, that sensational trial of his for assault and attempted murder of a common laundress—a veritable windfall for the prying reporters of the scandal sheets. It had looked like such a strong case at first: his alibi, that he had been at his fiancée's apartment at the time, seemed a perfect one; and the only testimony against him was that of the woman who knew only the color of his bright red roadster, and that of the service man at the garage where he had stopped for gas two hours later. But the sensation when his fiancée, chief witness for the defense, testified against him, and only by desperate efforts were his lawyers able to get him adjudged insane! And then the whole wretched business had been dragged out on the front page again two years later when he committed suicide in the asylum.

The cab came to an abrupt stop before either of us spoke again. We entered the warm restaurant and found a quiet corner. I could see her now in the full light,—the same serene eyes, the narrow face, crudely dabbled with powder and rouge, spotted and streaked by the rain. She took off her hat and coat and I noticed that her hair was dyed a cheap yellow. Her clothes were pretentious, but the serge suit was badly worn and stained. She sat down opposite me and smiled.

"Excuse me a minute," she said, "I want to fix up a

bit." As she got up to go, I noticed her thin, dirty shoes, soaked through to her stockings.

When she was out of sight I could not help thinking of her as the Joan Parker I had known before. As long as I had known her, her mother had been dead and she had kept house for her father, a newspaper man—which of course meant making her household conform to his irregular hours. Perhaps it had been her success in doing this that had given her that air of quiet competence and somewhat baffling reserve. And then she had met David. Her wonted aloofness had seemed to vanish into thin air and they had fallen in love and become engaged before she was twenty. The blow had fallen suddenly: he had left her shortly before midnight and she read the account of the crime in the morning paper, was the testimony she gave at the trial. A day or two after the assault David had been arrested, and identified by his victim, but Joan's testimony and that of the janitor, who had been got to corroborate the alibi, was counted on to save him. Then, no one ever knew why, she had broken down the whole case and, a month after the trial, disappeared. There had been all sorts of rumors about her; they cropped up perennially. But no one had ever seen her or knew where she was, and I had almost forgot her when I stumbled on her in the rain.

When she rejoined me she had removed her make-up, and I saw how badly she really looked. Her face was thin and pale, and her eyes were sunk deep, with dark rings under them. She looked tired, and as she sat down, she passed her hand over her eyes with a gesture of weariness. She set quiet for a moment with her chin in her hands, then gave her order in a low voice. I noticed that she was taking conscious pains with her English. When the waiter left she was silent, staring intently at me across the table. I avoided her gaze. Suddenly, as if to attract my attention, she reached out impulsively and touched

my hand. I looked up and returned her stare. She lowered her eyes. Then, "You loved him, too," she said; "Not as I loved him, but you did, didn't you?"

"Who?" I asked. I knew well enough, but I had no mind to speak of it.

"You know, David. Oh, I know you are surprised at me talking like this, but I can't help it. I've gone on twelve years with this thing tormenting me and I've got to tell it to someone. You don't know what I've suffered, all this time, with the picture of those terrible days always in my mind. I've got to tell someone why I did it, 'cause I ain—I haven't ever stopped loving him,—since that day in court. You all thought I deserted him 'cause I was jealous. Jealous! Of a fat sow like that! It wasn't that. It wasn't because he wasn't faithful to me. It went deeper than that. You've got to listen to me.

"I was out with him that night. We went to the theatre and came home early. Father was working and David stayed for a while. He had just discovered a poem of Browning's, and he read it to me—"In A Year", it was called. He read beautiful-ly, you know, and I listened, sitting on the floor with my head against his knees. When he finished he went back and read over part. I remember how the lines went running through my head:

*That was all I meant,
—To be just,
And the passion I had raised
To content.*

He took me in his arms—I thought he loved me—and I gave myself to his embraces,—gave myself, body and soul, do you see? I was his and I didn't care for anything else. I kept thinking of those lines: *And the passion I had raised to content.* I was his and I gloried in it,—

and he took me greedily. I thought then it was love, you see. I found out afterwards.

"He left me before midnight,—and the next morning I read in the paper what he had done. I didn't believe it was him, at first. I didn't see how the man who loved me, the man to whom I'd given myself, could be such a beast. But the woman said the car was a red roadster, and I couldn't help but be afraid it was David's. That whole day I fought off my suspicions. You don't know what tortures I suffered. I hated myself for doubting him and yet I couldn't stop. I was ashamed to call him up and ask him. It was an insult that he could never forgive, I thought. And no word came from him. God! How I suffered! And still I wouldn't believe it.

"I was home alone for dinner that night and David came in before I had finished. I knew right away something was wrong. He kissed me, but he saw that I shrank away from him instinctively in spite of myself. I tried to pretend that I hadn't noticed anything, but he knew I had. He kept walking up and down the room like a caged lion. Then he sat down next to me on the couch. He took my hand in his, and then dropped it. I asked him what was the matter. He was looking away, but he whirled around and faced me.

"Then you don't know?" he said.

"I drew back and he saw I did know. He must have seen the look of horror in my eyes, 'cause he turned away again. I got up and took a chair. He started to follow, but my eyes stopped him. He dropped into another chair and lit a cigarette. He looked up at me—I never saw such a look on a human face. His eyes had the hunted expression of a rabbit when the dogs are on it, or," she blushed and stared at a hole in the tip of her shoe, "one of my profession when the police are after us. He was breathing heavily, eyes gleaming with terror. I asked him why he had done it.

"With that he broke down and sobbed like a child. He couldn't say a word. I was sorry for him so I went over and stood next to him and put my hand on his shoulder. He seized my hand in his own and began to kiss it, but I snatched it away. Somehow the man inspired me with disgust. Again I asked him what made him do it. Then he told me everything. He had been driving home and the woman had signalled him to stop. She was a middle-aged woman, a trifle stout, he said, and she had a heavy basket of clothes—a laundress, mind you! And she wanted a lift. He helped her in with the basket and started off. The road was dark and lonely, he told me, and some bestial madness drove him to do the thing. Like a dog! That was the desire I thought was his love!

"Well, anyhow, he did it. Then he was terrified, and choked her until he thought she was dead. He left her there by the road—the fool!—he was so frightened, and then he stopped for gas. He stayed home all the next day,—said he was sick. The woman was picked up by a passing policeman and taken, desperately sick, to a hospital. She knew only the color of the car, not even the license number, but the garage man knew him and David was afraid he would put the police on the trail. He did afterward, you know. So David wanted me to swear to an alibi. I could save him and he knew it.

"Do you know how I felt? I could have forgiven him anything—almost. If he had loved another woman and been unfaithful to me, I would have forgiven him in a moment. But this—well, it was different. It maddened me to think that what I had thought love could have driven him to a thing like that. I'd given my body to content this passion because I thought it was love. Can't you see how I felt when I found it was only animal desire, when I saw that any street woman could have satisfied him as well as I? I realized then that there was

no more love in his passion than in the mating of a pair of cattle. That was what I couldn't forgive. And he came back to me not for the comfort of my love but to save his skin. I couldn't forgive that either. Still I loved him in a way. I couldn't help feeling that he had trampled my love under his feet, but I loved him. I knew he didn't love me—the beast!—and my pride was hurt that he took what I offered when he had nothing to give in return. The injury to my pride and my self-respect was more than my love, more than I could bear. So I told him I would think it over.

“The next day he was arrested and identified. Three days later the woman died. His lawyers came to me to back up the alibi and I consented. We bribed the janitor to back it up too. But all the time, I had in my mind the picture of him sitting there, sobbing and begging me to help him—not the lover I had known before, but a coward, a thief who stole from me what he could never pay back.

“As his defense began to take shape he took on an air of arrogance. He treated me with the familiarity he used before. I saw him alone in prison several times. I suppose he expected he would marry me after a triumphant acquittal. The last time I went was the day before the trial. He had become a bit nervous but he kept up a show of bravado. That time he tried to justify himself for what he'd done. He was only human, he said, and after all, it was natural. Natural! To turn from my love to satisfy his filthy lust on a laundress. With the memory of my embraces not half an hour old, with my kisses still warm on his lips. Natural! That was the last straw. I never spoke to him again.

“That night I lay awake for hours trying to decide what to do. Finally, I made up my mind to save him in spite of my pride and then never to see him again. For every time I saw him I remembered how different

it all had been just three months before. It hurt me more more than anyone ever knew to have those memories raked up and spoiled by the horrid scenes in the prison. So I decided to let him get off and have done with it. I kept to that resolve till I got on the witness stand. Then I looked at him and his arrogance drove me frantic. That smirking, complacent smile of his absolutely maddened me; so when they called for my testimony, I blurted out the truth.

"As he listened to what I was saying he turned deathly pale and the hunted expression came back into his eyes. I despised myself for loving that cowardly creature; but I was sorry I hadn't saved him, for I still did love him—after a fashion. You know the rest. They finally got him put in the asylum but they might just as well have hung him.

"They might just as well have hung me, too. I was no good. My happiness had gone in those few weeks as though it had never existed. You can't imagine anyone more miserable than I was. I had nothing I wanted to live for, and I was afraid of suicide. But, I couldn't stay where I was. All the people who'd known him treated me like a murderer. Besides, they reminded me of the happiness I had lost—lost by so little, by a hair it seemed. There wasn't anything to do but clear out. And I did.

"You can guess what's happened since. I've often thought of the irony of it—my life ruined by a man's filthy lust, and me making a living catering to the same thing in other men. And all the time I have those lines in my head:

*And the passion I had raised
To content.*

I know well enough now I didn't raise it, and any

damned street-walker could have contented it, as I'm doing now. Men! The beasts!"

So she finished with a gesture of disgust. We rose and started to leave the restaurant. Outside it was still raining.

"Can't I take you home?" I asked.

She laughed.

"No. You'd better not come where I live. Maybe you're a beast like the rest. Just call a cab. I can get home all right."

I hailed a taxi. She gave the driver an address far downtown. She made a move to open the door, then paused with her hand on the knob and turned around facing me.

"Thanks for listening," she said. "I feel better now. Don't say anything to anyone; I'd rather they didn't know. Let them say what they want. I don't care. It may have been mean—what I did. It may have been wicked. But God knows, I've paid!"

The door slammed, the motor roared, and the cab rattled off in the rain.

Fragment

*Tonight the moon is a widow
With a face that is sweet and pale;
The cloak of night is her mourning weeds
And a vagrant cloud her veil.*

*And sadly she smiles in memory
Of a lover who now is dead;
And slowly she mounts the sky, at last
To sink to a loveless bed.*

F. W. Lindsay.

In Defense of the Saxophone

THE Gay Nineties are returned upon us in force, and with them the Eighties and Seventies and Sixties and Fifties. Men are swanking about the streets again with bowler hats and mustaches and waspish waists. Wealthy middle-aged fat ladies pay fabulous sums for pressed-glass oil lamps and malproportioned old cupboards. A leading type-foundry is reissuing, with hosannas and blowing of horns, a distorted, staring black type-face made in the eighteen-thirties, and tremendously popular before the civil war. All these we accept. They are "the English influence" and "the search for Americana" and "Modernism in typography". Perhaps America, after two centuries of casting away the old, and crowding on to new frontiers, has settled down a bit, and is acquiring a European respect for her own past. But there is one piece of the past century which, in spite of the backing of our wealthiest citizen, the present generation refuse to accept. This is the square-dance. Some of the same people whose true taste for artistic proportion leads them to reject the iron hat and the pressed-glass lamp, heartily deplore the refusal of the jazz-crazed youth of today to return to the interesting old square-dance.

They say that the square-dance is characteristically American, pretty, varied, and entertaining. The modern fox-trot, on the other hand, is ugly, monotonous, and insufferably boresome. Both of these claims, however, seem to us dictated a little more by enthusiasm for something now new again, and by pride in the American past, than by serious consideration of the merits of the case.

In the first place, with few exceptions, all square dances are made up of a few set and unchanging figures, such as the four hands around, salute partners, forward

and pass through, and the indispensable ladies' chain. These figures are susceptible of practically no variation (aside from that made by the local wit or the corpulence of the village butcher) except in the succession in which they are combined. On the other hand, anyone who has followed the vagaries of the fox-trot for as much as two years knows the bewildering number of new steps and even of separate dances (such as the Harvard Hop, the Charleston, and the Black Bottom) which follow one another in rapid succession. It is true that any given ball-room full of people is liable to be doing more or less the same thing at the same time (of which more anon) but the same roomful two years later will be engaged in completely different gyrations. A collegian of 1850, revived and transplanted to a modern New England country-dance, on the other hand, would find the figures and their execution as familiar and unchanged as the day he left Dartmouth, became a rising politician, and gave up the frivolity of the dance. This stability of the square-dance may be a comfort and a relief to the solid, conservative Tired Business Man who thinks the revival of the country-dance a great thing, but it cuts off all possibility for growth or changes in fashion. This cramps the restless young American, always on the lookout for something new, and always eager to be seen doing the very newest. What chance for display or skill in the latest step, just produced last week in a Broadway "hoof-and-yodel" show, if any change from the figures your grandfather danced will disrupt the entire affair? Advantage Number One of the dull, monotonous fox-trot.

The music for the two is another feature seldom considered, except to damn the jazz band. In the first place, it is only fair to allow that America's tremendous prosperity makes possible an elaboration in the music for the modern dance which was out of the question in the days when the fiddler from the nearest town, twelve

miles away, came and climbed on the table and played all night, including calling the figures, for seven dollars. But the dine-and-dance joint and the summer pavilion have made the band possible without much-increased cost to the individual, so this point is somewhat counter-balanced. Now to the qualities and characteristics of the music and musicians themselves. Of course a white-haired Mellie Dunham, fiddling away and calling with naive gusto, is a picturesque sight for the city tourist coming suddenly on his first barn-dance. But what surety have we that anything except the commonness of the sight prevents us from realizing the characteristic American quality, the infectious, compelling rhythm, of the trap-drummer tilting his shoulders behind his big drum, pounding and catching the cymbal and whirling his drum-sticks in the air? Or the strange, rapt fury of the negro trumpeter leaning back his head and pushing past the mute in his horn the weird, broken wail that sends a delighted shiver down the spine of any properly jazz-crazed member of the Younger Generation? And in spite of the fulminations of the jazz-haters, good jazz orchestras have marked and recognizable characters of their own. Let those who claim that all jazz is not only horrible but alike, compare a few good bands (divested of visible idiosyncrasies such as Mr. Whiteman's avoirdupois, Howard Lanin's broad grin and enthusiastic voice, or the ultra-collegiateness of Waring's Pennsylvanians)—let them, in other words, listen over the radio or on the phonograph. They must be deaf indeed if they cannot soon distinguish Whiteman's saccharine fiddles and slapping saxophones, the flying clarinet, bounding trumpet, and queer humming bass of Red Nichols and the Five Pennies, George Olsen's saxophone trios, and the well-bred but lively swinging brass of the Palais D'Or band. And while it is true that all Chinese restaurant bands are alike, and all

dance-pavilion "entertainers", yet it is not hard to tell *any* Chop Suey fiddlers from *any* pavilion saxophone-tooters. In short, whichever station you tune in on, or whatever disk goes on the orthophone, you have something new and different. But who is there that can tell one country-dance fiddler from another? And then the music.

One of the great complaints of Newman, Mascagni, and other anti-jazz enthusiasts is the fact that jazz is moronically simple, repeating itself over and over, and that all so-called popular tunes are just alike. An ordinary popular song may consist of six or eight bars, repeated ad infinitum it is true, but generally with innumerable variations as the operator turns the spotlight in turn on the fat saxophonist, the young man whose fingers are dancing up and down the piano keyboard, the Jewish violinist who leans on the piano, and the collegiate youth hammering on the banjo. The usual square and country-dance tunes, however, are made up of perhaps three bars, repeated over and over all evening with no variations whatever, by one, or (in rare cases) several violins. To one nurtured even on the jazz which musicians find so repetitious, the result is absolutely distracting.

"All popular 'tunes' are precisely alike." Very true, the crop of steals which spring up in the wake of every big hit are nearly indistinguishable. But who dares to say that "Valencia" is like "Hallelujah"? or "Hello Aloha" like either one? As long as tin-pan alley grinds on at the rate of a hundred songs a month, the wonder is that they succeed in making so many that are different. If "Pop Goes the Weasel", "Roy's Wife of Alvidalloch" and their like had been produced in the same bewildering profusion—but that would have been out of the question. All the combinations of notes possible in three bars for violin would have been long since exhausted.

One real loss with the passing of the square-dance was the calls, which the fiddler sometimes embellished with his own admonitions to the dancers, and which probably provided more diversion, on the whole, than the Hebrew gentleman who gets up with a pair of trick goggles and a battered hat and expounds his version of "Where Do You Work-a-John?" while the orchestra falls silent except for the pounding piano. We remember one crusty old fiddler who used to call out during the quadrille "Next couple lead to the right, *be sure you make no blunder*, circle four upon the floor and *pop* the couple under!" and then wave an admonitory fiddlestick at any novice whose ignorance disturbed the figures. But at the present revival of the square-dance the old fiddler usually is absent, and the old calls have thus lost much of their appeal. And the fiddler's place is filled on the modern floor, perhaps not so well, by the honey-tongued trios of the big bands and the brass-voiced banjo-playing tenor of the cheap ones.

Another apparently very real talking-point of Mr. Ford and his fellow enthusiasts is the characteristic and complete American-ness of the old dances. But they forget that someone, probably not serious but with truth in his words, speaks of "the combined embrace and walk which bids fair to become the national folk-dance of America." The old dances were mainly of imported origin, as even the name "country-dance" (*contre-danse*) reminds us. So far no foreigner has stepped forward to claim a share of the blame for the invention of the fox-trot. And as to the acquaintance of outsiders with the two, what European has heard (except as a hobby of Mr. Ford's) of the American square-dance? yet which one does not know that the mongrel fox-trot is an iniquitous importation of crazy American origin?

Comparisons are often drawn between the two sorts with respect to the square dance's being such a pretty

sight after the dragging, blasé fox-trot. The square dance does give somewhat the pleasant feeling of a well-organized gymnastic exhibition, which is, in fact, what it is. If done by a trained ballet corps it would be very nice indeed for about the first seven times. But it is inconceivable what angularity and stiffness can be put into such a performance, say, by a group of New England farmers and their wives, or what an utter rout the affair becomes with the help of a few summer boarders who don't know the figures.

The above-mentioned character of a gymnastic exhibition is perhaps the greatest objection to the square-dance in the eyes of the Younger Set. In the first place, it is too hard work for people who never use their feet except to walk from the car to the front door. But much worse (after all, the Charleston did hang on for two years) *everyone* has to take part in order to make up the proper number of sets. Not only this, but everyone has to start at a given time, and then persist until the bitter end. And even enthusiasts admit that the Sir Roger de Coverly, or Virginia Reel (the most prevalent form of country-dance) almost always lasts three times too long. The community nature of the dance puts an end to that delightful freedom whereby you suddenly say "Let's dance" and get up and do half a dozen turns of the floor and then get out of breath and casually decide to stop and go out on the porch. The physically indolent youth of today does not like to let himself in for an alleged pastime which may continue full blast for a good half hour with no chance to recuperate or retire when you have had enough.

Again, the upright morals of our forefathers did not permit one young man to pay attention continuously to one young lady unless he was in earnest, and they arranged their dances accordingly. In the square-dance the most one ever sees of one's partner at any time is in

the figure "turn partners" wherein one delicately and at arms' length turns his partner twice around, and then immediately separates to go into another figure. Conversation is completely out of the question. But young people of the careless twentieth century like to be able to make love, pass flippant remarks, or simply gaze and admire, at greater length than that allowed in linking arms with the stunning stranger from out of town in the one turn, which is all you get in a Virginia Reel. Score one more for the boresome fox-trot.

Now for one more contention: that the square-dance has individual character. In this point we must confess to a lack of variety in experience, but all the old-fashioned dances we have attended were as like as two peas in a pod, and varied only in the degree of memory for the figures exhibited by different classes of dancers. Only personal appearance distinguished the expert summer resident from the farmer who ran his estate. But contrast this with the appearance of a modern ball-room full of people from different strata of society and different localities. An informed person can pick out any Harvard man by the way he dances from a block off. A trifle more practise enables him to identify the Washington and Virginia girls in the gathering, and, I have heard it maintained, New York, the Jersey suburbs and Cleveland all have their own peculiar attitudes. No doubt by close observation an expert could be sure of Chicagoans, and Southwesterners, and Californians. The easiest way to tell whether a boy goes to preparatory school, or has, is to watch him dance; nor does it need any great perspicuity to distinguish the farm-hand from his Park Avenue counterpart, even if the first be wearing swallow-tails and the second a khaki shirt. And it is an adventure nowadays for a girl to dance with a stranger, and see whether he will break her back, steer her like a baby-carriage, hold her at

arms' length, what trick steps he will do, and what he will talk about. But in the square dance, for practical purposes all partners who know the figures are alike, and marionettes would answer perfectly.

In short, the modern dance may be ugly and its music raucous, but it is 100 per cent American, and it gives ample opportunity for the use to the full of all personal ability and aptitude, and the Devil take him who lacks them. In the square-dance all men, young and old, are equal—which is perhaps why the young refuse to dance it.

J. B. Mussey.



B O O K S

CASPER HAUSER

JACOB WASSERMAN

In reading Wasserman, one has a feeling of direct affinity with the great Russian novelists, for here there is an emphasis on the range of the human soul, and an appreciation of values which is rarely achieved by the non-Russians. *Casper Hauser*, with its historical background, has given the author an opportunity to write a fascinating novel from a study of the evolution of an intellect and bring to bear his capacity for profound appreciation of mental states.

The fact upon which this story is constructed is the advent in 1828 of a young man, little above an idiot in intelligence, whose mysterious past is impervious to all attempts at investigation. Wasserman analyzes the development of the mind of this baffling person, who obviously was possessed of unusual potential mental ability, from the time of his appearance as a babbling imbecile till his death five years later when he approached precocity.

The novel is perfect in technique and the translation by Caroline Newton has been so carefully done that the original style may still be appreciated.

(*Horace Liveright, \$3.00*)

THE HOUSE AT POOH CORNER

A. A. MILNE

We would cheerfully shoot anyone who accused us of being whimsical, but just the same we enjoyed reading "The House at Pooh Corner". This latest Milne effort continues the adventures of the characters of the earlier books of the series and is naively amusing like the rest.

There has always been some doubt in our minds as to whether these books were written for children, adults or adolescents; in any event the intellectual level is about right for any of the above-mentioned groups. We happened to read this book just after a severe attack of economics, and it is probable that the change accounts for our affection for the story. We recommend this as a sure-fire antidote for that hard-boiled feeling.

(Dutton, \$2.00)

THE FRONT PAGE

BEN HECHT AND CHARLES MACARTHUR

The text of this current dramatic hit is a very entertaining bit of reading, but don't send it to your Great-aunt Helen for a Christmas present—it's that kind of a book.

This play is about newspaper men and has for its setting the press room of the Criminal Courts Building in Chicago. It is colorful in an earthy way, and even though it may be occasionally overdrawn, it is still convincing.

The technique approaches perfection; this can be appreciated by merely reading the play, for it rolls along through three acts without a single let-down in tempo. The single flaw on this score is a slight anti-climax in the last act. The language used is picturesque, to express it mildly. It is written in the vernacular with many slips into profanity of a rare sort. Epithets insinuating canine descent and irregular parentage are hurled about in a casual manner, and the various members of the Trinity are called upon to bear witness to every statement. It just misses being disgusting by the apparent spontaneity and carelessness of it all.

(Covici Friede, \$2.00)

FOOLS IN MORTAR

DORIS LESLIE

This is one of the more violent problem stories of the day, full of purple passages and broken trains of thought and all of those cute tricks resorted to by all modern young authoresses who are anxious to convey the impression that they exude sophistication from every pore. It is the story of the married author, a mental Peter Pan who is dissatisfied with his rather too conservative wife, who falls in love with a girl vacationing in Italy (and what reader has not heard of the romantic influence of that gorgeous Italian Moonlight?) and who later renews relations with her in London. . . . After some time, these relations are consummated; after some more time the young lady begins to experience uncomfortable sensations about the abdomen; these continue to grow in intensity, but she bears them silently and alone, until finally she is reduced to a state of coma. In this condition she is rushed to a hospital, where her case is diagnosed—of all things—as appendicitis!

Well, we were so annoyed at Miss Leslie for letting us down that way, that we grew stubborn and bluntly refused to finish the damn thing. The end may be good; read it and find out.

(*Century*, \$2.00)

RISING WIND

VIRGINIA MOORE

This novel is not significant, important, or clever, and for these reasons it is a pretty good story. We don't usually care for Civil War romances due to the old lavender atmosphere that so frequently pervades, but this one rises above its historical background and does not become unduly romantic. The flag waving is reduced

to a minimum and the sentimental parts are passed over in a restrained manner.

As the title suggests, the wind plays a symbolical part in the life of the main character, and emerges at every crisis in her life. It would have been easy to have overdone this, but it is all handled effectively, and the conclusion is unique for this type of book. The conventional balmy *dénouement* is replaced by a reasonable ending.

(*Dutton, \$2.50*)

MONEY FOR NOTHING

P. G. WODEHOUSE

In every novel that he writes, Mr. Wodehouse seems to be able to create at least one ludicrous situation. In this, his latest novel, he maneuvers a rather adipose gentleman of middle age onto a second-story window-sill and leaves him there making sweet moans to a sympathetic audience of early birds at six A. M. The story, however, is not built around this episode; the main plot is a fake theft of certain sundry heirlooms which later turns into the real thing. There ensues the usual double-crossings and kidnaping, all of which are made very light of by the adroit Mr. Wodehouse. There is also the customary "love interest"; and an extremely delightful dog, named Emily, who has a very modern outlook on life in general.

There is not so much hilarious foolery in this book as in some of Wodehouse's earlier works, but there is plenty of incitation to what is popularly known as "thoughtful laughter," and a good deal of this is supplied by the discourses of the excellent Emily.

(*Doubleday Doran, \$2.00*)

THE GREAT HORNSPOON

EUGENE WRIGHT

Here is the sinbadian tale of a college youth who realized his roving aspirations, his wanderlust, in a roaming, whim-driven voyage across the seas to India, to the boisterous Far East, and the South Seas. Long have we dreamed of "signing a boat" and pushing out in search of mad adventure, and Eugene Wright has done it, meeting it on the high seas, in pushing into the juicy corners of India and Persia and Borneo, in exploring the isles of the Arafura Sea. Suffering the terrible heat of the Red Sea, shooting tigers, bumping into the land of snake-eaters, feeling the terror of blowpipes, captured by bandits, this modern Sinbad fulfilled the madness that burned itself into his brain. And yet in describing his experiences he has successfully avoided giving the usual stunt of a rambling trip. His tale is far and away more thrilling and more genuine than those of another glorious college adventurer. And when he speaks of "dolphins sporting like silk-hatted gentlemen" and "a ruby like a drop of blood in a ricepot" we have a story teller who makes us forget the telling.

(*Bobbs Merrill, \$4.00*)

PEDESTRIAN PAPERS

WALTER S. HINCHMAN

This is a collection of essays written by a Haverford graduate and as such is no better nor worse than might be expected. If you think you would enjoy reading Mr. Hinchman's views on anything from Roosevelt to Gardening go ahead and read these essays—they are very well written and mildly interesting.

(*Houghton Mifflin, \$2.00*)

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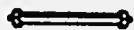
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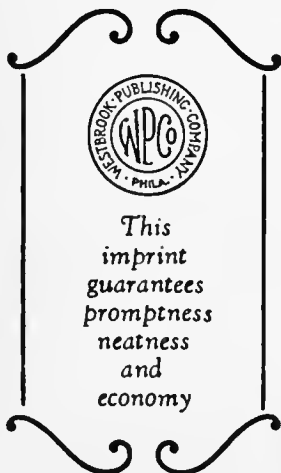
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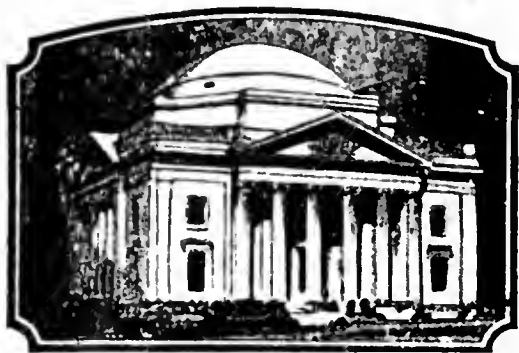


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JANUARY 1929



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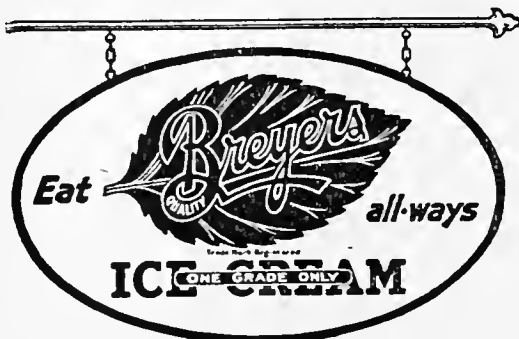
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The Haverfordian

VOL. XLVIII

HAVERFORD, PA., JANUARY, 1929

No. 4

THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the *twentieth* of each month preceding date of issue during college year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates; to this end contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the *fifth* of the month.

Entered as second-class matter March 19, 1921, at the post office at Haverford, Pennsylvania, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized April 11, 1921.

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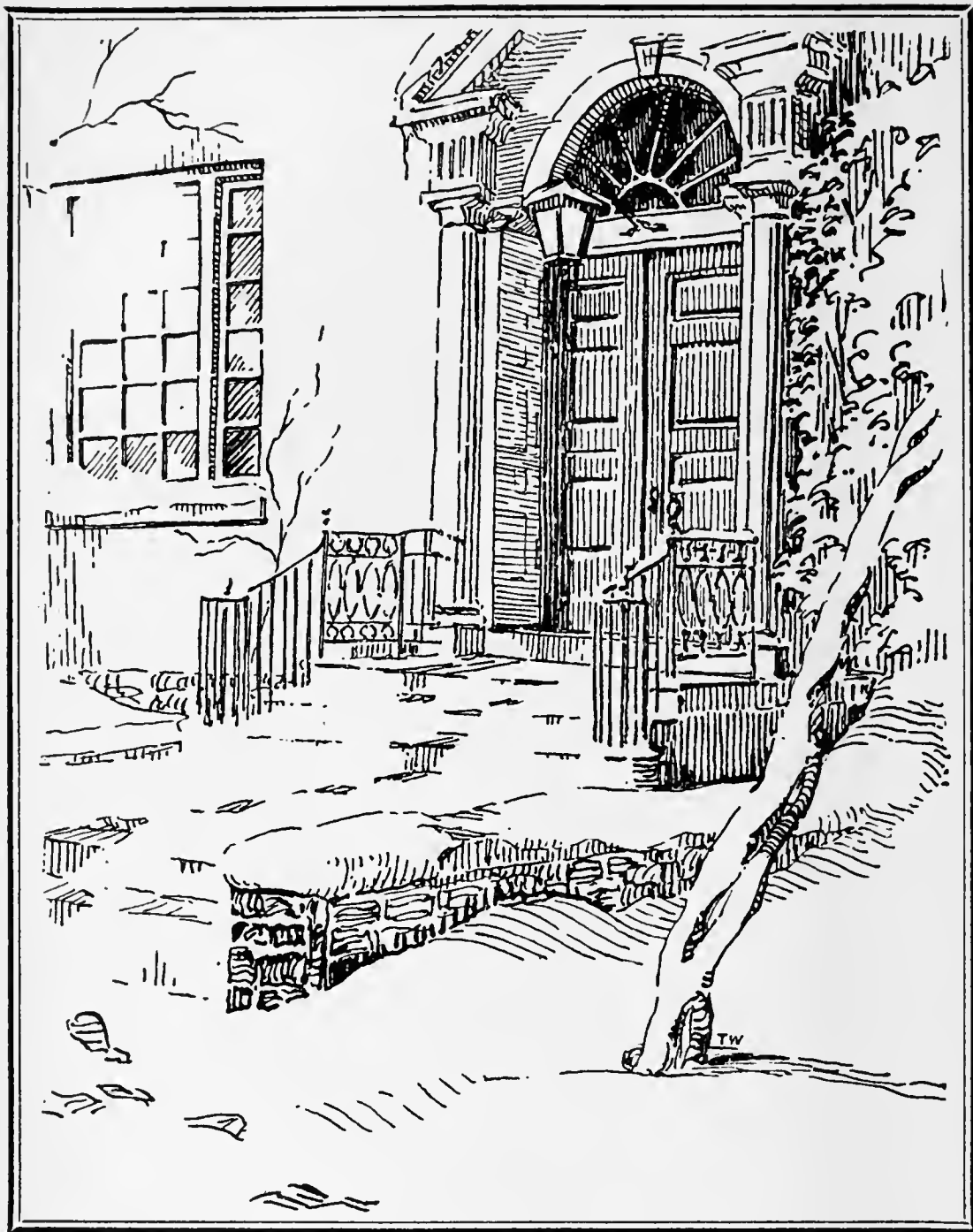
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THE SENIOR ENTRANCE

The College Lit

IT IS, of course, a pretty generally accepted commonplace that the real end of college life, statistically speaking, is extra-curricular activities. Given the great and often ill-assorted numbers within the portals of present-day educational institutions, it follows as inevitably as the steps of the Pythagorean theorem that the devotees of the white light of scholarship pure and undefiled will be overwhelmingly outnumbered by the followers of the more attractive limelight of glee clubs, debating societies and campus publications. That all of these organizations have for their ostensible purpose the pursuit of some form of art and that, on the other hand, the pursuers are as often as not actually in chase of a half line of type opposite their names in the class record book, is perhaps another commonplace. If even the partial truths of these two axioms of undergraduate conduct be admitted, it is evident that any given campus activity must be considered in the double light of an interest—anything from the rarely fanatical to the usually dilettante—in art, and an entirely practical ambition to make one's mark in college life.

Viewed in this light, the college literary magazine occupies a position which is almost unique among publications. Like the college musical and dramatic clubs and unlike the other undergraduate publications, it has no monopoly on any phase of college life with which to bid for support—it is, in a way, dependent on mere sufferance. The college newspaper obviously has something to offer which cannot be obtained elsewhere—news of all-important campus events. The yearly record book has a still more complete monopoly in its chosen field and even the humorous magazine has a provincial attraction not possessed by the national comic weeklies (there is always a hope that the Dean may sometime be lampooned directly).

But consider the literary magazine. Deprived, by the slight degree of dignity which it must needs affect, of any purely local appeal of subject matter, the "lit" must too often face direct comparison with the first-rate literary periodical. And, barring the appearance of a young genius on the staff, such comparison is at the best unfortunate. A general Messianic mission to convert the college *en masse* to the study of *belles-lettres*, another reason sometimes given for its existence, is of course, ridiculous. By the process of elimination, one finds that the sole valid justification for the "lit" is as a channel for the creative literary effort of the college.

Similar as this may appear to merely giving a small section of the undergraduate body an expensive toy, it is the only *raison d'être* consistent with the cold facts of the case and, indeed, the ultimate excuse for almost any "activity." For this reason the college "lit" is published and for much the same it is—when it is—read. Just as the student goes to a campus play not to see *Captain Applejack* but that sterling good fellow, John Doe, in the rôle of Ambrose Applejohn, so he reads the "lit" not, primarily, for its own literary interest but because it bears the name of his Alma Mater—and perhaps finds him in a bored moment.

Having stood it thus far he must of necessity be rewarded for his long-suffering by exercising the sacred right of criticism. Much of this is honest and constructive; more, perhaps, is vaguely disapproving and, in this case, usually based on several somewhat indefinite but quite unquestioned postulates: (1) each issue of the "lit" is a trifle worse than the last one, (2) the reader's prep school magazine possessed a slightly higher standard of readability, (3) the reader, with a very slight exertion, could do considerably better than the contributors. And then there is, of course, the freshman who opines that what the magazine really needs is a good collection of

snappy jokes scattered at appropriate intervals throughout its pages.

Most criticism, however, is surprisingly tolerant, considering the quality of the material the "lit" is often driven to print. Despite the existence of the magazine for their benefit, the number of those who both can and will write is never very large; by no means isolated is the example of one of the largest and highest rated women's colleges which goes through really frightful struggles to get out four small numbers a year. Indeed, it would seem that the size of the institution has much less effect on the magazine than one might expect. Almost the only generalization which it is at all safe to make is that the stories of the French Revolution and the plays laid in Arcadia are usually to be found in the smaller college magazines; and the studies of misunderstood and unhappy undergraduates seem to occur in those of the large universities. To the student of undergraduate psychology this fact no doubt has its significance—and perhaps in supplying him with data the college literary magazine is fulfilling its true mission. Meanwhile, without any very serious worry about this or anything else, the "lit" is continuing its pursuit of art—or "activities."

J. W. M.

Portia

*"There are the caskets, Signior,—yours to choose
Golden, silver, or lead. You know the terms?
'Tis well, Signior.*

Let there be music! So . . ."

*Heaven direct his hand! Direct the choice
This once!—I have not asked so great a boon
Nor shall I ask another—only this!
I think that it cannot be said of me
That I have ever fought my father's word
By any word of mine; nor have I made
Complaint of any sort, at any time
Against the dead man's burden which I bear.
The reason why my life is not my own
I have not sought—nor do I now. And I
Confess that I have not had much concern
(Beyond a mild desire that certain men
Should not choose right) till now. Well . . . now I have.*

*These things, I say—these two—are not my fault:
My beauty, and the way it must be won.
I would to God my heart were in the box
That holds my portrait! Then it would be sure
That he who turns the leaden key would find
My love as well within the casket there!
But it must not be so. The gentleman
Who even now is reading of the three
Deceptive legends is the one I love.
So, if he also choose the hasty way,
Would that detract one single smallest part
From the great love I bear him? It would not.
I say it is not fair . . .*

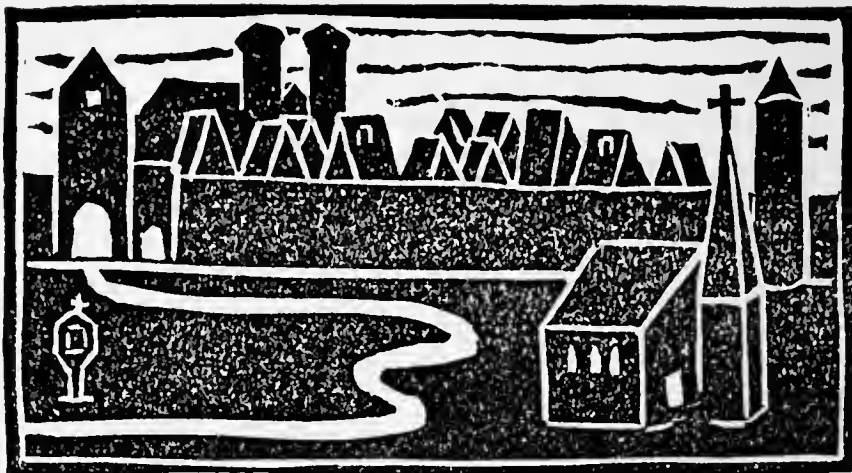
Oh, softly sir!

*“So you have chosen, Signior? Are you sure
You are not over-hasty? Look again . . .
Which key, then, Signior?*

Which key?

Ah . . . the lead . . .”

J. R.



The Saint

I

ANNO DOMINI MCM

IN THE great church in Glockenburg it is cool and dim and still. Little wax tapers burn before the stiff, flat Christs painted on the old altars around the walls. The eternal light flickers on high. For decades no hand has disturbed the dust that gathers on the white marble cherubs who flock around the eighteenth-century plaques informing one in strange Teutonic Latin of the virtues of some departed privy-councillor or *buergermeister*. In the transept is a great bronze monument: eight feet high it stands, culminating in a little figure at the top representing St. Peter with his keys. Below him, as is fitting by rank, the thing is cornered and girded in by lesser saints, in rows and niches and on pedestals. From a man's height down, one can see through the pillars that make up the monument a gold-banded and studded sarcophagus. Twelve

tortoises bear the great pile on their brazen shells. Before this triumph of the mediaeval bronze-founder's art, one may always find kneeling in stillness, the lame, the halt, the poor, and the oppressed—the peasant whose crops have failed, the mother whose son is lost on the way to far America, the cripple who has never walked without a crutch. This is the tomb of St. Emmerich, the gracious patron of Glockenburg, who has granted many blessings to those who revere his name. For uncounted decades the faithful have breathed their heart's desire before the great bronze tomb of St. Emmerich in the church at Glockenburg.

II

ANNO DOMINI MCC

Count Dietrich, who lived in the castle on the hill in Glockenburg, was a bad man, and consequently when Magda, who was a bad woman of the town, and had lived with Count Dietrich in mortal sin for ten years, stabbed him in the back for paying too much attention to his wife, everyone was glad. The burghers of the town were glad; for twenty years there had been unceasing struggle between the townsmen, who insisted on their right to make their fortunes as best they might, with no hindrance other than the hard times, and Count Dietrich, who insisted on his right to tax every thing made or sold within the town, that he might have more to spend on the beautiful wicked Magda or on dear wines and gold plate and carousals with his friends and followers. The peasants of the countryside were glad, for twenty years they had been lashed to labor in the count's fields, had had their cattle appropriated and their daughters ravished, had been set in the count's filthy black dungeons that they might not protest. The neighboring

knights and counts and barons were glad; for twenty years they had suffered from Count Dietrich's fraud and trickery, and from marauding and plunder-raids. The only person who was not glad was Levi, the wine-merchant from Frankfurt, for obvious reasons. Magda might eventually have been sorry, but they fished what was left of her out of the river just outside the arched tunnel through the town wall, which was just as well, because the rack and the Iron Lady would have been waiting for her alive, and they were in excellent working order. Count Dietrich had always made a hobby of keeping them so.

The same day which should otherwise have been a proclaimed city festival, was turned almost into one of public mourning by the departure to his everlasting reward of the holy Emmerich, the friend of the poor and downtrodden. Even the rich like him, for he stirred up no discontent, interceded with the Mother of God for the prosperity of the city, and had a kind word for everyone. The poor worshipped him. Wherever sickness and sorrow went, Emmerich was there almost as soon as the event, driving out the Devil and bringing comfort with him. There was not a pauper in Glockenburg but had partaken of Emmerich's bread, not a baby but Emmerich had cured its colic. So beloved had this holy man become that his fame had spread throughout Bavaria, and before two months were out, masses were being said for his soul in every church in the kingdom. Even Emmerich's death was in a way the doing of Count Dietrich, for the holy man died of a pox contracted while administering the sacrament to a poor wretch rotting his life out in one of Dietrich's dungeons.

The sorrow of Emmerich's death subdued the joyous outburst that was ready to follow Dietrich's transition to warmer realms, but by the day they were both to be buried, this repression had about worn off, the bottled

excitement had still to be let out, and anything was ready to happen.

It was an ancient custom of Glockenburg, that all men of consequence, before being buried, were borne past the church, through Funeral Street, the *Leichenzugasse*. There was a suspense in the air, and early in the morning the tiny narrow street was lined with townsfolk, and peasants from outside the walls. The high, sharp gable-ends of the crazy, saddle-backed, red-tiled houses (many of them stand to this day), faced on the street, and every window was so full that it seemed as if the houses must forsake their drunken lean toward the church across the way and topple over completely on to the cobble-stones below. The market-place, too, out of which the *Leichenzugasse* ran, was jammed with the curious, for it was here that the processions must enter.

After two hours of standing, of shoving and shifting about after better places, a murmur ran through the people that they were coming. More excited running hither and yon. Who were coming? Both of them. The excitement was raised to a still higher degree, for the *Leichenzugasse* was wide enough for but one party at a time. Then, in a few minutes, the two processions appeared simultaneously among the waiting crowds, and people nearly went distracted trying to watch both at once. Out of the High Street came the cortege of Dietrich, Count Imperial of the Castle of Glockenburg. The coffin, splendid under gold-embroidered trappings, was carried by six burly men-at-arms, preceded by as many more with halberds and insignia, and followed, first by Count Dietrich's handsome profligate son, then by the chamberlain, household officials, and others of Dietrich's comrades and retainers; the rear was brought up by another, larger body of men-at-arms with newly-polished helmets and pikes.

From Cloister-Lane issued the group of Dominicans who bore the earthly remains of Emmerich the Holy. The coffin was draped in a plain black cloth, carried and followed only by Dominican brothers, with no ornament or splendor at all. But those who hoped for excitement noticed with satisfaction that each of the brothers carried a stout staff, contrary to their usual custom.

Slowly the two processions converged on the entrance to the Leichenzugasse. Almost to the second they arrived at the same time. The men who lined the street flattened themselves against the house-fronts, but it was evident that one party must wait. "Room! Room for the Count Dietrich!" shouted the leading men-at-arms. But the Dominicans advanced with slow, unvarying tread. Then the men-at-arms made as if to clear a way past the other line by shoving. "What!" shouted one of Emmerich's pallbearers (he was a young man of the town, who had just taken orders), "Shall Dietrich the Hound of Hell go before our beloved master, the holy Emmerich, past the abode of his own Mother Church?" The first man-at-arms swung a halberd at the loud-voiced monk. It was parried by a solid oaken staff in the hands of one of the monks behind. In an instant all was uproar and confusion. The coffins were set down where they stood, within feet of each other, and bearers and all gave themselves to the attack with single-minded fury. The corner of the market-place was a milling, shouting mass of men, topped with flashing steel points and punctuated by the crack of pike on staff and the clatter of shifting feet on the pavement. At first the superior numbers and sharper arms of the men of the castle were driving the sons of the Church back. But in a minute the men of the town recognized the opportunity to take a belated vengeance for twenty years of hate and oppression, and Count Dietrich's retainers were suddenly smitten by a scattering flight of cobblestones from the

rear, followed by a rush with knives, manure-forks, scythes, and anything that came to hand. Beneath this two-sided assault, the men-at-arms and retainers broke and scattered, and while the angry people kept them from reuniting, the Dominicans set about to proceed past the church. They hastily picked up the coffin which stood nearest the mouth of the narrow street, and marched forward. Five minutes before, that coffin had been splendidly decked in gold embroidery with the count's arms, but now it was a plain wooden box like any other coffin, while its glittering cover lay in a dusty heap, foot-marked and wrinkled and tangled with the black sheet which had served as a pall for Emmerich, the Holy.

And so, divested of all earthly pomp, the monks bore the coffin past the church, through the narrow, winding streets, under the dark arch of the city gate and out into the open land beyond the wall. Here, in the cemetery beside the tiny chapel which was older than the city of Glockenburg, while the people within the walls were yet shouting insults to Count Dietrich's memory and throwing paving stones at his mourners for sheer joy that he was dead, the coffin was solemnly, sadly lowered into the deep grave by six Dominican friars, and the earth enfolded it.

Meanwhile, with faces turned close to their burden to escape flying stones from the rabble that still cursed and booed along the streets, the men-at-arms finally got the remaining coffin hoisted upon their shoulders, and hurried past the church, turned off quickly down another street, out a different gate from the one the Dominicans had passed through, and then, relaxing to a pace more suitable to a funeral procession, they carried the coffin to the castle burial-ground in the bend of the river at the foot of the hill. Into the new grave they sank it, between Count George who had died warring against

the Archbishop of Mainz and Count Herrmann who had been thrown from his horse in riding down a beggar. Faint on the distant breeze came the tolling of the church bell for Emmerich the Holy.

* * * * *

Centuries passed. The harvester reaped, and the smith hammered, and Rudolf von Habsburg became Emperor, and the French were exterminated in Sicily, and Switzerland came into being, and vague rumors of the Turk in the East began to be heard, and a great spring flood washed away the castle burial-ground in the bend of the river at Glockenburg and swept the bones tumbling through duchies and kingdoms to the sea. The mason built, and the baker baked, and fifteen hundred Swiss crushed the might of the Empire, and John Hus was burned for heresy, and a new continent was discovered, and the Turks besieged Vienna, and some cardinals reading musty old chronicles at Rome found the story of a holy Bavarian monk and added Saint Emmerich of Glockenburg to the calendar. And the patriotic citizens of Glockenburg went to the cemetery by the chapel outside the wall and took some bones from underneath the Good Emmerich's headstone, and enshrined them in bronze splendor in the great church within the town.

III

ANNO DOMINI MCM

In the Church of St. Emmerich at Glockenburg it is cool and dim and still. The Eternal Light flickers above the great altar, and the faint murmur of the peasant girl kneeling before the great bronze tomb praying for her sweetheart in the army in Africa, is lost in the arched vastness of the church. The afternoon light falls through a

pointed window on the fans of crutches fastened to the wall, where the grateful ones, cured by the Saint's bones, have put them. The white-haired sacristan who shows the rare, tiptoeing visitors through, whispers of the saving grace even of a saintly man's bones; with surprising erudition he ends by quoting from *Corinthians*: "For we walk by faith, not by sight."

J. B. Mussey.



The Coward

HE LOVED her passionately and they were to be married and life is supposed to hold no fuller happiness. It was difficult for him to believe that he should at last have done what so many so much better men had not been able to do. In that small circle she had been the goddess and he had been the goat. There had been many with charm and many with loveliness and but one goddess; likewise there had been many handsome and many of chivalry and but one goat. That he should be the one—Lord, it was impossible. Perfectly impossible.

He had always taken it for granted (because everyone else said so, with conviction) that he was something of a moral coward, somewhat inferior. He was not exactly obsessed with this inferiority, but he realized it subconsciously and constantly. Thus he had thought it a great gala day when, by some slip-up, he had been permitted to meet and to worship the woman to whom he was now betrothed. The others, while looking down on him, had thought him harmless and so he had been allowed to stay. But always, always, he had been the goat. The fact that he had never been taken seriously had served only to increase his blind and hopeless devotion.

* * * * *

He was going home now. Going home to return in a month for the incredible ceremony. He had to get away from the nervous tension and all the pairs of eyes that said, "You know right well you don't deserve it." Surely he knew he didn't deserve it, but what was he supposed to do? Of course the thing was a dream—how silly that he hadn't realized that long ago! Well, when he got a few of the familiar surroundings of home around him, he ought to wake

up. And that, as much as anything else, was his reason for returning. The going home would serve as a sort of mental pinch, and he would come to with a jolt. Even if he didn't, the month would certainly be enough to let the goddess come to *her* senses. Possibly it would be a week until he would get her letter saying that she now realized, and so forth. This business of pursuing and pursuing and gradually wearing down resistance could never be really substituted for honorable courtship and honorable acceptance. She would see that in a month—probably far sooner. Through the maze of bewildering ideas and hopes and despairs but one thought remained clear. The thing was not, could not be real.

* * * * *

Home was good for him. His mind was clearing. He was understanding, at last, that it was all a huge joke,—a magnificently cruel gesture. Remembering, at leisure, the fondness she had always had of astonishing the circle with totally unexpected moves, he had come to the slow conclusion that this was but another case of her joking wilfulness. Instead of conferring some ordinary daily favor she had, one day, been pleased to astonish them all with the declaration of her intention of marrying the goat. Just like that! In the same tone frequently employed to indicate "*You* and not *you* shall escort me this evening" she had said, "I shall allow *you* to marry me." And when they had laughed she had, perhaps, been slightly annoyed, and grown stubborn. Of course she could not be expected to know that she was being irrevocably unkind to the one whose adoration was very close to being a mania. And when, in one day, two days, she had not affected to alter her ridiculous decision, there had been an under-current of alarm for them and an agony of uncertainty for him. To relieve the agony he had proposed the

interim, and while she indicated that she didn't mind in the least (the implication being, quite plainly, that she didn't mind in the least *what* he did) the circle had breathed a sigh of relief. The sigh of relief said, "All will be well so long as things aren't rushed."

* * * * *

The month was nearly over and the letter had not come. But five days, now, and he would return. Four days. Then three days, and two. On the eve of the last day, he understood. He would write the letter—not she. A goddess might be an ass, but a goat would have to always be a goat. His part was to love passionately, forever, and to go no further. He had long since stopped trying to understand her, but at last he knew himself. Yes, he was a moral coward—they had always said so. He wrote,

"Madam:

You give me the power of determining your happiness, and I must do so. My own being of no importance, do not expect me."

Caliban.

*The love of wine and women,
The joy of jest and song—
Could these endure forever,
I'd live with them as long.*

*But mirth and music falter,
And love grows stale and worn,
And thought, the ghost of laughter,
Comes creeping in with morn.*



The Mother of God

THERE was a rustling of garments in the half-darkened room and a catching of breaths by those in the far corners, for it seemed as if the figure on the bed might speak. Crowded and hot the little room was; and hushed with expectancy. Even for those unimaginative, toil-bowed folk of Nazareth there was an element of unreality in it all: *it could not be* that the carpenter's widow who had watched by so many death-beds was now on her own, that her firm guidance would never again be theirs to lean on. Throughout her life Mary had been esteemed a prophet among the village people in the close, vital matters of the family circle, and now they looked forward to a final word of counsel, or perhaps some supernatural insight into deeper things.

Very careworn and pitiful she looked, lying there so shriveled and still, her little store of life fast fluttering away. Her brown, gnarled hands lay motionless without the coarse blanket, but in her broken form there was no semblance of peace—only weariness. Glassy and wor-

ried, her eyes peered out towards the blurred circle of surrounding friends as if trying to recollect some all-important trifle to tell one of them. And they stood waiting, outlined in tatters against the dim whiteness of the walls.

There was the friendless old woman whom Mary practically supported, there was the unfortunate young girl whom Mary had helped out after she had been attacked by a passing publican, and there were a dozen wives of various ages whom she had seen through childbirth. By the bedside was her own daughter weeping silently, a grandchild hiding wide-eyed behind his mother's dress; and further back in the shadows were two stalwart sons, sheepish and awed in the unaccustomed silence. Of them all Mary had been the acknowledged mentor and guide, loved for her essentially kind heart, respected for her indomitable strength of will—and feared just a trifle for her occasionally sharp tongue.

The eyes blinked, one brown hand stirred feebly, and as she began to speak one noticed that the face was free from wrinkles and as clear as her daughter's: the worry and stress were for Mary's own soul—to the world she presented a front of firm calm. . . . The villagers leaned forward expectantly, there was a tense pause and then the voice came as from a great distance, even but thin.

"All my life," it began, "I have lived among you and you will bear me witness that I have ever kept the Law." The heads nodded slowly in reverent acquiescence. "Never have I traveled more than the journey set by our father Moses for the Sabbath, nor has any ever eaten in my house with unwashed hands. . . . Yet, one time my bread had not hardened on the fire when the Holy Sab—" the voice wandered blindly for a moment and trailed off into the silence of fear. The peasants stared

at each other in mute surprise and the old woman at the bedside pressed her hand reassuringly.

Mary roused. "Yes, I *have* kept the Law—faithfully, from a child, as a true Israelite. I have walked in the ways of the righteous from my youth—and yet the hand of the Eternal has been heavy upon me. I have known great sorrow and yet I have done no wrong." The rim of faces was blank in amazement now at their prophet's near-blasphemy, and an almost sourceless murmur of dissent ran through the room. Mary's head half lifted in feeble protest and her voice rose to go on. "Yes! Yes! I *have* suffered great sorrow—the greatest sorrow a mother can know, the ill end of her first-born son. For he means somehow more to her than the others—he who came out of her pain and travail to be the bulwark of her house and the strength of her old age. The Eternal has sent her a man to fend for her when her husband is old and goes out no more to toil. And he ever recalls to her her youth when she bore him, and the days of her strength when he was but a child. For him she is ever more anxious and troubled than for the others, and fearful of death—or of the disgrace worse than death. For this last is the greatest sorrow."

The voice had dropped now and quavered for a moment near the edge of tears, but it rose in an instant firm and almost strong. "And all this sorrow *I* have known in its full bitterness. *I* have watched with pride my first-born grow up, become strong in body, and rise in the opinion of his people. I have seen him long to linger on the words of the elders and quick to learn. I have seen him memorize the tables of the Law and lay them on his heart; I have seen his zeal for the Almighty in his eager questioning of the elders about His ways. I would thrill with pride to see him outstrip all the boys of the village in learning and keeping the Holy Law; and I would dream of him winning a position of honor

and respect among his people, of his becoming an elder of the synagogue and inspiring new circumspection in the keeping of the Law. And when, in the prime of his manhood, he went off to hear the new prophet John I felt, at first, nearly as great a joy as the day I consecrated him to God in Jerusalem.

"And then the misgivings and sorrow came—slowly at first. Word came from the rulers of the Temple in Jerusalem that John was a false prophet—and I began to fear. But other stories also came drifting north—how *he* had left John and walked the countryside with his own following, how he had disputed with the priests in the Temple and even broken the Sabbath. And then one day he arrived home again—but oh, how changed! Puffed up with pride he was, and followed by that rabble of all sorts of disreputable people—even publicans and loose women, they said. I hardly knew him. Even after they had challenged him to heal some of our sick, as his followers claimed he could, and he'd failed—even *then* I couldn't make him listen to me, and he went on to talk in our synagogue. And when he'd spoken almost blasphemy there and the elders had expelled him, I longed for the great sea to drown my shame in. My son a blasphemer!

"Then a year passed—a year in which the stories we heard of him got worse and worse: some of them scandalous, such as that low woman anointing his feet, and many of them just impossible. And yet sometimes, when one or two men sneaked away to him even from here in Nazareth, I would feel a wicked pride that a son of mine should have such power—and I would fast many long hours to smother it. Then it was that I determined to make one more effort to win this great power he possessed back to the side of the Eternal and the Law. I sought him out in a crowded house of a distant village where he was, surrounded by his rabble followers—there

was an unclean pagan Greek or two amongst them! And I sent in word from the door that his mother waited for him without, and at that even his rabble crew showed me respect, and I felt glad—for the first time in months—at the prospect of success. But then his answer came back—he would not even do me the honor of coming out himself—that those who followed him were mother, brothers and all to him! That insult to me—his own mother! The black, gnawing grief of that moment has never gone from my mind; it surpassed every pang he gave me before or since. He denied me—his own mother!

“And then the end of it all at Jerusalem ten years ago! I saw the tumult of the mob as soon as I neared the city for the Passover, and sensed that he was somewhere at the center. They said that the rulers were putting him to death for the good of the Law and I told myself again and again that it was all for the best—better one man perish than all Israel. Then I saw him. It was outside the city on the hill where the Romans execute their criminals and there he was, crucified! with a thief on each side of him. His face was very drawn and pale, he was bleeding all about the forehead and he seemed near the end; there was an inscription nailed up above him, but I couldn’t find anyone to read it for me. And then he looked at me and I forgot all about the Law and the good of Israel. I ran towards him with a cry, but a soldier pushed me back with a spear-butt—and when I looked again his head had fallen forward on his breast in unconsciousness. Somehow that changed things and I crept away, ashamed at his disgrace and feeling that I must have transgressed the Law with some great sin to have had a son of mine turn against God and his own people, as he did. And I have kept the memory of it, ever since, rankling in my heart like a gnawing worm. Oh that I should have lived to see my first-born son come to such

an end—crucified as a common criminal! . . . And he could have reached such a position of respect—among the elders!”

The low, halting voice faded away almost imperceptibly, the eyes closed and the bent shoulders relaxed. For an age of tense silence the roomful stood motionless, staring at that figure on the bed, now seeming so completely broken. In a stillness that was oppressive the old woman by the bedside held a long light feather before Mary's nostrils. Fascinated, they watched it move ever so slightly, ever so slowly; even when all motion had ceased their gaze remained fixed on it. Finally the grandchild whimpered; the spell was broken.

“That good-for-nothing wretch Jesus!” muttered the old woman as she covered the face. “He broke his mother's heart.”

J. W. Martin.



Iconoclast

*O son of man, and pseudo-follower
Of him they called the son of light, I tried
Thee, tried thee beyond my power to try:
To forge a thousand yesterdays was idle art
When eager science lent her lovers' care.
The play was perfect and thou admired life—
No life was there! but well wrought scenes to stir
That love and sympathy, borrowed, thought thou,
From him they said was life. And thou hast fallen,
Fallen where thy masters fell, and all
Must fall. Thou hast thyself confessed that love
Is dead—I read it in thy word, though glossed
With theory teaching of more perfect practice.
I read it in thy thought long ere deception's
Work was done. Thy pity, when imagination
Lent debasement never felt, was too
Noble, too righteous: thy joy was but a selfish
Glow—didst thou believe a life so easily
Saved could then so easily have been lost?
Well, thy little love has played a game with chance,
And madly and often hast thou won.
Yet thou shalt pay, more dear than all the rest:
And if I found thee with my play, O fool,
Beware the day when also thine shall find thee.*

Bramwell Linn.

Justice Triumphant

MR. CHESTER SNAITH sat in a conspicuous place in the crowded courtroom, bearing the full weight of morbid and curious stares. Despite his life-long dread of The Law, he could scarcely believe that anyone would make so much fuss over him; and yet, here were several hundred people on presumable pleasure bent, listening with rapt attention to the shouts of the prosecuting attorney—"Murderer! Poisoner!—Betrayed of hospitality and every code of honor!" When he hurled these epithets at the culprit, the prosecuting attorney would point a vehemently accusing finger at him. This, to Chester Snaith, symbolized the power of the law that he had feared so long. When he was a little boy, Snaith remembered how he had feared and hidden from "the cops." Now, he was caught. There—it was going to happen again—the prosecutor pointed ". . . most dastardly crime ever committed in the history of this city!" His guilty squirm made the lawyer smile mentally—a cheap trick, but it always worked.

Detective Captain John F. Moriarty also was sitting in full view of the court. He rather enjoyed the glances of the audience—and well he might. Hadn't he run to earth the criminal who had committed a revolting murder? Hadn't he made a most spectacular success after a long series of half-defeats? As the chief witness in the case, State vs. Chester Snaith, wouldn't *his* prestige be raised to the highest notch? There is something, moreover, in the detective, which gains the admiration of all, for he seems to represent the might of law and the omniscience of justice.

On a table in front of the jury was a small bottle, holding perhaps an ounce or so. About a quarter of an inch of a limpid white liquid still remained in the bottom of it and the bottle was secured with an ingenious clamp

which held it by the cork and bottom, so that the all-important finger-prints might not be obliterated. It was tightly corked and, when handled, received all the caution that its contents and importance deserved. It had already killed one man—it was going to kill another if the district attorney had his way, for it contained the prussic acid with which (newspaper reporters made sacrifice to the God of Libel by inserting an "alleged" at this point) Chester Snaith had poisoned his host and business rival, Foster Canino, on Saturday evening, October 27, 1928.

* * * * *

Foster Canino and Snaith had operated garages a very short distance apart in their native city of Buena. They both belonged to the same garagemen's "protective" society, which listed Canino on its secret books as a "No. 8" businessman, and Snaith as a "No. 3." The former is considered rather insulting, while the latter is quite complimentary. However, the two men knew nothing and cared less about these numbers and seemed to be quite good friends.

The association held a yearly banquet in Buena, and the 1928 banquet had been held on October 27. It was established in court that Snaith had driven Canino and two friends home from the banquet, and it was these two men who had last seen Canino alive. Next Monday morning, Mrs. Foster Canino, returning home from a visit to her mother (sic!), found her husband lying on the floor of the parlor, dead. She locked up the flat and immediately phoned for the police. So much the yellower newspapers told their gum-chewing clientele that evening.

The coroner glanced at the corpse. Its face was purple, the eyes staring, and the mouth contorted in a terrible grimace. "H-m—looks like poison!—No suicide—there

are *two* empty glasses. He's been dead about sixty hours. Thank God we've been having cold weather—the old boy's kept pretty well. Well, guess I'll sharpen the old butcher knives, and get brother Moriarty on the job."

Mrs. Canino was waiting anxiously in the hall. "Well?" The coroner was at once his professional self. "Madam, I'm afraid that your husband has met with foul play. It would be a great help to us—in fact, I insist, that you do not use the flat until Captain Moriarty has looked it over. I wish every one had enough sense to leave such a scene undisturbed. By the way, I regret that the funeral cannot be held before Thursday."

While the coroner was analyzing the contents of Canino's stomach, the bloodhound Moriarty searched the flat for clues. Then he traced the movements of the deceased on Saturday night. Luckily for themselves the two men whom Snaith had driven home had, being married men, been able to give complete accounts of their movements for Saturday and Sunday. Snaith was missing. He had been missing since early Sunday morning—Snaith was his man! A warrant for him was immediately made out.

Snaith himself possessed very good reasons for remembering the twenty-seventh of October. He had driven his two friends home, and Canino had invited him in for a minute—"wife away, won't be back until Monday—the real stuff—friend over the border—come in and have a wee snifter!"

While Canino was getting out the glasses and It, Snaith happened to glance in the window. The shade was up, and the darkness outside and comparative brilliancy within made it quite a respectable mirror. Snaith noticed that his tie was askew. He stepped up to it to get a better view, and began to straighten it. While doing this, he saw, in the reflection, Canino pour something into a glass from a little bottle. Snaith marked the glass.

At that moment, Fate betrayed Canino. He was called on the phone and while he was gone, Snaith switched the glasses, scenting a practical joke, but ignorant of its consequences.

In a few moments, Canino reentered the parlor. "Here's how, Snaith, may all the autos in the city wreck themselves for *our* benefit." They drank—an expression of intense surprise and consternation spread over Canino's face. "What's the matter?" asked Snaith. Canino roused himself with a great effort to groan melodramatically, "Murderer!" and fell on the floor, dead and rigid.

Snaith looked at the corpse without daring to move. The sight was enough to make anyone lose his head. Who would believe his story? What defense could he give? Had he actually killed Canino? Could he ever be sure that he was innocent? What of the law? He was caught! Escape from the police—from the ghastly corpse—from that terrible cry of "Murderer!" was the only thing left to do.

He drove to his garage in the next block. Since he had to escape, he must have a fast car. He chose the fastest car in the place—a powerful roadster—emptied the till and safe, and helped himself to anything he would need on the way. He took some spare parts and tires, which, due to his excitement, did not fit the chosen car; also all the gas and oil the auto could hold, besides ten gallons of gas that he put in an old oil drum and threw in the rumble. It was late at night, and he was able to make good time getting away from the city. Monday night he abandoned the car, and walked, almost casually, over the border.

In due time, as might be expected, the machinery of the law drew Snaith into the clutches of Moriarty. Snaith was not a very clever fugitive, but he was bull-headed enough, or had sense enough, to stick to his story when questioned, gravely disturbing Moriarty.

The astute detective used all sorts of threats to make the obviously frightened Snaith confess to the murder, but with very little success. Every repetition checked with every other down to the smallest details—and Moriarty could see that Snaith did not possess sufficient intelligence to lie with such skill.

Moriarty began to be more and more convinced that there was a nigger in the woodshed somewhere, and was annoyed because he couldn't *chercher la femme*. However, he had made a spectacular arrest, and to release Snaith would be a confession of failure. His success as a detective had not been very great lately, and another failure would make him buy his newspapers for the "male help wanted" column. He spoke to the district attorney, "I think I'll give Snaith's place the once over again. I don't think it was well enough searched the first time."

Moriarty was not exactly a fool. He reread the coroner's report, and noted that Canino had been killed by a vegetable poison "probably extracted from toadstools." The coroner was a friend of his, and changed the entry to "a poison, prussic acid." Then he called on a certain druggist who had illegal side lines and, instead of his weekly bit of graft, Moriarty was enabled to buy a small amount of prussic acid three weeks before the actual date, and under the signature (forged) of Chester Snaith. Snaith unwittingly marked the bottle with his fingerprints that night, when he was asleep.

The next morning Moriarty and one of the boys searched the "dwelling of the said Chester Snaith," and discovered the bottle of poison in time for the late afternoon editions. It was to be noticed that the bottle was almost empty, as if some of the poison had been used.

The discovery of the poison, Snaith's fingerprints on Canino's glass, and the evidence of the coroner closed the case for the state. The defense, conducted by Rufus

Werntz, could be based, for the most part, only on character witnesses. "A man may have, gentlemen, a character of apparently the finest sort," replied the prosecutor. "He may discount his bills all through eternity, but if he deliberately commits a treacherous murder, his character is about as attractive as a beautiful apple with a worm hidden in it!"

Rufus Werntz ended the defense: "Gentlemen of the jury: you will have to base your decision on the testimony of Captain Moriarty and Chester Snaith! A man's coat may be blue or brown, but it does not always determine the dependence which may be placed upon his statements. The case does not rest upon *the testimony*, but it rests on the character of the *two* men concerned. Yours alone is the decision. Chester Snaith is innocent!"

Snaith, listening to that speech, felt sure of his acquittal. Surely no jury could find him guilty after such a plea!

* * * * *

"Your honor, we find Chester Snaith guilty as accused, of the murder in the first degree, of Foster Canino."

"You, Chester Snaith . . . committed an atrocious crime—revolting . . . sentence you to be hanged from the neck until you are dead. May the Lord have mercy on your soul."

Snaith, having spent all his money on Rufus Werntz, knew that it would be useless to appeal. He wanted it over with. Meanwhile, he had given the mob a Roman holiday, secured a salary raise for Detective Moriarty and inspired the following in the *Buena Star*:

"To-day, CHESTER SNAITH, the poisoner, was found guilty of murder, although he still maintains his innocence. The credit for the conviction belongs largely to Captain MORIARTY, a well-known detective of our city, who discovered the poison in SNAITH'S residence

and 'got his man' at the border town of Fort Gresse. Captain MORIARTY refused to compare the local detective bureau with Scotland Yard, but he said, 'We deal solely with facts. Hunches will lead us astray more often than to the criminal. In the case of Snaith, his movements after the murder made us suspicious, but we traced the movements of several other persons also. We arrested him not because we thought he was the murderer, but merely as a matter of common-sense policy. I regret that we can't furnish the taxpayers a series of events like a detective story, but such things just don't happen.'

"To Captain MORIARTY belongs the credit of making our city just a little safer for honest men. May he get the credit he deserves."

H. F. Bourne.

Chapter

*Why should I worry if you grieve
Because I left you flat?
You wore your heart upon your sleeve:
I plucked it off, and that was that.*

*Never too late for a second start;
Go find some steadier lover,
I'll give you back your easy heart;
Sew it back on, and begin all over.*

F. W. Lindsay.

BOOKS

WEST RUNNING BROOK

ROBERT FROST

The first murmurings of a poet who has been silent for five years ought to be pregnant with suggestive thought, but there is little indication in *West Running Brook* that these verses are to reach beyond the emotions and capacity for appreciation of values. Perhaps it is happier thus, for such cool fresh beauty needs no other excuse than itself for existence. It is this earthy freshness that emanates from this poet that makes his interpretation of nature so delightful.

Those who remember the bleak wintriness of "North of Boston" and "New Hampshire" will find a lighter spirit in this new collection, but there is a similarity in the range of interest—still thoroughly New England in mood. Here can be detected more of the poet in his appreciation of nature and a more complete insight into his reaction to natural beauty. The perfect rhythm that has characterized all of Frost's poetry is again found, heightened in its simplicity by a gayer mood. One or two of the poems seem scarcely worthy of him, but the others are so uniformly good that these weak verses can be forgotten. The wood cuts by J. J. Lankes are a beautiful accompaniment to the poetry.

(*Henry Holt, \$2.50*)

OFF THE DEEP END

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

There is a wide range of subjects treated in this latest collection of Morley's essays—extending from an appreciation of Thomas Hardy to a caricature of Dr. Rosenbach, whom he politely calls Rosy. Some of these are amusing sketches done in a cheerfully sarcastic way;

others are more solemn, but most of them happened to appeal to us.

Scattered through the book are a few very short plays, one of which, "Wagon Lits", recounts the trials and tribulations of a newly married couple who are initiated into the mysteries of the mythical French Pullman—a thoroughly harrowing experience. A number of essays concern publishers and booksellers, and these are disillusioning for one who has always had a vague suspicion that this genera spent most of their waking hours lurking around a samovar. The travel notes are most entertaining.

(*Doubleday-Doran*, \$2.50)

MEANING NO OFFENSE

JOHN RIDDELL

In which Mr. Riddell—pronounced, he says, sometimes to rhyme with "fiddle" and "diddle", but mostly accented on the last syllable, to rhyme with "smell" and "what the hell"—knocks the props from under a number of modern stylists and leaves them standing in the midst of a vast expanse of reverberating echoes. His parodies are not very subtle, but they are screamingly funny; perhaps the reason that we liked them so much was because they are so obvious that a knowledge of the originals is not necessary.

If parody, as some people aver, is a tribute, then John Riddell (whom those "in the know" refer to as Corey Ford) has done much to immortalize a great many modern writers, with special attention to Thornton Wilder.

And before closing, we acknowledge whole-heartedly the genius of Covarrubias' caricatures.

(*John Day*, \$2.00)

GOOD-BYE WISCONSIN

GLENWAY WESCOTT

A group of short stories set, more or less effectively, in a background of the farming lands of the seldom-heard-of-state of Wisconsin. The reader is first introduced, in a beautiful flow of descriptive language to the people and, the countryside seen on the way up the western shore of the fresh water sea. Wescott writes of the "sports" of a sturdy and inherently rural society where anything out of the ordinary is given a hearty welcome and spread throughout the countryside. The characters are scarcely types—their actions are often too peculiar; the quality of the stories individually varies in marked degrees: several are exceptionally good, a couple are mediocre and at least one is disappointing when stripped of its descriptive element. Evelyn Crowe, the released murderess turned lover, the sensitive and self-conscious Philip masqueraded as a girl at a party in town, drunken Old Man Riley, and the story including the escaped negro convict, are superior in all respects: very unusual and sympathetic pictures of unfamiliar farm folks. Skip "The Runaways" and the group has a contribution for everyone.

(*Harpers*, \$2.50)

20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA, OR DAVID
COPPERFIELD

ROBERT BENCHLEY

We haven't decided whether this book is as funny as the "Early Worm" or not, but at least it is several jumps ahead of most of these intentionally hilarious efforts. What with the approach of Xmas and the

consequent necessity of making your annual offering to Aunt Marjorie who hasn't had a good laugh since she found out that the minister was being cuckolded, this book will be about right. You're sure to be cut out of the will now.

Mr. Benchley in the rôle of Dr. Cadman is twice as funny as that sly old prophet and really does more to solve these modern problems—as for instance meeting boats from abroad, obtaining passports and dealing with amateur musical comedies. To our mind the sketch concerning the birth of a college paper is perhaps the funniest; it is so painfully realistic.

(*Henry Holt, \$2.00*)

HARNESS

A. HAMILTON GIBBS

When the self-improvement complex is at a low ebb, and you feel like being yourself for an hour or two, *Harness* will be about right. This is a mildly interesting story about a serious young Englishman who marries an actress and frets his heart out because she is unwilling to settle down in a God-forsaken country village and have more than one child.

The really engaging character is Sylvia, the sister of the actress, who goes merrily about casting monkey wrenches into well-ordered English marital machines. It is possible that she appealed to us more from the fact that the two main characters were inclined to be a bit sentimental in an oozy way. Perhaps there was a problem in this novel, but we chose not to notice it and found the book entertaining.

(*Little, Brown and Company, \$2.50*)

BLUE TROUSERS

LADY MURASAKI

Translated from the Japanese by Arthur Waley

The issue of this third part of the twelfth-century Japanese classic, "The Tale of Genji", is an opportunity once more to call to the attention of the unfortunates who have not yet made its acquaintance, one of the most rarely charming long novels in any language. How much the story owes to the superlative translating of Arthur Waley, probably the ordinary reader will never know; but in the form in which we have it, every page breathes Japan—not the vague, anything-so-long-as-it's-Oriental Japan of Gilbert and Sullivan, but the strange fairyland which still actually survived up to a dozen years ago, of fireflies and wistaria and dragon-flies and the rich lacquer and straw-matted, incensed stillness of age-old Buddhist temples.

The mere words "twelfth century" bring to the ordinary reader's mind a stiff, flowery, archaic language and some wildly impossible story. Murasaki as rendered by Mr. Waley is far beyond such primitive adornment. She tells, simply, directly, and in detail, the successive loves of the Emperor's natural son, Prince Genji, and of Genji's son after him. The only adornment is the incessant quotation of fourteen-syllable poems, which Mr. Waley, by some magic of his own, has rendered into images of a beauty which Milton might sometimes envy.

It would doubtless annoy the ordinary Californian to observe how a Japanese woman, at a date when his ancestors were still struggling between Anglo-Saxon and French (and not getting on very well with either) could produce a four-volume novel which must take its place above a vast preponderance of the present's best.

(Houghton Mifflin, \$3.50)

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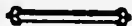
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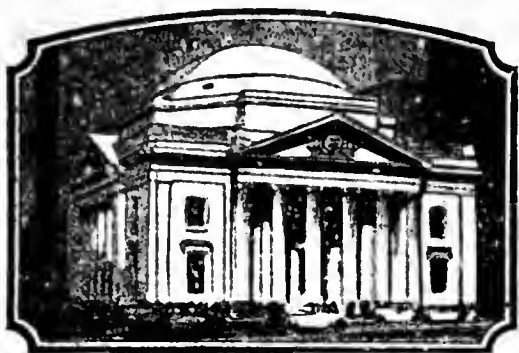


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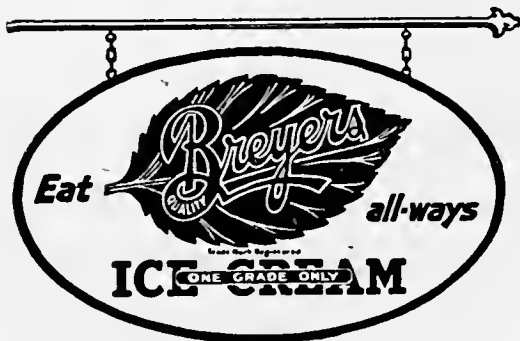
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The Haverfordian

VOL. XLVIII

HAVERFORD, PA., FEBRUARY, 1929

No. 5

THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the *twentieth* of each month preceding date of issue during college year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates; to this end contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the *fifth* of the month.

Entered as second-class matter March 19, 1921, at the post office at Haverford, Pennsylvania, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized April 11, 1921.



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Book Reviewer



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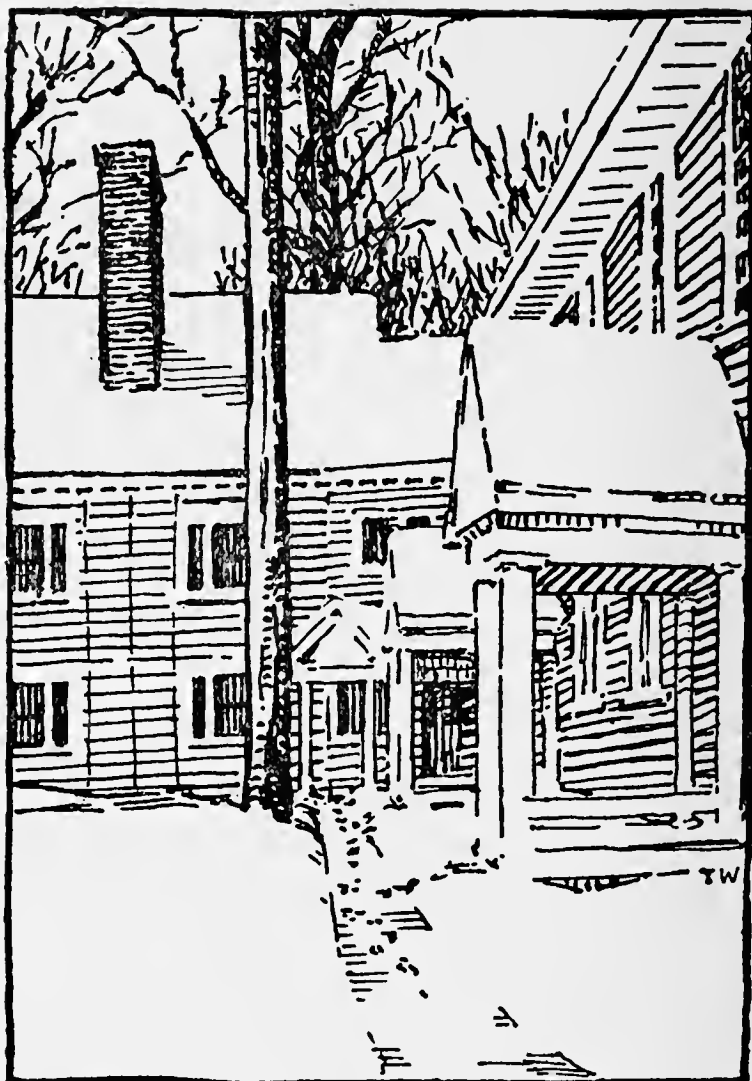
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LLOYD HALL

The Clinging Oak

OUR friendship was really due to that most systematic of accidents, the alphabet; in all other ways we were as opposite poles of the compass. Tall, blond and serious even in his pleasure, he was firmly convinced that the salvation of the world would come by longer suspension bridges and bigger dynamos; his antithesis physically, I delighted in flippancy on the saddest occasions and was half-heartedly persuaded that whatever doubtful hope there was for the world lay in mild socialism and a sense of humor: but his name was Phillips and mine Perry, so four years of chapel and required courses had made us fairly well acquainted. By that time I had largely cured him of his notion that the engineering courses were the only ones in the curriculum where any worthwhile work was done; and he had demonstrated to me that a man may be totally devoid of any purely intellectual interests and still be a gentleman.

It had always been quite casual. Freshman year we had snickered at the same things in chapel, grumbled at the same French instructor; he had "coached" me in my math and I "edited" his themes, we had bummed to one football game together, and that had been about all. The next year I was somehow appointed the semi-weekly recipient of the latest news about "The Countess", one of the usual home-town only-girls. The procedure had been quite a stereotyped one, almost a ritual. Tuesdays he would appear in chapel waving two letters; "Well, letter from 'The Countess,'" he would announce—my cue for asking, "Still love you?" A strong affirmation coupled with a rather doubtful laugh, and he would turn his attention to the letter from his family. On Fridays the letter was not quite so bulky nor "The Countess's" love so undying, but apparently she still filled Sloane's need of a friendly, casual sort of

patron deity. A strange spectacle it was, this stalwart, outwardly self-sufficient, young bridge-builder always needing someone to lean on; and yet it was so much a part of his entire being that one had perforce to accept it without question. Blundering masculine as he was, he seemed fated to go blindly by the subtleties of life, sensing them only dimly and through others' eyes; and perhaps it was merely some innate fineness which made him stretch out for a guiding feminine hand. Certain it was that he found a fascination in women entirely transcending the usual allurements of laughing eyes, tilted chin or wind-blown hair.

All this, of course, I found out only gradually; our association was never of the closest nor, for a long time, was he very communicative. I suppose it was the summer after our second year that I got to know him best. My roommate had somehow contracted the disease for seeing America from the back-seat of a Ford; the virus had spread, infecting me and by some devious channel Sloane as well, so that the beginning of August had found the three of us doggedly fixing flats and tightening brake bands in the White Mountains. A week later it was Maine, then Quebec, Ontario, Niagara and a final coaxing of the old bus home again by Labor Day—that was our Odyssey. A course in automobile repairing punctuated by occasional scenery it sometimes seemed to Steve and me, but Sloane was deliriously happy. Here, he seemed to think, was a life purely physical, tied down to solid realities such as faulty insulations and refractory carburetors; no flightly subtleties to elude you, but definite achievements to look back on when you'd finally put in that blow-out patch, packed up the tent and got started for the day. Liberated from most of the restraints of civilization, he reveled in the open air life, the utter timelessness of a long day's rattling over the dusty roads, the comforting monotony of perfectly

natural profanity, the quiet after-supper pipefuls, and the hard ground and rolled blankets at nightfall. He even seemed to forget "The Countess". A postcard or two and once a short letter but, strangely enough, it was one of our volumes of Stevenson which occupied most of his very occasional idle time. Half scoffing he was, and yet there was mixed with this a quite youthful naïveté which filled the proselyting part of me with hope for his last two years at college. But that was before he met Florence Freeman.

At first I knew her only through her influence on Sloane. Returning to college prepared to reminisce at considerable length upon our trip, Steve and I had been rather annoyed to find Sloane's conversation all on the week he had spent at Cape May just after we had returned—and of a certain radiant goddess he had met there. She lived, it seemed, in Washington, was a sophomore at Hood, was quite fond of reading (said with a swelling chest), an admirer of Paul Whiteman's concert jazz, an excellent dancer and, withal, a damn' fine woman. More or less in the usual course of events she had been dubbed "The Princess" and the chapel ritual went on as before, except that the letters arrived only once a week and sometimes less often than that. For a time Sloane tried very hard to read books—*mirabile dictu*—for pure pleasure, but mid-years and natural boredom came about the same time, and he gave it up. Indeed, his enthusiasm seemed to have paled so much that I looked forward with only the mildest of curiosity to meeting her at our prom a few weeks later. When I finally was introduced, I was more impressed by her effect on Sloane than by her own personality as such. Short, brunette, very pretty in a plump way, she was, as I had rather expected, intensely feminine with a sickening tendency towards gushing. An attempt at a Virginian accent, a habit of drawing out her words with a great show of emotion

("Oh, *Bi—ll*, you act in the college *pla—y*? How *wo—n-derful*!") a conviction that the orchestra was simply *mah*velous, and all that sort of thing. She certainly fascinated Sloane, though; there was no doubt about that. The sparkle in his eyes, the unwonted awkwardness in his manner, the slight possessive look on his face as he introduced her to someone else, all made it quite plain that he really was in love. I kept my discovery to myself, however, made a few more kind remarks than I honestly could about her afterwards, but the Tuesday morning ritual began to die a natural and long overdue death.

I was abroad most of that summer, and senior year, due to the absence of required courses, I saw even less of Sloane than ever; in a way this was a relief, as the emotional strain of being in love had not imparted to him any great philosophic calm. Apparently he had seen a good bit of Florence during the vacation, for his interest seemed rather far away from the campus. He tended to withdraw into himself and, more desperately than effectively, into his work; evidently he was working quite definitely to get out of college and on his own. Such times as I did see him he would alternate between heavy morosity and such extreme and unusual talkativeness that one wearied of the name of Florence; and naturally he took somewhat of a ragging—not always good-naturedly either. There was almost a fight, for instance, when Kirch, the class's most inveterate punster, asked Sloane if he had yet succeeded in turning "The Princess" into a queen. I began to feel rather sorry for him, he was so obviously dependent on Florence; so when he triumphantly brought her up to a dance just before Christmas, I went out of my way to be nice to her.

Two days after the holidays were over, however, I was fervently forswearing all forms of benevolent quixotism, for I found myself once more in the rôle of unwilling

confidant. The great news, of course, was that he and Florence were engaged—couldn't get married for years, of course, as he had his advanced work at M. I. T. ahead of him, but still—. (Congratulation and so forth, on my part.) Curious thing, too, the way Flo had taken a fancy to me (rather badly bungled insinuation as to her good taste inserted at this point); she hoped she'd see more of me. I am afraid I didn't appear properly thrilled, and I quickly changed the subject to his work—had he signed up for Massachusetts Tech? how long would his course be? and so on.

"Well," he said, "Florence and I've been talking it over and she thinks that it may be a waste of time to take all this damn' grad work in one big chunk—pick it up in installments as you go along, she says. Of course—", and there followed a mass of facts on the subject all proving her wrong and ending up with the conclusion that, after all, she was very probably right. So it went.

It was Commencement Week, Florence was up for the show, he once more had someone to lean on, and I saw but little of him until next to the last day. He dropped into my room just before dinner, trying hard to appear casual.

"Oh, by the way, Bill, did I tell you Florence and I've fixed the lucky day?"

"Oh Yes?"

"Um-hmm. Just about a year from now." And he beamed.

"But my God, man, what're you going to live on? Rich uncle die or something? How about M. I. T.?"

"Chucked it. Too damn' tired of going to school all my life. I've got a job with General Electric offered to me right now where I'll draw down enough money to get married on inside a year."

"But your work, Sloane! think of that. You know better than I do you've got the stuff to make a fine

engineer—if you get the right training. If you don't, the cards are just stacked against you from the start." I tried to disguise my disgust in cold practicality.

"Well—" He was wavering already.

"Think it over," I said. "I don't know a damned thing about electrical engineering, but—" and there followed several minutes of heated argument intended to show that I did. Finally, when Florence's opinion was quoted for the second time, I gave up.

It was at the Senior Dance the next night that I had another of those inconvenient quixotic impulses. . . . "Let's sit this out," I said to Florence. "I really have something important I want to say to you."

"Oooh! Sloane'll be jealous." And a pretty but irritating pout.

"Never mind; it's about him. . . . You know Sloane really ought to go to Massachusetts Tech. He's got the ability all right enough, but it won't get him very far without the training—and he can't get that from Scranton by mail, or any of that sort of poppycock. I've told him this, of course—but he'll really believe you if you do it. It's for his own good, you know."

I would have said more—much more, and more impressing—but she interrupted me with her prettiest baby smile and her most honeyed voice. "Why, you wicked *man*! Trying to steal my sweetheart away from me! Why, General Electric has offered Sloane an awfully good job—he'll get on somehow, don't you worry. Now come on inside again, I don't want to miss another single *minute* of this wonderful dance."

God! what could you do?

It was late the next autumn before I saw him again. Suddenly one Saturday he called me up—how he ever knew where I was, I don't know; he said he absolutely

had to see me. In he came, as husky looking as ever but a bit haggard, his face bursting with news.

"It's all off!" he said hoarsely, and his voice was a curious mixture of exultation and regret.

"What?" I asked, though I could guess very well.

"The marriage. It's completely chucked. Had a quarrel at Thanksgiving and Flo gave me back the ring."

His voice shook and I was surprised to see him so moved—not so much from disappointed love as a sense of being utterly adrift. As he blurted out the story, however, he seemed to be recovering his grip upon himself. Of course, I felt a secret glow of joy to see him returned to his senses, but said nothing. It appeared that he hadn't been on his job with General Electric very long before he was convinced that he needed more training. His work had somehow seemed to be getting more and more important to him, he was no longer able to skim by on mere appearances as at college, and finally he had decided he must go to Tech. Florence had opposed, they had quarrelled and now separated. It was undoubtedly a victory, but victory like everything else had its price; he seemed all at sea. There was really not much I could do beyond the usual back-slapping and "Buck up, old boys;" these I did, we talked a while longer, and he was off.

I left the city the next day for the South and it was not till spring was well along that I returned to New York. Then one day, as unexpectedly as before, he popped in, gave me one of his stone-crusher handshakes and sat down, talking inconsequentially and volubly—for him—about such things as the weather and the new Hudson River Bridge. His conversation would go a-wandering, seeming to chase itself from one topic to another as if fearing to meet some too well-aimed question if it lingered in any spot too long. At last, however, it came out: he wanted me

to pack up on the instant and go off in his car with him on a trip through the Berkshires, camping by the roadside and largely earning our way as we went. His eagerness was almost pathetic; evidently he had a desperate longing to resurrect those vanished days when the three of us had trekked foot loose and fancy free through half New England and Canada. At the moment, I think, he looked back to that time as the happiest of his life—it had in truth been the Golden Age, when life was so beautifully simple, and before Florence had dragged so many subtleties and conflicting interests into it. Why shouldn't a man go back and live a man's life—simple, hard and square—he seemed to ask. . . .

Then his disappointment at my firm refusal—it was terrible; I almost relented. I tried in vain to change the subject to his work—what was he doing now? had he signed up for M. I. T.? But his answers about his future were entirely vague; apparently he had even no idea himself. It was heart-breaking but hopeless. . . . He seemed completely adrift—rudder lost, sails flapping idly, helmsman gone—and all because he had slipped a clogging anchor. Poor seamanship, I thought, that depends for all on anchors. . . . Strange it was, too, this hulking, stalwart oak of a man helpless before the wind now that its parasitic, life-sapping vine was pruned away from it. The clinging *vine*? Ah, the irony of our metaphors!

It was only two weeks this time before I saw him again, but then it was by accident. The change in him was tremendous; I hardly knew him, so radiant and brimming over with confidence was he. Somehow, I felt elated out of all reason—so he had the guts, after all—good boy!

“Signed up for Tech?” I asked.

“Nope, for matrimony,” he replied with a heartiness almost Rotarian. “Went around to see Flo the other

night when I was feeling pretty down in the dumps, and we sort of patched things up. So the wedding's all set for June, after all. Tech'll have to wait."

"Oh, my God!" I said wearily, "I give you up."

"What's that? You don't think it was the right thing to do?" He was incorrigible; to the end of his days he would need someone to lean on. And he might as well take Florence as any other woman. No use throwing cold water on it now—one more benevolent lie and be done with it.

"Nonsense! old man," I retorted as enthusiastically as I could. "Congratulations! I'm sure it's all for the best."

J. W. Martin.

Sonnet

*I wandered down the pathway of the past
And plucked the fruits that age has borne to age.
I found among the shelves that time amass'd,
The oldest book, the ripest, richest page.
I sailed again imagination's sea,
And ranged once more through fancy's treasure isle.
I pondered on the things that used to be—
Remembered and enjoyed them with a smile.
A smile—ah! would that laughter might outlast,
Unhindered by those ever present fears
That haunt each hidden chamber of the past,
And wash away a smile with bitter tears.
For when I follow golden memr'y's course,
The joy is ever tainted by remorse.*

J. T. G.

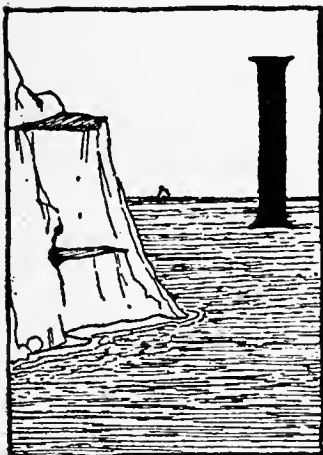
Sonnet for A Young Poet

*How, in our trifling troubles, we
Shriek to the skies and call on every star
To mark the flaws in these drab things that are,
And laud the splendours we would have them be:
How, in our woes, we cry to all mankind
To see the frightful scratches we have got—
That Wrong is strong and Right is often not,
That Truth is lame, Love senseless, Fortune blind.
Ay, grant it, lad, but we are not the first
Have seen the truth and owned it with a sigh,
Have felt the knife-stab, drunk the gall and cursed
Whatever gods and graybeards sit on high;
Ay, face the facts, lad,—peace is not for man—
Cast o'er soft hope, and seize what joy you can.*

J. W. Martin.

The Sabra

*"Quinquireme of Nineveh from distant Ophir
Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine,
With a cargo of ivory,
And apes and peacocks,
Sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white wine."*



IT WAS in those old days when man was not ashamed to spread his canvas to the winds of the gods that one Leotharic the Dane first saw the ship *Sabra*. He had travelled far to see her, for her fame was great, and his heart leaped as he climbed the steep hill that frowns down on the harbor of the city of Barak, where she lay. The day was hot and full of sunshine, the way long and hard, but hope had kept his spirits up. That morning, as he had tramped the dusty highroad, he kept saying: "There will be sunbeams playing about in her shrouds; she will be all-beautiful. Only a little longer and I shall really see her!" Suddenly, from the crest of his hill, Leotharic saw her—afar, and for a long moment he drew no breath. He simply worshipped those towering tiers of oars, those great pine masts tending heavenwards, that hull of graceful curves, sleek and perfect. At length, almost in a daze, he descended to the wharfside and made to board her, but the instant his foot first touched the *Sabra's* deck, a great feeling of disappointment surged over Leotharic the Dane.

For there is an air about a ship and she has a way with her, whereby a man may recognize one vessel from another at once. There are ships with the sweet breath of happiness in their sails, ships that laugh and dance for very pleasure, and there are those whose shrouds

moan and sigh to the dank winds of gloom. There are proud ships whose spars incline towards heaven, and there are those that grovel humbly in ocean's trough. Some notice when you come aboard them, others merely glance at you, others let you go your way in peace. Some tell the old, old tale of their infancy; with others, it is a sealed secret. Some ships sing and some groan, some are angry at the world and a few have broken hearts, but never had Leotharic beheld a ship that lacked her soul.

He had thought: "I shall see the *Sabra* arrogant in her beauty; I shall see her rejoicing in her conquests and her prowess of the old time." And he had hoped: "Of an evening her shrouds will sing songs to me; she is old, but she will be splendid."

But the windows of the *Sabra* in her gilded afterhouse looked out vacantly at the harbor like the eyes of a dead madman. Her bell, striking the hour, sounded discordant and lifeless, for it was out of tune and badly cracked. As Leotharic lingered, evening came and no comforting murmur of yarning tars arose from the fo'castle hatch. When the riding lights were lit, no mystical flood of yellow light stole out across the waters to meet the gathering dusk. One saw that they were merely lighted lanterns. When night fell, and the stars began to twinkle did Leotharic the Dane perceive what he had not dared to believe by daylight—he knew then that the *Sabra* was dead.

II

And this is why Leotharic the Dane sought out the square-jowled man that was the *Sabra's* master, drinking in a waterside tavern, and said to him:

"Why is the *Sabra* quite dead and her soul gone hence?"

The man put down his beaker of ale to glare at him

with bleary eyes. "Ships do not have souls, and there is no life in bare timbers."

Said Leotharic to him, "Sir, you have spoken rightly."

And he put the same question to the great bear-like man that was the *Sabra's* mate, and he gave him the same answer and the Dane thanked him for his courtesy. So it ran; everyone that he questioned, gave him the same half-mocking, half-pitying answer: "Ships do not have souls, nor is there any life in bare timbers."

But one day, he saw a man of slender build, who had silvery white hair and a face furrowed by falling tears, and he said to him:

"Why is the *Sabra* quite dead and her soul gone hence?"

And the slender one answered:

"The *Sabra* suffered too much and hoped beyond the possible;—that killed her."

"Tell me," said Leotharic the Dane.

"Years ago" he began, "she was builded by my countrymen, the men of Toire, and for many seasons she ploughed the deep, bringing cargoes—the wealth of the fabled Indies. But one dark day, as she was rounding the direful cape of Tar-El-Siboth, she fell in with a flotilla of piracy manned by these misbegotten sons of Satan, the men of Barak—the scourge of our whole sea. These took her to themselves—cargo, crew, hull and rigging, but they could not take her soul, which lingers, even now, along the quays of Toire. And every year, would our mother Toire send traders to the city of Barak to break a flagon of date wine across her trim bow, in token of encouragement and hope. But they of Barak are shrewd devils and they did guard their booty jealously. Years came and went, and by and by, thirty bottles lay shattered on the harbor bed of Barak, and still could the power of Toire do nothing. And the

Sabra hoped and grieved and suffered, until at dusk, when we of Toire were come to break our thirty-first bottle on her prow, she rose up out of herself and with a great twisted groan, gave up the ghost. As we looked, there sailed away southward a spectral ship, in the likeness of the *Sabra*, with all sail set, like a great albatross. And taking a little sloop, I rose up and left my comrades to follow her, for had she not been my mother and my nurse?—Southward, ever southward I sailed 'til I came after many hours to an isle of cypresses—all craggy and rock-infested. There, in a quiet lagoon, I beached my boat, and, being overcome with fatigue, fell instantly asleep.

* * * * *

“A little before daybreak, I was rudely awakened. It was that dark, dim time of the early dawn between moonset and sunrise—those cold hours when the dead are said to haunt the earth. And all about me, I heard the great and confused medley of sound that ever foretells the nearness of a fleet. And as I listened, I heard faint and indistinct, a low creaking of block and tackle, the gentle ‘tap, tap’ of slatting sails, and behind all, the muffled, frenzied clanging of a ship’s bell. Suddenly, I became aware of a number of vast, dim shapes in the morning mists. As I turned my eyes seawards, I saw the spectre of the *Sabra*, weeping hysterically and clanging her bell distractedly. And gathered round about her, I saw the phantoms of the sea’s great dead, comforting her. There were the ships of Agamemnon, ruined by the sick, sweet face of Trojan Helen, the fearless galleys of Hiram’s men, fashioned of sweet, strong cedar, and the biremes of Actium, mourning the loves of fickle Antony, and countless others, all uttering sounds of sooting comfort. And as I beheld this, the *Sabra* began to cease her weeping and wild clanging of bells; and slowly gathering about her, those ghost ships of the

past convoyed her gently southward 'til they faded from my sight.

"I know not whither they went, for after this, I fell into a faint. I only know that a passing fisherman found me stretched pale and white upon the beach, and brought me hither. But when I saw the *Sabra* once more, she was, as you have perceived, quite dead."

J. T. Golding.



Psalms for A College Wife

CENTAUR

Thou, creature on my hammered ash tray,
Delightful, grotesque, eerie figure:
Didst truly walk the earth?
Wast ever more than thought?
The crack-brained fancy of thy jesting Maker?
So might we ask of Man.

A. R. C.

PRACTICALLY DUST

We're tiny particles of dust
Circulating in a room
That's heated by some pipes of steam
(*Elan-vital*, our itching lust).

Slowly, vacantly we drift
Along the earth-floor, puny mites.
A sudden warmth and up we reel
Toward heaven's gate. The flight is swift.

The impulse short. The raptures go,
We slowly sink to earth (the floor);
We mix with kindred particles
And move sedately to and fro.

A. R. C.

Under the Greenwood Tree

THIS is the age of explaining America. Not only our native philosophers, but the Frenchman, the Englishman, the German, the Spaniard, even the Japanese, infinitely distant by tradition more than geography, are busy reporting the strange phenomena of the new land, explaining wherein it differs fundamentally from what once was—or now is—elsewhere, and analyzing its why and wherefore. Almost every phase of life on the new continent has been treated—the heterogeneity of population, mass production, prize-fights, Babbitt, the radio, Book-of-the-Fortnight clubs.

Under these circumstances it seems strange that no one has stepped forward to expatiate on the American summer camp. South America has its Firpo, Germany her million-unit-a-day factories, Paris her melting pot; but ask a foreigner about summer camps, and he will say "Oh yes, we have had them for years—our Boy Scouts encamp by lake so-and-so for two whole weeks every summer." Yes, my dear Señor, or Herr, or Monsieur, our boy scouts did that too, once upon a time. *Mais nous avons changé tout cela.* Now, one goes to camp first, and becomes a boy scout while there, if the inspiring efforts of the scouting director do their due work.

The growth of the summer camp for boys or girls, and its change of character from a daring and dangerous experiment to the accepted and conservative thing for vacation, has been at a truly American speed, and wonderfully complete. No longer ago than the late eighties the camp movement started. One or two city-weary individuals, who believed in fresh air, pines, mountains, and pioneer life on one's wits and bare hands, and felt sure these things were good for boys, collected small—to us, almost infinitesimal—groups of boys, and started actually camping out by the lakes of central

New Hampshire, doing their own cooking, fishing for what food they could, and buying from farmers only apologetically, as an auxiliary source of supply. Next summer, or some summers later, they went to the length of building tent-floors, and a central cabin for evenings and rainy days. Thus they definitely fixed themselves in a permanent location, and began to take on a more lasting and institutional character. Also, the newness and daring of the idea commenced to wear off, and parents became a little freer in trusting their sons to strangers among the distant hazards of the New England woods. By this time, camps were opening in Maine and Vermont as well. Numbers grew so that the fifty boys in a camp could no longer afford to be dependent for their food on Bill's luck in not spilling the scrambled eggs into the fire, or on Joe's not forgetting to take the bread out of the oven; and professional chefs were hired. This was deplored by numbers of boys who had enjoyed the thrill of making that on which they lived, and valued the experience in later years when their wives were sick. Other legions, who had had to eat what was thus prepared, thanked the divine powers for the new departure. The optimistic view prevailed.

The great increase in numbers brought another personage, one of the most characteristic in the modern camp—the councillor. By constant thought and vigilance, a wise and energetic person could successfully keep twenty-five boys well and happy. But the troubles, ills, and frictions of two or three times that number required help. So, in order to have physically able assistants, trained in camp technique, and yet to preserve the spirit and sympathy of youth (to say nothing of saving money on salaries) the directors began hiring young men still in or just out of college, who had previously been with them as campers, to assist in the branching problems of the new American camp. Shortly

specialization began. Now there is no self-respecting camp that does not have its swimming councillor, its handicrafts councillor (usually given at boys' camps, the more robust title of "instructor in manual training"), its Boy Scout councillor, its athletic councillor, its woodcraft councillor (of this exclusively summer-camp science we shall have more to say anon), its horseback councillor, sometimes even its photographic councillor. The appearance of the councillor was another step, perhaps the chief one, in institutionalizing the camp; it made the organization much more like that of a school, and introduced a more detailed and prescribed routine of life. The schedule of the camp day, which in the beginning had been merely an aid to getting the work of the camp done in the most sure and expeditious way, became rigid, and one of the most omnipresent features of the usual modern camp. The boys' camp was pretty well full-fledged, as above outlined, when, just after the turn of the century, several liberal and forward-looking people, almost simultaneously, decided to act on the theory that sauce for the gander was sauce for the goose. They started the first girls' camps. Of course at first, these were even more daring and outrageous than the original boys' camps, but they were favored by the extreme difficulty of knowing what to do with a girl in the summer between ten years old and the time she marries. A boy can get a job for the summer, or, failing that, three months of hotel life at resorts are not popularly supposed to leave any particular bad effects on him except for his outlook on white-haired maiden ladies who look on disapprovingly at dances. But with a girl, it is different. And when the first shock was over, the camp seemed the ideal insulator from the world during the part of the year that it could not be conveniently managed in any other way. So the girls' camp soon made up for lost time in expansion. On the

whole, I believe the need for them actually is a little more real than for their brother institutions (not meaning hereby to imply that boys' camps are at all useless) for the very reasons just mentioned.

And so, in contrast to their adventurous beginning, camps had now become places to which parents could send their children in perfect safety and peace of mind, knowing that they would be safely cared for, and have the darlings out of the way for a sea-shore or European summer. Through the camp a man may send his child to day nursery, kindergarten, boarding school, camp (all along from kindergarten on) and college, and then eject him with an allowance, never having to bother with said child for more than two weeks at a stretch in the twenty-odd years it takes to start growing up. And not only does the camp help in this, but it returns the child to school after two months of almost unmitigated fun, tanned and husky, more at home in the water than on land, with three or four fast friends from other cities, and twenty or thirty new signatures on his duck sailor hat (or her white middy, as the case may be). There is also an unlimited supply of subjects for English compositions, to vary the standard one on Our Dog Towser.

* * * * *

The modern camp, the one which is to astonish our European, when he sees it (coincidence though it be, I have never known a foreigner who had visited one without being on the staff) is a very different affair from old Camp Chocorua with its four or five tents on a wooded island in Squam Lake. The only camp which I know of on an island now, greets those who arrive (in its big speedboat) with a large stone lighthouse, and its two-berth boathouse is labeled CAMP * * * so as to be visible for half a mile.

Such traces of the primitive as the modern camp retains, aside from its location, are generally matters of

tradition hardened into custom and fashion, just as the collegian scorns garters and woolen underwear not because of a real personal preference but because the Class of 1923 really found them uncomfortable and shed them. Most people have certain fixed ideas as to what a camp should be in the way of roughing it, and according to these we run the gamut from the Canadian camp which spends its summer shooting rapids in canoes, down to the Jewish girls' institution (my camping conservatism will not let me call it a camp) which has electric lights and running hot and cold water in each sleeping-bungalow, and uniformed waitresses. (Even in these last some adventure is present, for it is a characteristic of camp electric systems that once a week the gas engine blows a cylinder head, shoots a flywheel, or just stops, and the camp is plunged in giggling, excited darkness.)

These variations are extreme, but as with everything else in our glorious country, there is in general tremendous uniformity among camps. (I once got into the wrong one in Maine, and did not know it until the office found on their schedule the night I was supposed to be there.) But perhaps I may be excused, after seeing a good many camps (some were good, and others were run to make money, but the most of them were good) for propounding one a bit different in some ways from the present standard practise. Some of my camp hosts are among my finest friends, and I hope they will excuse my presumption as evidence of the interest they have aroused, rather than hold it the mere forwardness of the uninformed layman I am.

If I had a camp my first actions would be in the way of reduction. I would nearly have a riot the first day, for I should abolish woodcraft. My camp would maintain one intelligent geologist, a botanist, and a zoologist, for the benefit of those who really wanted to know. Anyone who then suggested organizing a Nature Walk,

or giving merit badges for bird calls recognized, would be forthwith traded to the nearest old-line camp for a Dartmouth track athlete, or something similar. Everybody who had ambitions toward fire-making would be threatened with death if he wasted any beautiful birch-bark trying to make one with no paper and two matches, and would be given the *Sunday Times*, a large box of Diamond Matches, and told to build a good, sound wood fire in the fireplace the next cold evening. Most Boy Scouts cannot do that, and they are much more likely to have a fireplace in their future homes than to be lost in the woods next to an ironwood and a cottonwood tree with a bowstring and a squirrels' nest growing on it. Anyone who wanted Indian lore would have to go to the library and look it up, if he wanted to know that badly. Some of the boys probably would, and they might read "Hiawatha" for themselves (I should surely have it for them in the camp library) and be that much richer for it.

From breakfast on, my camp would not run on rigid schedule. If a camper felt he would rather work in the shop than join the crowd in a walk, he would be permitted. My councillors would not be hired for the purpose of hurrying things along and seeing that everybody was in the right place at the right bugle call. I would not have a bugle at all; I would have a clear-toned, resonant gong. If lunch was five minutes late, I should not even mention the fact nor urge more punctuality the next time. (As to this paragraph of rank heresy, I should not dare to include it, but the best camp I ever saw is run that way, and there was never anyone else who saw that camp who did not feel it a great relief, as well as an overwhelming success.)

I should prevent the overstrain of the camp hospitality (one feels more quickly at home in a good American camp than in any other strange place I know) by announcing

that parents might inspect the camp and bring their children candy (which would of course forthwith be distributed evenly to the entire camp) on the first of August, and that otherwise they would please leave us in peace. Parents are much more trouble to manage than any five of their children.

Finally, I should instruct my councillors to think up a distant errand, quick, every time they saw anyone reading a funny-paper, and I should see that the Shredded Wheat was kept thoroughly crisp.

Now for the additions. I should keep a fleet of *good* rowboats—at least as many as I had canoes—and should see to it that my campers knew how to use them with skill and respect. It is a constant wonder to me that there is a boy left alive in a camp, at the rate at which the green and the careless rush about in canoes. A canoe is a tippy craft, and not a really good one for practical purposes such as fishing and baggage-carrying, although, I suppose, no canoe devotee could ever be brought to such an admission; and the propulsion of a well-built rowboat is not nearly as hard work as most campers imagine. Rowing is much the more well-balanced exercise, into the bargain.

The next thing would be the hardest, for it would depend entirely on the spirit of those who carried it through: I should try to make a point of the most beautiful manners, at table and elsewhere, so as to send the campers home more polite than they came, instead of their having to unlearn a boarding-house reach, loud voice, and door-slamming state of mind—as I am afraid is sometimes the case.

And if my camp were to be known for one thing, I should like it to be this, that it had the best camp library in New England. I should have Stevenson there, and Scott, and Thomas Hughes, and Dumas, and Richard Henry Dana, and Jules Verne. If campers or kindly

guests left copies of the Rover Boys or The Boy Scouts in the Air, I should immediately give them to the farmer's children—unless I feared to poison their minds, in which case I should use them to further my fire-building program in the lodge fireplace. I should have Dickens, and Tennyson, and, as aforesaid, Hiawatha, and Altsheeler, and the Arabian Nights. But I would not have Emerson, nor Ben Jonson, nor Goethe, for in my camp no camper would be old enough to understand them. The most

heering sign in the camps of the present moment is that more and more their campers are under sixteen. When a boy is that old, he should be looking out for himself. The camp has no further business to take care of him.

I am afraid someone will say that all this is Utopian, if not just plain undesirable. But even if so, this is the open season, not only for camp reunions, but also for next summer's log cabins in the air. There is time enough yet for them to crumble, so that my little imaginings will do no real harm to the great American camp.

J. B. Mussey.



The Centaur and the Laurel

*Out of the love-light, and the fawning wind,
Thy shadow tempted me to things unknown
Before: to glorious half-truths, insatiate
Pain, the world of unaccomplished quest,
And dim, uncertain goals beyond the grave.
And I had found myself the very strain
Of peace, born upon the skill of untried
Years, and tempered to an ashen heat
Long ere the time of fire. Oh, vain power!
Blind sovereign to the questing world, who made
Thee priest to ask the blood of love, and gave
Thy hand to scourge unchecked the broken mind,
And drive the spirit to a thousand leaps
It may no longer dare? Ah! this was then
The sign I chose?—to live forever in
The tyrant's eye, and turn my purpose toward
The blinding light which all who worship die.
Yet thou art come in strange forms; for I
Have known thee follow seaward when the course was gone,
And all the withered sand, o'er where the sea-wave whispered,
Yearned—as sightless Homer the guiding child's hand.
And I have heard thee breathe upon the harp of Silence,
And felt thee in the wind-lull ere the dawn—
Then parts regret, and only sorrow—sleeps,
Sleeps away—to dream—beyond the veil.*

Bramwell Linn.

Prairie Dusk

*An ancient sea flowed o'er this plain,
And even now, as dusk doth fall,
Its ghost sometimes creeps back again.*

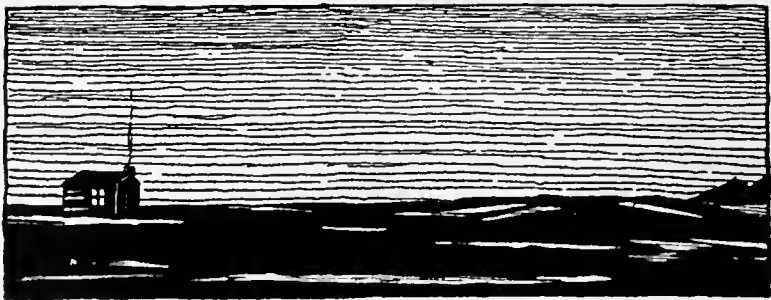
*Where in the day are waves of grain,
At twilight ocean waves will crawl;
An ancient sea flowed o'er this plain.*

*Out here, where man doth not profane
The sea-bed with his towers tall
Its ghost sometimes creeps back again.*

*A hut with lighted window-pane
Becomes at dark a vessel small;
An ancient sea flowed o'er this plain.*

*Dim mist o'erhung the ocean then,
Where now the moon illumines all,
Its ghost sometimes creeps back again.*

*And I, whose fathers sailed the Main
To me unknown, can hear it call.
An ancient sea flowed o'er this plain;
Its ghost sometimes creeps back again.*



Vivamus Mea Lesbia

STATELY greenness of sharp-leaved palms holding vividly the pale, caught sunlight. Silver play of water in feathery streams rising and falling, magically quiet. Violet planes of dusky shadow lying in horizontal ribs along the cool, marble floor. Shades of color faithfully reflected in the limpid, flashing eyes of Lesbia as she lay stretched luxuriously upon her couch.

The stage was beautifully set for another of her little interludes. She leaned back and looked once more at this new lover of hers. He had just kissed her for the first time. Hence the ridiculous, dramatic stillness.

She had not been kissed thus for many a Roman holiday. As for Catullus, he was already hopelessly enmeshed in the toils of professional beauty, the nervous, tickling appeal of a woman who had cultivated love as a fine art and who wore her suitors like a dress. The vital finishing-touch. Her technique, through exhaustive practice, was flawless. Indeed, the subtle exercise of her shop-worn wiles had rounded back and into the early charm whence it had sprung, adding to her blatant appeal a grace-note of artless innocence. And it fascinated this young maker of poems as Lesbia planned it should. She was really a supreme actress with a different lover for every scene. How fortunate to have found Catullus in her arms. The odds were practically ten to one.

The two of them sighed delicious nothings. They maneuvered here and there, Lesbia far from loath, Catullus further still. It rather flattered her to be having violent suit paid her by this handsome young writer of lyrics. She had heard tales of the slayings he had made in the upper circles of Roman society. There were even rumors of paid attendance upon a wealthy widow, but such stories never do get beyond the telling.

He was clever, popular, with always something unusual to say. Certainly a greatly-to-be-desired young man.

This was Lesbia's train of thought as she smiled once more into the eyes of her lover. He looked at her, long and lovingly. Tears flashed in his eyes. He closed them and suddenly bowed his head upon her breast, trying to speak but producing little more than a mumbling sound with his lips. Suppose this is all in the game thought Lesbia as she glanced about her somewhat bored. But her face lighted up of a sudden, her eyes became darker and her palms grew moist as she felt the warm young body lying along her body, the dark, curly head resting on her bosom. A poet, and young, too. The sweet enchantment of youth whose secret Lesbia thought she had unlearned forever. Lifting her hands to his head she began to weave her fingers through his locks, all the while swaying her body gently, softly. . . .

ACT II

(A year has elapsed)

Catullus turned and went out noiselessly through the portico that gave into the courtyard where the pool was. He strode quietly, quickly along, tight-lipped, unseeing. He had just beheld what he had dared the town to show him: proof of the unbelievable stories he had heard about his idol, Lesbia. At first he had scoffed at the idea of proving for himself the truth of those disgusting rumors. Driven to desperation he had gone to her house this particular afternoon, had entered unannounced, and had seen—proof enough.

He strode blindly along between the rows of magnificent buildings that bordered the street. He was nearly run down by a speeding chariot and suffered unhearing a round brace of Roman oaths from the driver. A wave of revulsion swept him. He was sick, exhausted in

body and soul. He saw in a flash that he must leave Rome. Existence in the same city with one whom he had so bravely championed, who had been the inspiration of all his poetry, who had now turned out to be nothing more than a pervert! Impossible. The mockery of it.

In his mind's eye appeared a vision of his mountain villa near the shores of lake Sirmio. Rest and quiet were what he needed most of all. He knew he didn't have much longer to live. A strange disease had fastened itself upon him and was gradually breaking down his powers of physical resistance. But he didn't greatly care. He had lived intensely, passionately, sincerely, and life had burnt him out.

That evening Catullus left Rome for good.

ACT III

(Some months later)

The man, seated at the wide table set before the open window that overlooked Lake Sirmio, paused in his work and let his hand rest lightly on a sheet of the piled-up manuscript that littered the table. He couldn't have been much over thirty, yet there was a sure hint of age about the corners of his eyes and mouth. In repose his face had an air of sorrow, or rather it seemed as if a mask had settled down prematurely over a countenance cheery and joyful by nature. The face of one born to laugh but destined from birth for tragedy.

A light breeze from the lake rustled icily the manuscript beneath his hand. The fragile brushing shocked Catullus out of his reverie. He turned his eyes slowly, sadly from the distant scene they had been fastened upon to the squat tracery of words that sprawled before him. He was writing his memoirs. This manuscript was a paper on his poetic works that he had asked a learned friend of his in Rome to write for him. A sentence or

two caught his eye “. . . an Alexandrian, but differing from them in a full feeling of the enjoyment of life, the sensuous even coarse delights of a love present and palpable, the melancholy which attends the thought of death as ending these, and the various episodes of a lover's life, its quarrels, reproaches, reconciliations, despairs. So far as these love poems are Greek at all, they are like the early Greek lyrics, not the later compositions of Alexandria. . . .”

The musing poet was gripped with an odd sense of unreality. He glanced curiously at a poem of his that had been used in this paper as a specific example of something or other (after the best Roman tradition). He recognized it at once. Yet how strange and foreign the mood of it seemed to him now, as though another man unknown to him had written it, and had simply pinned on the name of Catullus. The poet in him was dead and the living shade remembered but faintly, the strength and vigor of him who was once the writer of lyrics.

He arose from his chair and walked to the open window. He stood for a long time looking out moodily upon a flawless sky. Across the lake the long, deep shadows in the valley far below heralded the coming of twilight, violet sister of purple evening. He watched the shadows grow and mingle with lesser shadows, watched them throwing out long, broken fingers that closed remorselessly over whole stretches of countryside, bloated fingers that swelled grotesquely in every direction till at last, they disappeared as if by magic in the sleeve of the cloak of dusk, and evening had settled over Lake Sirmio.

Turning sadly from the window, Catullus struck a match and lit the gas-jet.

EPILOGUE

The tragedy of the whole affair to my mind lay in the fact that Catullus, while an exquisite writer of love lyrics, was much too sincere a young man in the matter of love itself. And Lesbia was simply a beautiful woman of convertible virtue, in her better moments the epitome of aggressive, practical-minded Woman. He had idealized her and through no fault of her own, she had failed to measure up to this ideal. Here was the tragedy for Catullus. Lesbia probably thought very little about it. Would it not have been wisdom itself for him to have adopted a cynical attitude to offset, perhaps to balance her extreme practical-mindedness? But then, I am forgetting that he was a poet, that as a result of this misplaced inspiration, the world has gained a handful of immortal love-songs. 'Twould seem that justice, like Jehovah, works in a mysterious way. 'Twould seem moreover that it isn't always the woman who pays.

A. R. Crawford.



BOOKS

THE WELL OF LONELINESS

RADCLYFFE HALL

We fear this book is still known to the public largely as the one-that-was-suppressed-in-England, and aroused such a literary storm thereby. Just why anyone except Anthony Comstock should have gone to the trouble to suppress it, we don't know; a scientific treatise on the subject could scarcely have been written with more complete absence of offense, and its psychological and sociological implications would seem to render it important that as many people read it as possible. And when Havelock Ellis vouches absolutely for its scientific basis, it seems rather ostrich-like to shriek Lesbianism and Sapphism, invoke the shade of Queen Victoria and admonish the public not to read it.

Briefly, the story is a minute, detailed character study of Stephen Gordon, a talented and sensitive invert—the masculine woman whose parents had confidently expected a boy in her place. As country gentlewoman at Morton, as busy novelist in London and Paris, as member of a women's ambulance unit during the War, her life is one long tragedy of emotional frustration with only one interlude of complete fulfilment. The other characters in the book, though sketched with remarkable clearness, are nevertheless no more than incidents in the search for companionship of this victim of Nature's whim. But besides—though never entirely apart from—this grim spectre of loneliness which stalks through the book, there are a great many beautiful passages of rich, sensuous description—almost too many, for the book is more than five hundred pages long.

There are times, indeed, when the fervor of Miss Hall's pleas for sympathy, instead of hate and horror, for

the sexually un-normal, threatens to drown her story in a hot flood of propaganda, but it must be remembered that this, after all, is the very heart of her novel. Without this—if thus it could be imagined—it is a mere well-written, over-long character study; with it, it is undoubtedly one of the important books of the year.

(*Covici-Friede*, \$5.00)

THE LETTERS OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD

EDITED BY J. M. MURRY

After reading these letters, one has a feeling that they are too intimate to talk about—here there is found too searching a view of a person's soul to make the task of reviewing them a pleasant one. The sole justification for her husband's publishing them is that it may give those who are devoted to her work a last taste of Katherine Mansfield. There is now nothing left of hers that is likely to be published, although there are hopes for a definite biography to be written some time.

The letters cover the period from the summer of 1913 to shortly before her death in 1923—that continuously hopeless period while she was travelling in France and Italy trying to be cured of consumption. Some of the letters written on the bad days are so dreary and pathetic that one can scarcely imagine what kept her going.

In her letters, and especially in those addressed to her husband, there are in an intensified form, those characteristics which make her stories so intrinsically interesting—appreciative devotion to details (for the life in them, not for their own sake, as she expresses it) and a most sensitive and sympathetic attitude towards all forms of life. The fascination of this sort of writing is immeasurably heightened by the weakness of her tragedy, and still further by the fact that she writes so much more feelingly about her own life than about that of any of her characters.

(*Constable*, London, 15/.)

LIFE AND TIMES OF PIETER STUYVESANT

HENDRIK VAN LOON

In the boisterous town of New York lives a genial Dutchman who smokes a meerschaum, writes history books, and makes his own charming illustrations for them. He is a disciple of the great Dutch humanist, Erasmus, who a few centuries ago took a huge delight in kidding the people.

Hendrik Van Loon is like his master in that he doesn't allow his history-book people, or the facts of history itself to kid the reader. Shocking details, ludicrous details, tragic details. He includes them all. And this is why his books are so fresh and readable. Synthetic history with a refined kick.

"Life and Times of Pieter Stuyvesant", as the title indicates, is not simply the tale of the decline and fall of the Dutch Republic in the new world. That part of it was rather a farce. The little village of New Amsterdam was hardly more than a somewhat enlarged chicken-coop, lorded over by an obstinate old one-legged rooster. This barnyard sketch is not the book's reason for existing. It has for frame and background an inquiry into the doings of the Dutch upon the high seas during the 17th century.

There are the usual charming details of a Van Loon history book. He tells us the amazing story of the wanderings of Henry Hudson, of his tragic end. The shocking way which what are usually known as our "forbears" treated the Indians. The hilarious description of what took place at one of old Pieter's "cabinet meetings" during which no one was allowed to express an opinion except the single English member who being happily ignorant of the Dutch language said "yes" to everything the Director suggested and therefore was one of his most trusted friends."

This is history as it should be spoken. It has the sure

depth of experience and the genial breadth of humor. If this country in its public school system were honestly seeking to give its citizens-to-be a liberal education, one that would develop in them a true sense of the past, the sense of perspective, it could make no better start than by scrapping all the lovely hush-hush that passes for text-books of history in the schools today. And for this vacuum we prescribe a brace of Hendrik Van Loon's story-books, "America" and "Life and Times of Pieter Stuyvesant", the two books of his that deal with this country's not-so-unsullied past.

(*Henry Holt & Co.*, \$3.50)

THE STORY OF ORIENTAL PHILOSOPHY

L. ADAMS BECK

Books predicting the downfall of Christianity are not at all rare in this enlightened age, but it is unusual, to say the least, that an author has the temerity to propose a substitution of religions for the self-complacent West; yet this is the very apparent purpose of this volume. Approximately half the pages are given over to a description of the glories of Buddhism and Indian thought, and all other Eastern philosophies are compared with this standard.

Hailed as a companion volume to Will Durant's masterpiece, it should have a place on the library table of everyone who wishes to be learned with the least possible effort. After reading through the long list of quotations from some holy book (which is the composition of the majority of chapters), one ought to be able to qualify as one of the intelligentsia by knowing a very little about a subject concerning which very few know anything.

(*Cosmopolitan*, \$5.00)

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The Haverfordian

VOL. XLVIII

HAVERFORD, PA., MARCH, 1929

No. 6

THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the *twentieth* of each month preceding date of issue during college year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates; to this end contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the *fifth* of the month.

Entered as second-class matter March 19, 1921, at the post office at Haverford, Pennsylvania, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized April 11, 1921.



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THE PLACE: *Paris.*

THE TIME: *1927.*

The action covers a period of twenty-four hours.

Introduction

Believing that the average reader is at least one-eighth amateur-detective, the editors of THE HAVERFORDIAN herewith present a problem for your wits as it was presented to M. Henri Bencolin, the prefect of police of Paris. Now that such things as "The Baffle Book" have become the rage, and murder-games are a popular indoor sport, this magazine may point out that it presented a similar game in 1926—some time before "The Baffle Book" was thought of—and will not, therefore, be accused of imitating a fad.

The first seven chapters of this problem are offered for your solution in the current number and are followed by a blank page, where it may interest you to write down the name of the person you believe to be the murderer before reading the last three chapters in the April issue to verify your guess.

As this story is considerably longer than "The Shadow of the Goat," wherein M. Bencolin first appeared, there are considerably more clues scattered about; and also, we warn the industrious sleuth, considerably more ways to go astray.

It is, in effect, a theatrical performance at the Grand Guignol of France, and the management expresses a wish that the members of the audience, in addition to checking off the name of the villain on the program, will remain in their seats until the final curtain.

Grand Guignol



I

THE OVERTURE: *Danse Macabre*

"Le jeu est fait, 'sieurs et dames; rien ne va plus."

The voices stopped. It was so quiet that from anywhere in the room you could hear the ball ticking about in the wheel. Then the shrill, bored voice chanted:

"Vingt-deux noir, 'sieurs et dames . . ."

One man got up from the table stiffly, with an impassive face. He made a defiant gesture at lighting a cigarette, but the flame of the briquet wobbled in his hand; he smiled in a sickly way, and his face glistened when he looked from side to side. A woman laughed. There was the booming of an English voice, swearing triumphantly.

Paris has many such miniature casinos, which attract the most mixed throng of any places in that mixed city. This was a long red room, in a walled house of a discreet neighborhood at Passy. A harsh color scheme of red and crystal; a harsh sound of voices, and bad ventilation; a harsh jazz orchestra downstairs mangling tunes already execrable; poor cocktails supplied by the house, and a clientèle at once fashionable and dowdy—above everything, a gloomy tensivity of thousands being played across the table. The hard light showed worn places on faces and furniture. The women used too much perfume; men took an enormous delight in shaking out two-thousand-franc notes like tablecloths.

At a lounge near one of the windows, from which you could see the Citroën advertisement spraying colored lights up the side of the Eiffel Tower, I sat with my friend Bencolin. He idly twirled the stem of a cocktail glass; with the points of his hair whisked up, and his black beard clipped to a sharp point, he looked even more Mephistophelian than usual. The wrinkles round his eyelids contracted in amusement, and he smiled sideways when he pointed out each newcomer round the clicking wheel.

They were interesting. There was Madame That and the Marquise This, octogenarian crones whose faces were masks of enamel and rouge, dyed hair piled like a scaffolding; they smirked and ogled at their gigolos, smooth-haired pomandered young men whose gestures were like a woman's, but with manners and evening dress flawless. A crone's hand would shoot out like a claw after a new pile of banknotes; then the gigolo applauded politely, and smiled in a glittering way at the leering woman. There was a Russian lady with a Japanese face and a pearl collar—not beautiful, flourishing skinny arms like wings—but several men were

eager to back all her bets. There were loud Argentines, the deepest plungers, and an American too drunk to follow the play, but falling over everybody's chair and demanding to know who wanted to start a poker game. An attendant led him suavely away to the bar . . . Gestures were shriller, bolder; the hard light drew lines and wrinkles, and showed up splotches of powder on bare backs; no fog of smoke could eliminate the wet odor of the bar, or any amount of music blat down that insistent song of the wheel.

"They are fools," said Bencolin idly, "to play against a double zero." He glanced over as another burst of laughter came from the tables. "And the foreigners will play nothing else. Baccarat, chemin-de-fer—never. It must be quick, like a drink of whiskey, voilà!" He snapped his fingers. "Their only system is the martingale, doubles or quits, and they do not last long."

"Is the game straight?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. Cheating is quite unnecessary, and too dangerous . . . Well," he added, smiling, "am I not showing you Paris, my friend Jack?"

"And much obliged. Except that I had hoped to go slumming. This is as dull and decorous as the Latin Quarter."

"Yes, but wait," Bencolin remarked softly. "I seldom go anywhere for pleasure. I think you will find that this is no exception."

"A case?"

He shrugged his shoulders. For a time he sat staring with blank eyes at the crowd; then he took out a black cigar, and rolled it about in his fingers. Absently he continued:

"It has been in the past my good or bad fortune to be concerned only in cases of an outlandish nature; cases whose very impossible character admitted of

just one solution. Cast your mind back. There was one way, and only one, in which the smuggler Mercier could have been strangled; there was one way for La Garde to have been shot, and one way for Cyril Merton to have accomplished his 'disappearance.' Is a person, then, to evolve a philosophy that there is but one way for any crime to be committed? Hardly; and yet—" He scowled across the room.

"The Duc de Saligny," he went on abruptly, "is good-looking, wealthy, and still young. He was married at noon today to a charming young woman. There, you will say, is a perfect cinema romance. The bride and groom are both here tonight."

"Indeed? Aren't they going on a wedding-trip?"

"To the modern marriage," mused Bencolin, "there seems to be something slightly indecent about privacy. You must act in public as though you had been married twenty years, and in private as though you had not been married at all. That, however, is not my affair. There is a deeper reason for it."

"They don't love each other, then?"

"On the contrary, they seem to be violently in love . . . Have you ever heard of the bride?"

I shook my head.

"She was Madame Louise Laurent. Three years ago she was married to a certain man named Alexandre Laurent. Shortly afterwards, her husband was committed to an asylum for the criminally insane." He was silent a moment, thoughtfully blowing smoke at the ceiling.

"Laurent was examined at the psychopathic ward. I was present at the time, and I give you my word that Cesare Lombroso would have been delighted with the case. He was a mild-appearing young man, soft-spoken and pleasant. The black spot on his brain was sadism. Usually lucid, he would have intervals in which the

temptation to kill and mutilate became overpowering; and none of his crimes ever became known until after his marriage. Of course, such a neurosis could have no normal marriage, and culminated in what is known as 'lust-murder.' He attacked his wife, with a razor. She contrived to lock him in his room, for she is strong, and summoned help. By that time the frenzy had spent itself, but his secret was out."

Bencolin spread out his hands.

"A genius, Laurent, a scholar, a prodigy in the languages. He spent his days in the asylum very quietly, at study. The marriage, naturally, was annulled." Bencolin paused, and then said slowly, "Six months ago, he escaped from the asylum. He is at large today, and the confinement seems only to have unbalanced him more completely.

"What did he do? He set out to find a perfect disguise. In these days, my friend, they are childish who seek to disguise themselves with any stage-trappings: paint, or false hair, or anything of the kind. Even an unpracticed eye, such as your own, could penetrate such subterfuges without difficulty . . . No, Laurent did the only perfect thing. He put himself under the care of Dr. Grafenstein, of Vienna, the greatest master of plastic surgery. He had himself remade entirely, even to his finger-prints. When this had been done, he quite coolly killed Dr. Grafenstein—the only person who had ever seen his new face. Even the nurse had never laid eyes on the patient: in the first stages, he was swathed in bandages; when he began to heal, he concealed himself in his own room. Yes, he killed Grafenstein. He is now in Paris. Two days ago, he wrote a letter to the young Duc de Saligny. It said simply, 'If you marry her, I will kill you.' And I very much fear, my friend, that he will."

I do not believe that I was ever in my life struck with

so much horror as at this unemotional recital. Bencolin had never raised his voice. He smoked meditatively, watching the crowd; out of his words there grew in my mind a distorted picture of a lunatic, a Grand Guignol madman stepping through green dusk. Bencolin turned his sardonic face, shook his head, and remarked as though in response:

"No, we are not dealing with the conventional killer or the blood-curdler, who betrays himself in public. Have I not said that Laurent is mild-mannered and pleasant?—only with that clot on his brain. And what does he look like? The good God knows. He may be that fat banker over at the roulette table; he may be the young American, or the croupier, or any of them, or he may not be (and probably is not) here at all. But I shall not forget the Duc de Saligny's face when he brought that letter to me. A tall swaggerer with blood-shot eyes and an excitable manner: he kept biting his lips, and looking round until you could see the whites of his eyes. He was frightened, but he refused to admit it. Yes, he would go through with the wedding, and so would Louise. But you will see that he longs for public places now, until my men can step out and lay their hands on Laurent."

That was the beginning of the nightmare drama. It seemed to me that the voices had grown more shrill, the gestures more elaborate; and that some force of Bencolin's words had penetrated to everybody in the room. It was not possible for them to have heard him, and yet you would have said that everyone was conscious of it, and was looking over toward us, furtively.

"Is he always dangerous?" I asked.

"Any man who has committed one murder is always dangerous. And Laurent especially, for our pathological case has discovered how pleasant it can be."

"How does madame—*madame la duchesse* take all this?"

Bencolin was regarding a very oily and effusive Jew, who proclaimed his losses at the top of his voice; then the detective laid his hand on my arm.

"You will see for yourself. Here she comes now . . . You notice? No emotion or agitation; she looks as though she were in a drug-fog."

A woman was crossing the room toward us; she moved in a rather vague way, with expressionless eyes and a slight smile. She was beautiful, but she was more than this. Even her hair had a cloudy look. The eyes were heavy-lidded and black, with not too much mascara, the lips of a sensual fulness which just escaped being coarse. In dress she was perfect, the black gown accentuating the invitation of shoulder and breast. She twisted her pearls vaguely. There was a little silver anklet under the gray stocking . . . She came straight up to Bencolin. When he bent over her hand she was negligent, but, closer, you could see a vein pulsing in her throat.

Bencolin introduced me, and added, "A friend of mine. You may speak freely." She looked toward me, and I had a sense of veils being drawn away. It was a look of scrutiny, not unmixed with suspicion.

"You are affiliated with the police, monsieur?" she asked me.

"Yes," said Bencolin unexpectedly.

She sat down, refused one of my cigarettes, and took her own from a little wrist-bag. Leaning back, she inhaled deeply; her hand trembled, and her lips stained the tip of the cigarette as though with blood. She wore some kind of exquisite perfume; one was conscious of her nearness.

"*Monsieur le duc* is here?" asked Bencolin.

"Raoul? Yes. Raoul is getting nerves," she an-

swered, and laughed shrilly. "I don't blame him, though. It is not a pleasant thing to think about. If you had ever seen Laurent's eyes—"

Bencolin raised his hand gently. She shivered a little, looked slowly over at me, and then said, "There goes Raoul now, into the card room." She nodded toward a broad back disappearing through a door at the far end of the room. I saw no more than that, for I happened to be looking at my wrist-watch. I looked at it twice, absently, before I noticed that the hour was eleven-thirty.

"Orange blossoms!" she said, and laughed again. "Orange blossoms, lace veils. A lovely wedding, lovely bride, with even the clergyman staring at us and wondering if there were a madman in the church. Orange blossoms, 'till death do you part'—death! Very possibly!"

This was sheer hysteria. The sights and sounds of the casino blended in with it; the banging of the jazz band became nearly unbearable. That voice of the croupier rose singing over it, like the bawling of the man who calls trains. Louise, Duchesse de Saligny, said abruptly,

"I want a cocktail. Don't mind me if I seem upset. I keep thinking of Laurent crawling about . . . M. Bencolin, you're here to see that no harm comes to Raoul, do you hear? 'Till death do you part'—" She shivered again.

There was silence while Bencolin looked round for the boy with the cocktail tray, a silence, and none of us intruded on each other's thoughts. A man and woman walked past us, almost stumbling over madame's feet; and I recall that the man was saying heatedly in English, "Five hundred francs is entirely too damn much!—" The voices trailed away.

Somebody had come up in front of us, and coughed

discreetly. It was a tall man; dapper, blond, with an eyeglass and an almost imperceptible moustache.

"Your pardon if I'm intruding," he remarked. "Louise, I don't believe I know—" He took out his handkerchief unnecessarily, wiped his lips, and stood fidgeting.

"Oh . . . yes," she murmured; "these are gentlemen from the police, Edouard. Allow me to present M. Edouard Vautrelle."

Vautrelle bowed. "Very happy . . . Raoul's gone to the card room, Louise; he's been drinking too much. Won't you play?"

"That music—" she suddenly snapped; "damn that music. I can't stand it! I won't stand it. Tell them to stop!—"

"*Doucement, doucement!*" Vautrelle urged, looking round in a nervous way. With an apologetic nod at us he took her arm and led her toward the table; she seemed to have forgotten our existence.

Bencolin picked up the cigarette-stub she had left in the ashtray. He was juggling it in his palm, when suddenly he looked up. Madame and Vautrelle were in the center of the room directly under one of the large chandeliers; they stopped. We all heard the crash of breaking glass, and saw the white-coated servant leaning against the door of the cardroom. He had let fall the tray of cocktails, and was staring stupidly at the wreckage.

Everyone turned to look. With the cessation of voices, the jazz band had stopped too. The manager, his fat stomach wabbling, was hurrying across the room. But most distinctly emerged the drawn, shiny face of the servant—who had seen something, and was desperately afraid.

Bencolin did not seem to hurry, but he was across the room immediately. I was directly behind him;

he extended in his palm, for the manager's gaze, the little card with the circle, the eagle, and the three words, "prefecture of police." Together we went through the door of the cardroom.

My sensations were the same as those I had experienced once at a side-show when I had seen some mountebank swallow a snake. The room was not well-lighted; its leprous red was hung with weapons, and a red-shaded lamp burned beside a divan at the far end. A man had fallen forward before the divan, as though in the act of kneeling—but the man had no head. Instead there was a bloody stump propped on the floor. The head itself stood in the center of the room, upright on its neck; it showed white eyeballs, and grinned at us in the low red light. A breeze through an open window blew at us a heavy, sweet smell.



II

RED FOOTLIGHTS

With the utmost coolness, Bencolin turned to the manager.

"Two of my men," he said, "are on guard at your door. Summon them; all the doors are to be locked, and nobody must leave. Keep them playing, if it is possible. In the meantime, come in yourself and lock this door."

The manager stammered something to an attendant, and added, "Nobody is to know about this, understand?" He was a fat man, who looked as though he were melting; a monstrous moustache curled up to his eyes, which bulged like a frog's. Tumbling against the door, he stood and pulled idiotically at his moustache. Bencolin, twisting a handkerchief over his fingers, turned the key in the lock.

There was another door in the wall to our right, at the left side of the dead man as he lay before the divan. Bencolin went over to it; it was ajar, and he peered outside.

"This is the main hall, monsieur?" he asked.

"Yes," said the manager. "It—it—"

"Here is one of my men." Bencolin beckoned from the door, and held a short consultation with the man

outside. "Nobody has come out *there*," he observed, closing the door. "Francois was watching. Now!"

All of us were looking about the room. I tried to keep my eyes off the head, which appeared to be gazing at me sideways; the wind blew on my face, and it felt very cold. Bencolin walked over to the body, where he stood and peered down, smoothing his moustache. Beside the neck-stump I could see projecting from the shadow a part of a heavy sword—it had come, apparently, from a group on the wall, and though the edge was mostly dulled with blood, a part near the handle emerged in a sharp, glittering line.

"Butcher's work," said Bencolin, twitching his shoulders. "See, it has been recently sharpened." He stepped daintily over the red soaking against the lighter red of the carpet, and went to the window at our left. "Forty feet from the street . . . inaccessible."

He turned, and stood against the blowing curtains. The black eyes were bright and sunken; in them you could see rage at himself, nervousness, indecision. He beat his hands softly together, made a gesture, and returned to the body, where he avoided the blood by kneeling over the divan.

"Jack," he said suddenly, looking up, "pick up the head and bring it over here."

No doubt about it, I was growing ill.

"Pick up—the *head*, did you say?"

"Certainly; bring it here. Watch out, now; don't get the blood on your trousers . . ."

In a daze, I approached the thing, shut my eyes, and picked it up by the hair. The hair felt cold and greasy, the head much heavier than I had thought. While I was going toward Bencolin, I recall that the jazz band started playing again downstairs, dinning over and over, "*Whe-en ca-res pur-suoo-yah, sing hal-le-looo-jah—*"

"I shouldn't tamper with this," Bencolin observed, "but nobody can give me orders; and I don't think we need a coroner's report about the manner of his death." He fitted the head against the trunk and stood back, frowning. I sat down heavily on the divan.

"Come here, monsieur," said Bencolin to the proprietor. "This sword: it comes from the room here?"

The manager began talking excitedly. His syllables exploded like a string of little firecrackers popping over the room; the almost unintelligible clipped speech of the *Midi*. Yes, the sword belonged here. It had hung with another, like itself, crossed over a Frankish shield on the wall near the divan. It was an imitation antique. Oh, yes, it was razor-sharp; this lent such a semblance of reality, and the patrons like reality.

"The handle," remarked the detective, "is studded with round brass nail-heads; we shall get no clear fingerprints from it, I fear . . . Do you ever use this room, monsieur?"

"Oh, yes; frequently. But we haven't used it to-night. See, the card tables are folded against the wall. Nobody wanted to play. It was all that roulette." Volubly eager, the manager waggled his fat hands. "Do you think it can be hushed up, monsieur? My trade——"

"Do you know this dead man?"

"Yes, monsieur; it is M. le Duc de Saligny. He often comes here."

"Did you see him go in here tonight?"

"No, monsieur. The last I saw him was early in the evening."

"Was he with anybody then?"

"With M. Edouard Vautrelle. The two were great friends——"

"Very good, then. You may go out now and inform *madame la duchesse*; be as quiet about it as possible——"

better take her out in the hall, in case she makes a scene. Tell M. Vautrelle to step in here."

He went out by the hall door, leering over his shoulder with tiny wrinkled eyes. Bencolin turned to me.

"Well, what do you make of it?"

I could not collect my thoughts, and blurted dully, "They were fortunate to keep it from the crowd out there—"

"No, no: the murder?"

"It was a terrific blow. It must have taken a madman's strength."

"I wonder!" said Bencolin, beginning to pace up and down. "Not necessarily, my friend. It was a two-handed blow, but, as our manager says, that sword is razor-sharp. I do not think that such gigantic strength was essential. You could have done it yourself . . . Look at the position of the body; does it convey nothing to you?"

"Only that there seems to have been no struggle."

"Obviously not. He was struck from behind. We may assume that he was sitting on the divan before he was struck; but he got to his feet. Mark that: he got to his feet also before he was killed—you note that he is some distance out from the divan . . ."

"Well?"

"Yes, there are a number of pillows on the divan."

"Pillows?"

"Certainly. Great God! where are your wits? Don't you understand?"

"It suggests nothing except—except an amorous implication."

"Amorous the devil!" snapped Bencolin. "There was nothing amorous about the situation here." He laughed wryly, and added, "Our madman is now in these gaming-rooms. Nobody has left, unless my agents were asleep."

"By the hall door?—"

"François has been there since eleven-thirty. Do you know what time Saligny came in here?"

"I recall exactly, because when madame pointed him out I was looking at my watch. It was eleven-thirty."

Bencolin looked at his own watch. "Just twelve; it should be easy to check alibis . . . How do you account for the fact that the head lies at some distance from the body, standing up?"

"It certainly couldn't have rolled to that position."

"Well, stranger things have happened, but it didn't—you can see that there is no blood-trail between the head and the body. No, the murderer put it there."

"Why?"

"You forget that this is no sane mind. Can't you imagine it? The murderer triumphantly holding up the head of his victim; mocking it, addressing words to it while he walked round shaking it by the hair—"

"What a cheerful imagination *you* have!"

"But it is necessary," he murmured, shrugging. Then he bent down gingerly and started to go through Saligny's pockets. Presently he straightened up and indicated a pile of articles on the divan. There was a queer smile on his face.

"The crowning touch . . . his pockets are filled with pictures of himself. Yes. See?" He ran his hands through clippings and pasteboards. "Newspaper pictures, and a few cabinet photographs. Photographs of himself, every conceivable sort; pictures where he looks handsome, pictures where he looks ghastly . . . here is one on horseback; another at the golf links . . . Hm. Nothing else except some banknotes, a watch, and a lighter. Why these photographs at all? and especially why are they carried in evening clothers?"

"Conceited ass!"

Bencolin shook his head. He was squatting by the

divan, idly turning over the clippings. "No, my friend, there may be another reason—which is the peak of all this odd business. Cabinet photographs. Diable!"

We were suddenly startled by a tearing, rattling sound. The door to the hall was pushed open despite a protesting officer in plain clothes; there lurched into the room a short, pudgy, wild-eyed young man with a paper hat stuck on the back of his head. He grinned foolishly, his clothes were awry, and the noise was being made by one of those wooden twirlers they give as favors at night-clubs. He gave that sort of drunken leer very popular at weddings, shook the rattler at us, and smirked at the silly sounds it emitted.

"Party here," he said in English, "'scort couple home. Always do't 'scort to the home to, as it were. Let's have a drink. Got any liquor?" he demanded interestedly of the plain-clothes man.

"*Mais, monsieur, c'est défendu d'entrer——*"

"Cutta frog talk. No comprey. Got any liquor? Hey?"

"*Monsieur, je vous ai dit!——*"

"N'lissen! Gotta see m'friend Raool. He's married; hellva thingta do!——"

The young man was pleading and persistent. I went over hurriedly and spoke in English:

"Better go out, old top. You'll get to see him——"

"By God, you're m'friend!" crowed the young man, opening his eyes wide and thrusting out his hand. "Got any liquor? I've been drinkin,'" he confided in a low tone, "but gotta see Raool. He's married. Let's have a drink." Suddenly he sat down in a chair near the door and fell into a half-stupor, still twirling the rattle.

"*Monsieur!*"—cried the policeman.

"I'm gonna pop you," said the newcomer, opening his eyes again and pointing his finger at the policeman

with a curiously intense look, "sure'z hell I'm gonna pop you 'fyou don't gettaway! C'mon, get back, 'm gonna pop 'im!" He relapsed again.

"Who is this?" I asked Bencolin.

"I have seen him before, with Saligny," the detective replied. "His name is Golton, or something of the sort: an American, naturally."

"We had better put him——"

Again there was an interruption. We heard a woman moaning, "I can't stand it! I can't stand it!" and other feminine tones urging her to be quiet. It was Madame Louise's voice. The door to the hall opened, and Edouard Vautrelle entered. He was very pale, but supercilious; he polished the eyeglass on his handkerchief, and looked round coldly.

"Was this necessary?" he said.

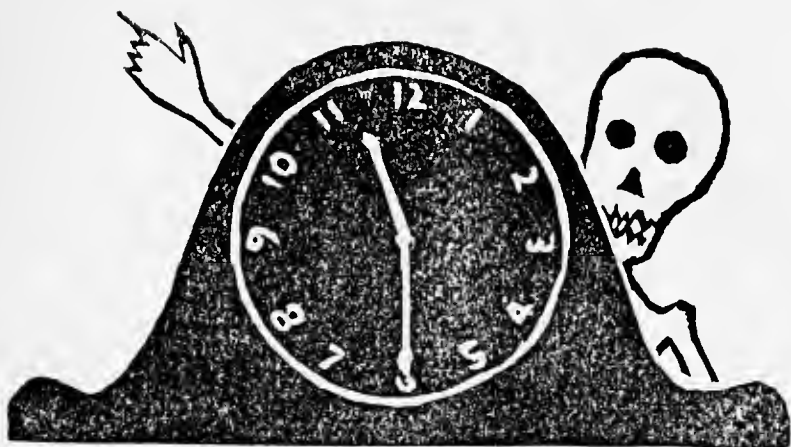
Supported by a little wizened woman-attendant, Madame Louise came after him. She glanced at the thing on the floor; then she stood stoically, upright and motionless, with the rouge glaring out on her cheeks. Her eyes were dry and hot.

There was a space of silence, so that we could hear the curtains rustling at the window. Suddenly Golton, the American, looked up from a glassy contemplation of the floor, and saw her. He emitted a crow of delight. Never noticing the body, he rose unsteadily, made a flamboyant bow, and seized madame's hand.

"My heartiest congratulations," he said, "on this, the happiest day 've your whole life!—"

It was a ghastly moment. We all stood there frozen, except Golton, who was wabbling with hand extended in his bow. Golton's eyes travelled up to Vautrelle, and he added waggishly:

"Sorry you got the gate, Eddie; Raool's got more money'n you, anyhow . . ."



III

DEATH GUIDES THE CLOCKS

Vautrelle snarled, "Get that drunken dog out of here!" and made movement that was restrained by Bencolin.

"Take him out," the detective whispered to me, and added under his breath: "*Learn what you can.*"

Golton was more easily led away by one of his nationality; besides, at that moment he gave signs of becoming unwell. The policeman passed us out into the hall, and I supported him down its length to the men's lounging room, which was equipped with deep chairs and many ashtrays. Stoutly denying the need of assistance, he disappeared for a time and presently emerged looking pale but considerably more sober.

"Sorry to be such an inconvenience," he said, sinking into a chair. "Can't hold it. All right now." After a time of staring at the floor he said irritably: "What's alla fuss about?"

"Your friend, Raoul."

"Yeah; he's been married."

I adopted the easy camaraderie of Americans in a strange country. "Known him long?"

"Two'r three months. Met him when I was on a trip to Austria."

"He and his wife have been engaged a long time, haven't they?"

"I'll say! Must be two years. I don't know what's been delaying 'em. Ever since I've been in France, I guess . . . Say, lemme introduce myself. Sid Golton's the name, from Nebraska. I think I could stand a drink."

"You were an intimate of his, then?"

"Not exactly, but I knew him pretty well. Way I met him, I saw his picture in the papers—great horseman; so'm I. Walked up on the train and says, 'I'm Sid Golton. I wanta shake your hand'."

"That was very tactful."

"Sure. Well, he spoke English all right. But I never got a chance to go riding with him. Useta drop round to his house. It was a swell wedding they had . . ." It suddenly penetrated Golton's mind that something was wrong. His face was assuming normal lines after a squashed-clay appearance, and resolved into pudgy, reddish features under thinning hair. He demanded: "What's all this about, anyhow?"

"Mr. Golton, I am sorry to say that the Duc de Saligny has been murdered——"

Golton's eyes turned as glassy as marbles. He was halfway out of his chair when the door to the hall opened, and Bencolin entered with Edouard Vautrelle. The ensuing few minutes showed Golton, maudlin and fearful, grotesque with his scared features under the paper cap, insisting that he "didn't know a damn thing about it, and if he wasn't let out of there right away there'd be trouble, because he was a sick man."

"You are at liberty to go, of course," Bencolin said. "But please leave your address."

Golton blundered out the door, loudly declaring that he was headed for Harry's New York bar. His address he gave as 324 Avenue Henri Martin.

"Sit down, please, M. Vautrelle," Bencolin requested.

Vautrelle was the essence of coolness. His shirt-front did not bulge when he sat down, the wings of his white tie were exactly in line; even the colorless face had no wrinkles, but the movements of his eyes jarred it in quick darts. He crossed one leg over the other in a bored way

"A few questions, please, monsieur. You understand that this is necessary . . ." (Vautrelle inclined his head) . . . "May I ask the last time you saw M. de Saligny alive?"

"I can't recall the exact hour. It may have been ten o'clock."

"Where was he then?"

"He had just left Louise with some of her feminine friends. He was going toward the tables. He seemed in high spirits. 'I'm going to play the red, Edouard,' he cried; 'red is my lucky color tonight . . .'"

I could have sworn that there was a faint smile on Vautrelle's face.

"Then," Vautrelle continued, "he turned to me as though with an afterthought. 'By the way,' he said, 'what was that cocktail you were describing to me: the one the man makes in the American Bar at the Ambassador?' I told him. 'Well, then, do me a favor, will you?' he said. 'Get hold of the bar steward here and tell him to mix me a shaker of them, will you? I'm expecting a man on something very important tonight. And, oh, yes! While you're there, you might tell him to bring it to the card-room when I ring. I

expect the man about eleven-thirty o'clock. Thanks.' I rejoined some friends——"

"One moment, please," interposed Bencolin. He pulled the bell-cord at his elbow. Presently there entered the white-coated servant who had dropped the tray on entering the room of the murder. He was freckled and ill-at-ease and his huge hands tugged at the bottom of his jacket.

Bencolin, standing with one elbow on the mantelpiece, extended his hand.

"Steward, you were the person who discovered the dead man?" he asked

"Yes, monsieur. Monsieur there," he nodded towards Vautrelle, "had told me to expect a ring around eleven-thirty from the card room and I took in the cocktails monsieur had ordered. I saw . . ." His eyes wrinkled up, and he protested: "I could not help breaking those glasses, monsieur! Really, I could not! If you will speak on my behalf to——"

"Never mind the glasses. You heard the bell ring, then? At what time was this?"

"At about half-past eleven; I know, because I was watching the clock for it. M. de Saligny always tips—tipped—well."

"Where were you at the time?"

"In the bar, monsieur."

"Where is the bell-cord in the card room?"

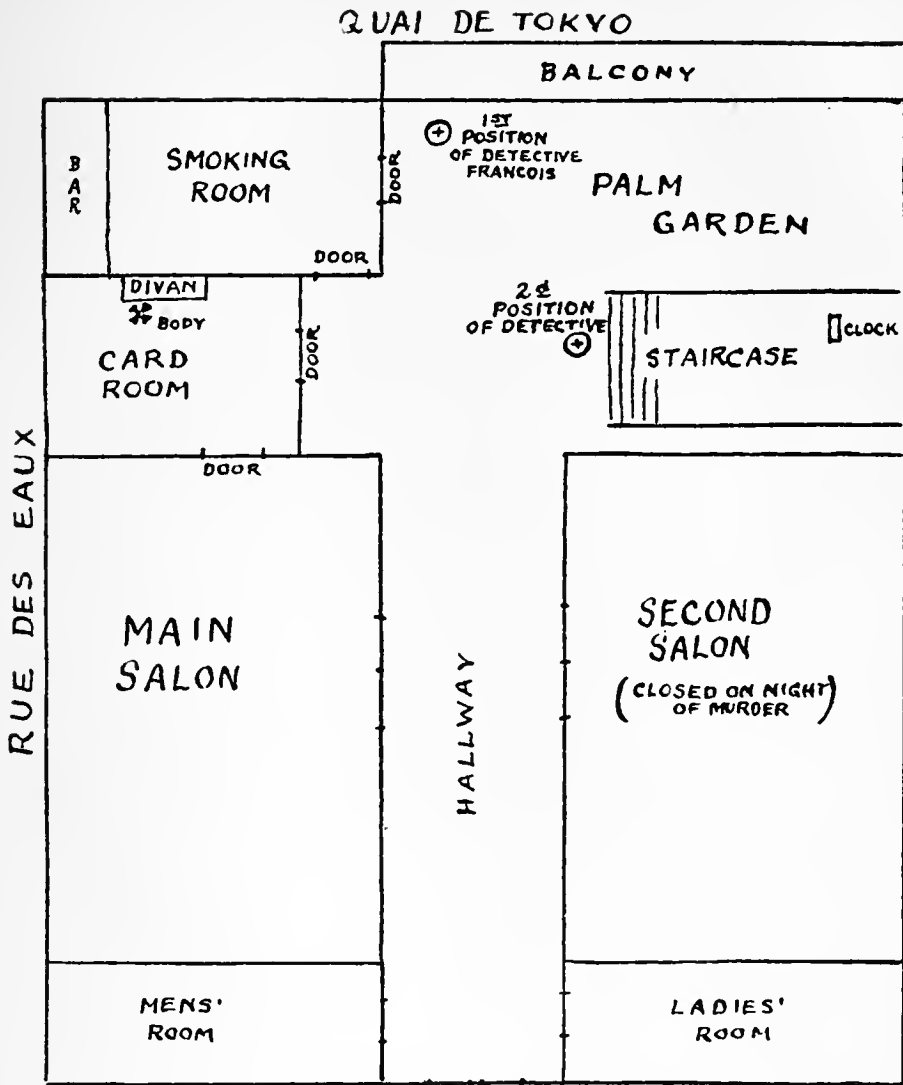
"By the door into the main hallway, monsieur. You may see for yourself."

"You came immediately?"

"Not immediately. The bar-steward took his time about mixing the cocktails, and insisted that I wash some sherbet-glasses. It must have been ten minutes before I answered the ring."

"By which door did you enter?"

"By the door into the hallway; it is closer to the



PLAN OF 3rd FLOOR

smoking-room on which the bar gives. The light in the card-room was bad, and when I entered (I got no reply to my knock)—” He began to speak very fast, and shift his glance from side to side, “I did not at first perceive the—that anything was wrong. I . . . *mère de Dieu!* I walked across, and almost stumbled over the head. I cried out; I reached the door of the main salon, and I could hold my tray no longer. That is all, monsieur! I swear to you before all——”

He fidgeted, and backed towards the door. Abruptly, not at all muffled by the closed door, the orchestra downstairs commenced again on another ancient tune which had just come to Paris; a throaty voice warbled in English:

*"Pack up all mah ca-re and woe,
Here I go, singing low—"*

Bencolin turned his back and stood for a time looking out of the window. Then he motioned the steward to go. He returned to the table beside which Vautrelle sat bolt upright with an amused smile.

"Here," he said, sketching rapidly and tearing out a leaf of his notebook, "is a rough plan of the floor. I have consulted the clocks in the smoking room and on the staircase. They agree with my watch that it is now . . . What hour have you, M. Vautrelle?"

Vautrelle turned over a thin silver watch in his palm. He consulted it with great deliberation, and announced: "Exactly twenty-five minutes past twelve."

"To the second," agreed Bencolin. He turned to me. "You have—?"

"Twenty-four and a half minutes, to the second."

Bencolin scowled at the plan.

"Very well. To proceed, M. Vautrelle, can you tell me your whereabouts at half-past eleven, when M. de Saligny entered the card-room?"

"Within a few seconds, monsieur, I can." Vautrelle hesitated; then, startingly, he burst into a roar of laughter. "I was speaking to your detective on guard at the end of the hall, and I stayed with him for over five minutes, when I walked into the main salon under his observation and was introduced to you."

Bencolin nearly lost his temper. After an interval of silence, during which he stared at Vautrelle, he yanked the bell-cord. François, the plain-clothes detective,

came in with an air of importance, rubbing his large nose.

"Why, yes, monsieur, the gentleman there was with me," he replied. "I was sitting in a chair reading *La Sourire*, when he came up to me, and offered me a cigarette, and said, 'Can you by any chance tell me the right time? My watch seems to be slow.' 'I am positive,' said I, 'that my watch is right—eleven-thirty—However, we can consult the clock on the staircase.'"

François refreshed himself with a glance at all of us. He resumed:

"We walked to the head of the stairs, and, as I knew, the clock confirmed my watch. He set his own, and we stood there talking——"

"So," interrupted Bencolin, "that you were directly before the hall door into the card-room within a minute after M. de Saligny entered the room from the gaming-salon?"

"Yes. We stayed there over five minutes, and then monsieur there walked down the hall and entered the main salon. I remained at the head of the stairs . . . Incidentally, I saw the boy go in with the tray."

"You are positive, then, that nobody left by the hall door."

"Positive, monsieur."

"That is all."

Bencolin sat at the table with his chin in his hands. After a time Vautrelle remarked: "Of course, you are at liberty to imagine that there has been tampering with clocks."

"There has been no tampering with the clocks, nor with my friend's watch, nor with mine. I have made certain of that."

"Then I suppose that I am at liberty to go? I dare say madame needs attention, and I shall be glad to take her home——"

"Where is madame now?"

"In the ladies' room, I believe, with an attendant."

"I presume," observed Bencolin, with a crooked smile, "that you will not take her to the home of M. de Saligny?"

Vautrelle appeared to take the question seriously. He put the glass in his eye and answered: "No, of course not; I shall take her to the apartments she occupied previously in the Avenue du Bois. In case you want my own address," he extracted a card case, "here is my card. I shall be pleased to present you with a duplicate at any time in the future you feel called on to be as insulting as you have tonight."

He preened himself as he rose, and his manner said, There's no reply to *that!* Standing in the doorway, he called for his wraps. Bencolin, thoughtfully turning the card over in his fingers, looked up with wrinkled forehead.

"Saligny was a great swordsman, too, I take it," he said softly. "Tell me, M. Vautrelle: did he speak English?"

"Raoul? That is the most amusing question yet. Raoul was essentially a sportsman, and nothing else. Yes, he was a swordsman, and a spectacular tennis-player—he had a service that nearly stopped Lacoste—and the best of steeplechase riders. Of course," Vautrelle added smugly, "he *did* sustain a fall that nearly paralyzed his wrist and spine, and had to see a foreign specialist about it; but yes, he was a fine athlete. Books he never opened. Tiens, Raoul speaking English! The only words he knew were 'five o'clock tea'."

A servant had brought in Vautrelle's coat—long and dark, with a great sable collar, and hooked with a silver chain, it was like a piece of stage-property. He pulled down on his head a soft black hat, and the monocle gleamed from its shadow. Then he produced a long ivory holder, into which he fitted a cigarette. Standing

in the doorway, tall, theatrical, with the holder stuck at an angle in his mouth, he smiled.

"You will not forget my card, M. Bencolin?"

"Since you force me to it," said Bencolin, shrugging, "I must say that I would much prefer to see your identity card, monsieur."

Vautrelle took the holder out of his mouth.

"Which is your way of saying that I am not a Frenchman?"

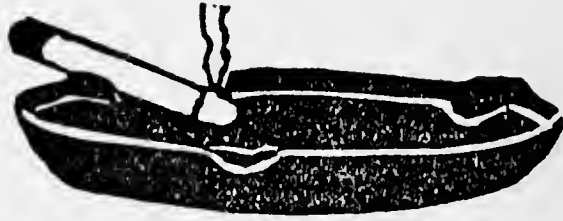
"You are a Russian, I believe."

"That is quite correct. I came to Paris ten years ago. I have since taken out citizenship papers."

"Oh! And you were?"

"Major, Feydorf battalion, ninth Cossack cavalry in the army of his imperial majesty the Czar."

Mockingly Vautrelle clicked his heels together, bowed from the hips, and was gone.



IV

HASHISH AND OPIUM

Bencolin looked across at me and raised his eyebrows.

"Alibi Baby!" I said. "I don't see how you're going to shake it, Bencolin."

"For the present, it is not necessary that I should. Question: where does this species of fire-eater get the income to go about with a millionaire like Saligny?"

"You suspect that he is our madman?"

"Frankly, I don't. But I very much suspect that he has been in the habit of supplying *madame la duchesse* with drugs."

"Drugs?"

"When she came over to us this evening," went on Bencolin, hunching up in the chair, "I remarked that she looked as though she were in a drug-fog. I did not know it at the time, but that was the literal truth. Did you see me pick up the cigarette she left in the ashtray near us?" He fished it out of his vest pocket. "It is very thoroughly doctored; with what, I can't say until our chemists analyze it. It is either *marihuana*, the Indian hemp-plant—the Mexicans use its dried leaves as a cigarette-filler—or the Egyptian *hashish*. She is a confirmed user, or it would have made her violently ill. You noticed the expression of her eyes and the wildness of her conversation: she is no novice in its use. It kills, you know, within five years. Somebody is most earnestly trying to do away with her."

He was silent, tapping the pencil against the table; and because I was busy forming a theory I made no comment. He viewed the case with sardonic eyes, sour and unsurprised.

"Well, I want to speak to one other person," he said at length. "Then we shall have to go on a little errand I have in mind. François!—Send the proprietor in."

The gentleman came in wild-eyed, his moustache drooping like a dog's ears. "Monsieur," he cried, before his stomach had preceded him through the door, "I beg of you, you must countermand that order that nobody is to leave! Several have tried to go, and your men downstairs stopped them. They demanded to know why. I said it was a suicide. There are reporters—"

"Sit down, please. You need not worry; a suicide will enhance the reputation of your establishment. Is the medical examiner here?"

"He has just arrived."

"Good. Now . . . Before coming here this evening, I consulted the files for some information about you—"

"It is a lie, of course."

"Of course," agreed Bencolin composedly. "Chiefly I want to know if there are any patrons here tonight who are unknown to you?"

"None. One must have a card to enter, and I investigate them all: unless, of course, it is the police. I should be grateful if my compliment to you were returned." He was drawn up in offended dignity, rather like a laundry bag attempting to resemble a gold-shipment.

Bencolin's pencil clicked regularly against the table.

"Your name, I am informed, is Luigi Fenelli; not a common patronymic in France. Is it true that some years ago the good Signor Mussolini objected to your running an establishment for the purpose of escorting weary people through the Gate of the Hundred Sorrows?"

Briefly, monsieur, were you ever arrested for selling opium?"

Fenelli lifted his arms to heaven and swore by the blood of the madonna, the face of St. Luke, and the bleeding feet of the apostles that such a charge was infamous.

"You give good authority," said the detective thoughtfully. "Nevertheless, I am inclined to be curious. Does it require a card, for example, to be admitted to the fourth floor of this establishment? Or is the soothing poppy dispensed, like the cocktails, by the courtesy of the house?"

Fenelli's voice raised to a shout; Bencolin's hand silenced him.

"Please!" said the detective. "The information was mine before I came here. I give you twelve hours to throw into the Seine whatever shipment you have on hand. This leeway I grant you on one condition: that you answer me a question."

"Even the illustrious Garibaldi," said the other dramatically, "was sometimes forced to compromise. I deny your charge, but as a good citizen I cannot refuse to assist the police with any information at my command."

"How long has M. le duc de Saligny been a user of opium? Don't deny it! He has been known to come here."

"Well, then, within the last month, monsieur. I was shocked and grieved that such a fine young man—"

"No doubt, no doubt. Did the woman who is now his wife contract any charming habits here also?"

"Each," replied the manager loftily, "was very much concerned about concealing it from the other."

"Ah, yes. Who instigated this?"

"You asked for one question, M. Bencolin, and I

have answered you two. That is all I will tell you if they subject me to torture!"

"Such a contingency is hardly likely. At any rate, I advise you become busy turning your fourth floor into a bar or a bagnio or something equally harmless . . . That is all, Fenelli."

When the manager had gone, I looked up from an ostentatious studying of the floor plan, and said: "May I ask how much of your information you're concealing, Bencolin? This was the first mention of that angle: Saligny as a drug-taker."

"Ah, but that's another pair of sleeves completely. I was not sure it had any bearing on the case. Now I am morally certain it has."

"How did you learn about Fenelli's private parlor on the fourth floor?"

"Saligny told me about it."

"*Saligny* told you about it?—You don't mean Saligny, do you?"

"Yes." With an injured and virtuous air. "Jack, find me a person in this whole affair who is acting rationally, and I'll make you chief of detectives! Now in a moment we shall be invaded by the whole horde—I hear screamings and protestings out there—and I want you to accompany me on an expedition I have in mind. But first let us argue the case a bit. I am curious to get a layman's reaction."

He rose and began to pace about, hands clasped behind his back, head bent forward. Mephistopheles smoking a cigar, several of him reflected in the mirrors around the walls as he passed up and down; a queer and absurd little figure in motion, but Paris's avenger of broken laws.

"You want me to name the man I think is Laurent?" I inquired.

"Hm . . . that would be deducing from insufficient

evidence, at this stage of the game. You have not seen everybody here, nor one-fifth of the people who might be Laurent. I imagine that all our characters have not yet appeared . . . But proceed. You think you know the man who killed Saligny?"

"The chances are I'm wrong, naturally. But I'll have a guess."

"Well?"

"The American, Golton."

Bencolin stopped abruptly and removed the cigar. "Tiens, this is interesting! Why? Do you have reasons, or are you guessing detective-story fashion?"

"I give them to you for what they're worth. Reason number one: Golton's behavior. It doesn't ring true; it is overdone; it is a little *too* American. That byplay in the card-room, for example. It doesn't seem possible that any man, no matter how drunk, should fail to notice such a shambles directly before him."

"An American should be the best judge of that, I confess. Still, the servant seems to have walked halfway across the room without . . . I wonder . . . No matter; go on."

"His behavior, then. He sobered up remarkably fast, too, after telling that bit about Vautrelle being cut out by Saligny in madame's affections. Reason number two: He says he met Saligny when he was returning from Austria. I may point out that it was from Vienna that Laurent escaped."

"If he is Laurent, he would be a lunatic indeed to tell you that voluntarily. Austria, moreover, has several cities besides Vienna."

"Reason number three: According to every bit of evidence we have, Saligny could not speak English. Yet according to what Golton told me, we have him speaking English quite well. More than that, we have Golton, who says *he* speaks no French, going about con-

stantly with a man who speaks no English! How is that to be explained?"

"Touch!" said Bencolin, snapping his fingers. "You score there, certainly. Golton seems to have slipped up in that respect. However, it is hardly an indication that he is the murderer."

"You yourself have told me that Laurent is a genius as a linguist. Certainly, if Golton is Laurent, he is amazingly adept with the idiom."

"Now let us carry this on. What is Golton's procedure? How has he contrived to kill Saligny?"

"Let me ask a question. Do you subscribe to the theory that Laurent, in whatever guise, killed Saligny?"

"Most emphatically yes . . . Proceed."

"He might very well have been the man whom Saligny proposed to entertain."

"He might, of course. Which way did he go into the card-room?"

"By either door. He might have been there early."

"Yes. Now let me ask you," Bencolin suddenly leaned across the table and pointed his cigar—"which way did he go out?"

During the silence, while the detective stood motionless, I realized the significance of that remark, and I swore at myself for dropping into the trap. But there was a chasm at our feet much wider than this.

"The murderer," I said slowly, "did not go out by the hall door——"

"Because my detective was standing directly before it a few seconds after Saligny entered the room from the salon-side, and he did not leave it until after the murder was committed!"

"And the murderer did not go out by the other door into the salon——"

"Because I myself was watching it from the time Saligny entered to the time we ourselves went in! In

other words, we have a locked-room situation worse than any I have ever encountered, since I myself can swear nobody came out one door, and one of my most trusted men swears that nobody came out the other!"

Still he did not move, but he looked as haggard as a man crucified.

"I wondered," he said in a low voice, "how long it would take you to see that situation. It doesn't seem to have occurred to these people even now. I examined the window immediately, you remember: forty feet above the street, no other windows within yards of it, the walls smooth stone. No 'human fly' in existence could have entered or left that way . . . No place in the room for a cat to hide; I searched for that, too. No possibility of false walls, for you can stand in any door and see the entire partition of the next room. Tear open floor or ceiling, and you find only the floor or ceiling of another room; that way is blocked. Yet we know, in this of all cases, that the dead man did not kill himself . . . It is the master puzzle of them all."

He turned round, and slouched across to the window, bent shoulders silhouetted against a faint glow from the street. There was a clamor of excited voices in the hall. Hands thudded at the door.

I cried, "Bencolin!" and leaped up. "Bencolin, do you realize—the boy who brought the cocktails! The only one who could have been in the room—alone with Saligny—hired by Fenelli to kill the informer!——"

I was so excited that I did not at first understand his wry smile . . .

"Likewise impossible, Jack," he answered softly. "Did you not hear him, how he protested he could not help dropping the tray? How he kept his hands along the bottom of his jacket; did you not notice? The fingers of his right hand were amputated long ago."



V

THE TRUNK FROM VIENNA

It was two o'clock when Bencolin and I left the house. Sounds threw sharp, brittle echoes in the cul-de-sac of the rue des Eaux; there was a thin mist, and a wind blew from the river in the raw spring moonlight. The tops of apartment-houses were drawn against the sky as on glass, and a few windows were alight against their black walls. The rumble of a metro train swelled out of its tunnel and passed on the trestle over the rue Beethoven . . . distantly you could hear the motor of a cruising taxi.

Bencolin's car was parked not far from the Avenue de Tokyo. He had not spoken for some time, and when he climbed in at the wheel I asked:

"Incidentally, where are we going?"

"Put your hand down in the pocket of the door there," he said. "What do you find?"

"It appears to be the handle of a rather heavy pistol."

"Precisely; put it in your pocket . . . Do you still want to go?"

"Delighted, if I can contrive to hit anything."

"That was all I wanted to know; the thing isn't loaded. Put it back where you found it." When he had got the engine started, he tapped his breast-pocket. "This one," he added absently, "*is* loaded."

We turned into the Avenue de Tokyo, a vast plain, with the parapet-lamps of the river marching away in curved lines to the right. Beyond them the high fret-work of the tower was printed spider-black against the moonlit sky. The river-breeze smelled of rain. Ben-colin's big *Voisin* roared past the Pont d'Iena, and one had a sensation as of wings.

At length he volunteered, "We are going to the home of the Duc de Saligny."

"Oh . . . then why the gun-parade? That isn't dangerous, is it?"

"I have reason to believe that there are things in his house which a certain somebody will be very anxious to remove—if that person doesn't get there before us. The address, by the way, is number 326 Avenue Henri Martin. Which means—" He looked sideways.

"That our friend Golton lives next door. But you have pretty well exploded my theory of the murder."

"Pardon, I didn't say you were wrong. I said we must examine the evidence from all sides."

He relapsed into silence. I sat back and closed my eyes. From Paris you can get no distant vibration, no far heavy rumble of traffic such as one hears in London. When the siren of the flying car screamed, horns picked it up and answered as from a gulf. There was the rattle of a late tram in the pale glitter of the Place de l'Alma. We swerved to the left up the hill, and presently the gray Arch dawned among hooting taxis. A few drops of rain blurred the windshield . . . and the head of Saligny floated against the dark. . . .

The wan sheen of thoroughfares dwindled away;

we were in a street of trees where the headlights showed flashes of budding green, but a black arch devoid of movement.

Before the gate of 326 we stopped. Twin globes of light burned yellow on either side, and shone on the dark windows of the concierge's lodge. Bencolin's fingers clicked a tattoo against the glass.

"*Sieur et dame!*" said a sleepy voice inside, "my felicitations——"

When the iron gate swung back, we were looking into the sleepy face of a woman in curl-papers. The concierge was about to dart back in alarm when Bencolin intervened:

"Prefecture of police. I must ask you to admit us."

He received the key from the babbling woman, and ordered her back into the lodge. We could hear her wailing, "Murdered! Murdered! I knew it—wake up, Jules!—"

"Be silent!" Bencolin snarled over his shoulder.

Fitting the key into the lock of the house-door, he whispered: "There are no servants here. If I find anybody prowling, it will be necessary to shoot."

We entered a dark hallway which smelled of flowers. I could hear Bencolin's steady breathing. He guided my arm across toward the vast curve of a stairway, down whose railing moonlight shone from a window. A rug slipped under my foot on the hardwood floor. . . . We reached the top of the staircase; Bencolin turned, cloaked and weird against the moonlight. He nodded towards a door at the other end of the second floor. There was a thread of light under the sill.

When he put his right hand softly on the knob of that door, his left was inside his breast-pocket. He threw the door back.

A man sprang round to face us. He was standing in the middle of a room fully lighted, though the shutters

were up. There was a great canopied bed nearby, and you noticed at its head a woman's blue fur-trimmed slippers . . . The man was small, with thick red hair, and when his mouth opened in surprise it disclosed many missing teeth. He had the cut of an overweight athlete. Bencolin closed the door.

"Hello, Girard," he said. "I had hardly expected to find *you* here. Turn out those lights, and lower your voice—"

"M. Bencolin!"

"Quite; what are you doing here?"

"I am *monseigneur's* most personal servant," said the man called Girard. He wagged his head, and grinned proudly. "I have been with him for over a month. I was preparing the bridal—" he leered and rubbed his hands.

Bencolin whistled. He gestured towards Girard. "Formerly," he explained, "the hero of Auteuil; a jockey I have put my money on in preference to the horse . . . *Dame de Trefles*, three to one, Girard up. . . ."

"But overweight, monsieur. I have been out of the game for some time. See. . . ." He lifted a tawdry affair of red roses, shaped like a horseshoe, and inscribed in white roses with the legend, "*Bonne chance*" . . . "My tribute; it brings good luck."

Bencolin stared at him speculatively.

"You're up late, Girard."

"Yes, but—monsieur, why are *you* here?"

"I want you to turn out those lights; then tell me about your new position."

The room went dark. The puzzled, suspicious Girard hung the wreath around his neck and stood gesturing in a vague glow from over the transom.

"Why—monsieur, I do not understand this. But whatever M. Bencolin says, I will do without question.

I used to know M. de Saligny in the old days; once I rode his filly *Drapeau Bleu*. But then, you know how it is, I could not make the weight; rubber suits, blankets, diet, roadwork, still I could not make forty-six; you know—no, no! . . . I went to Marseilles. At last, in that despair, you know, I returned. I sought out M. de Saligny, but of course he did not remember me. ‘A bit of work round the stables, monsieur,’ I pleaded. ‘Ah, Girard,’ he said, ‘you speak like a man of education, though not of intelligence. Can you use a typewriter? And give my stable a workout if I am not able to do so?’ ‘But certainly, *monseigneur*,’ I say. ‘I have hurt myself,’ he explained, and I went into a frenzy of grief—*monseigneur*, the great horseman! ‘I cannot use my hand well; therefore I shall dictate my correspondence—’ *Et puis voilà!*”

He drew a long breath. “And this lady that he has married, I would die for her! She is so lovely; if anyone sought to—”

The sentimental soul paused. Bencolin inquired:

“*Monseigneur* had much correspondence?”

“Oh, yes; he is very prominent. And he receives many things—that trunk—you can see how everyone likes him——”

“What trunk?”

“Why, the trunk that arrived two days ago. It was comical, you know. He had been in Vienna, and when he sent on his trunks one was misdirected. It wandered about from one address to another, and was returned to his hotel in Vienna. It had no name on it, but they recognized it, like that!” There came a snapping of Girard’s fingers. “And they sent it on to him——”

“Where is it now?”

“Why, in his study——”

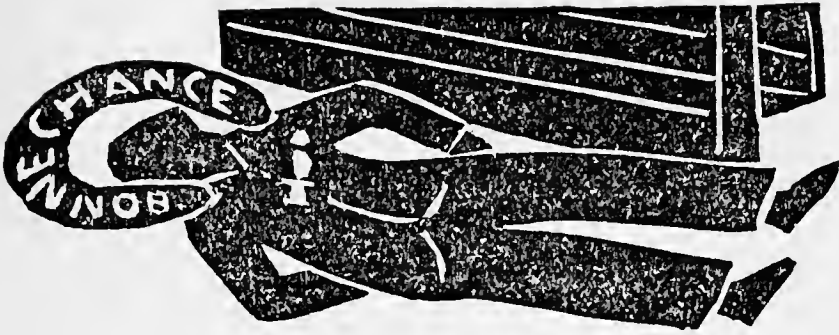
Bencolin said very slowly, “Is—it—possible. . . .” There was a silence, among the night-creakings of the

house. The horror of an unknown thing jumped back to a vital force when we heard the tone of his next words.

"Girard, don't ask any questions. Do exactly as I tell you. Go to your room now, and whatever happens don't stir out of it! There is, or will be, somebody in this house——"

"Who, monsieur?"

"A killer," said the detective. He opened the door softly. Against the faint moonlight I could see that he had a pistol in his hand.



VI

WHITE ROSES FOR MURDER

I felt a sickly empty sensation around my stomach when we went up another flight of stairs toward Saligny's study, whose location Bencolin seemed to know very well.

"Stand in the door," he whispered; "I want to see that the shutters are up" . . . There was a space when I stood with my back to the hallway and heard Bencolin lightly trying the windows. The study smelt stuffy, and there was another queer odor. . . . He returned presently, took off his cloak, and when he closed the door behind him he laid the cloak along the bottom of the door.

"Now turn on that lamp at your elbow. Keep your hand on the button, and if you hear any movement anywhere, shut it off."

It was a dull lamp, with a globed shade set in green glass, and its light made crooked shadows in a small room hung with pictures. Beside the door was a large trunk, on which I sat down to watch the detective.

"Hm," he muttered, talking fast and in a low voice: "Dozens of sport-pictures—himself with silver cups—

Ascot, Longchamps, Wimbledon—amateur fencing team—fine stag's head, that—yes, and big game—gun-case—Manchurian leopards—that racquet needs re-stringing——”

He was walking about, glancing at this and that, picking up articles and laying them down; powerful, imbued with terrific wiry energy. The table in the middle of the room claimed his attention.

“Typewriter. . . . What's this? Books. Open here; drawers are filled with them. The works of Edgar Allan Poe. Barbey D'Aurevilly, the *Diaboliques*. Odd fare for a sporting man . . . Baudelaire, Hoffmann; *La Vie de Gilles de Rais*——”

He closed one book with a snap. “That settles it.”

The idea I had in mind seemed too outlandish and appalling; but I suddenly got up. We stood face to face, and by the expression of his eyes I could see we both knew. . . .

“The man,” I said slowly, “who for the past two months has been posing as the Duc de Saligny is in reality——”

“Laurent himself,” supplied Bencolin. “Laurent, a master of irony! Laurent, with an eye to what he thinks is poetic justice. Over a year ago the engagement of the Duc de Saligny to Madame Louise was announced in every newspaper of Europe. There were a hundred pictures of Saligny to draw from. He had the plastic surgeon make him into such a perfect image of Saligny that Madame Louise herself does not even now know the difference. I have never encountered such an artistic cutthroat!—he planned and succeeded in marrying her a second time, and tonight, in that room downstairs, he would have avenged himself, if somebody had not discovered it——”

In one blinding glare every piece of contradiction showed up as one perfect whole. Bencolin, leaning

across the desk, checked off the points on his fingers:

"First, we have Saligny taking a trip to Vienna two months or so ago. When he leaves, he is the master sportsman: rider, swordsman, hunter, tennis-player, but a not over-bright individual who rarely reads a printed line and speaks no language but his own. When he returns, he has unaccountably acquired an excellent knowledge of English, such that one of his closest companions is an American who speaks no French. His whole character changes. He does not ride, play tennis, or indulge in any sports whatever—even sports where his injury would not prevent him. He refuses: because he no longer knows how—he is another man. Instead, he takes to opium-smoking! He hires a jockey—whom he does not recognize, although that jockey formerly rode his best horse—to inspect his stables for him. He hires this man to take dictation, because otherwise his handwriting would be recognized as not that of the man he is impersonating. He cultivates a new circle of friends (witness Golton), and goes in for the life of the boulevards. Yet here, as the marked books of this man who 'never reads,' we have volumes in three languages and of a sort which shows an entire change of mind."

The detective shrugged. "Yes, that is the way I read it. He intended, of course, to come to Paris and do away with Saligny here; but by a circumstance fortunate for him Saligny *did* go to Vienna, where somehow Laurent got into his hotel—and I very much suspect that the trunk on which you are sitting contains the body of the real Saligny."

I was no longer sitting on it. I had backed away, and in the weird green light the thing explained possibly that odor. . . .

"Bencolin," I said, and with a calm not very convincing, "the trunk is unlocked."

"Chance tripped him up. . . . Yes, you see what he did?" the detective was rambling on. "He sent the trunk to a false address; to be rid of it, he thought, and make another 'trunk murder' to baffle the police. But the trunk came back, and the manager of the hotel recognizing it, shipped it on to——"

"The trunk is unlocked," I repeated monotonously. And then I reached down and threw open the lid.

Bencolin came over swiftly. It was nearly full of sawdust, sawdust tossed about as though something very heavy had been removed from its packings. There were brown stains streaked through the mass.

"Laurent removed the body before he was married!" I said, "but . . . what are you doing?"

The detective's head was bent down into the trunk.

"No, Jack. This sawdust on top is damp and fresh; it came from the bottom of the trunk. The body was disturbed more recently than that. Probably—tonight."

For a moment he let the sawdust run through his fingers. "Don't you see? We are dealing with a man much more dangerous than Laurent himself, whom this man killed. We have found out about Laurent, but we are still at the beginning of the riddle. It is even less explicable now than it was before, for we have no madman on which to saddle a motiveless crime."

"Who is the man, then? You seem to——"

"Turn off that light!"

I reached over, fumbling, and switched it off. For a time there was absolute silence; then a faint creak as Bencolin eased open the door. Against the lesser darkness I could see his dim shape, motionless in the aperture. From the chasm below I thought I could hear a faint rasping noise, as of a shovel scraped over stone. . . .

Bencolin's figure moved forward, soundlessly. I edged out beside him, planting my steps to avoid creaky

boards. Again he stopped; somewhere, a person was treading on stairs. There was the pale oblong of the window at the stairhead, and dull moonlight on the pattern of a carpet. So slowly we edged toward those stairs that the window grew on one's vision, like a scene through shortening opera-glasses. He bent down when we reached the window, bent down and peered around the newel-post, and I through the balustrades. Darkness. . . . But the footsteps were coming up the second flight of stairs. They hesitated on the second floor, and crept round to the third. Suddenly switched into our faces was the glare of a flashlight.

"Haut les mains!" —

Bencolin fired two shots, very deliberately, into the beam of light. Their flat bang was like the burst of an explosion. The light vanished, and the footsteps thudded in leaps down the other flight of stairs. I stumbled, brought my hand in numbing contact with the stair-wall, and blundered down into the dark. Down to the first floor . . . there was a crash as a door was flung open, and other running footsteps joined the first. We heard a blubbering cry.

Somehow I found myself, trembling, unable to speak, leaning on a table in the lower hall. When the lights came on I blinked; the lights swam, and came into slow focus. Bencolin stood near the switch, the fingers of his hand crooked before his face, breathing heavily. . . . In the center of the Aubusson carpet, Girard lay on his back with a knife driven through his side. His oyster-eyeballs lolled, and he gurgled through brimming lips when he tried to move his head. His arms were thrown wide, fingers picking at the carpet, and one leg was drawn up as though in an attempt to rise. Around his neck was still a crumpled horseshoe of red roses, and framed his head with the white inscription, "Good luck . . ."



VII

“ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT——”

At four o'clock A. M. the events of this amazing night were over, at least so far as the butcheries were concerned. But for Bencolin the work was just beginning. I never saw him so upset as at this latest development, the murder of Girard by the prowler; his hand shook when he telephoned the prefecture, he cursed himself in a low bitter monotone, like a man praying, and he cursed Girard for not following his advice. As nearly as it could be reconstructed, Girard had retired to his room on the ground floor. When he heard the shots he came from the back of the house, saw the intruder running down the stairs, and interfered at the cost of his life. Bencolin's bullets had apparently taken no effect. Both were buried in the floor, one having shattered the flashlight and the other nicking the newel post about three feet from the floor. From the remnants of the flashlight, a long Tungsten with a head much broader than the barrel, it was clear that the bullet had pierced the reflector without even grazing the hand of the man who had held it. . . . In the cellar we found the

reason for the sound we had heard. Fresh mortar between the bricks behind a pile of débris, and a trowel concealed under some straw, led to the discovery of a hollow. Inside a body was doubled up, horribly decomposed but recognizable as that of Saligny; Laurent, it seemed, was not the only person in the case who had read well in the works of Poe. The knife with which Girard had been stabbed had first been used to pry out the loose bricks; bits of dust and mortar still clung to the under side of the haft. After the murder, the assassin had gone out the cellar door by which he had entered. . . . To this day I can see Bencolin, holding up a lantern as he looked into the ghastly hollow behind the bricks. The chill damp of the cellar, the wind banging the open door, the rat that scurried past my foot: they are details indelible.

When we left the house at four o'clock in possession of the police, Bencolin gave his last instructions: "Above all, give nothing out to the press. I do not think you will find fingerprints, for the handle of the knife is dusty and has prints of what seem to be gloves—but make the test. I will 'phone in an hour." And then he said to me:

"We will go to my rooms and get coffee. Do you mind driving? I want to study this . . . Avenue George V; if you're not sure of the way, get back to the Champs Elysées and then you can't miss it."

On the return drive he sat strained forward, head between his hands, staring at nothingness.

"We know hardly more than before—" I murmured. He turned savagely.

"Yes? You say that to *me*? I tell you I know the whole devilish plan. I know the height of the murderer, and that he wore evening clothes; I know when he came and why he came; I know the reason he tried to come upstairs, and what his connection was with Saligny; in short, I can draw you a picture of Girard's assassin.

But—well, that is to be seen. Our organization is a devil-fish, which can extend a thousand arms——”

“And, according to the natural histories, it can throw out from itself a quantity of dense black liquid to obscure the view——”

“*Peste*, you needn’t snap! And your hands are trembling on that wheel; well, it’s an ordeal to turn anyone’s stomach. We shall both need brandy. . . . Turn to the right here.”

Between weariness and the horror of recollection, we exchanged no more words. Bencolin’s rooms were in an apartment-building not far from the American church. He kept such irregular hours that he had his own key, and we did not rouse the concierge at the front door. The automatic elevator made a slow ascent to the sixth floor.

“My servant,” Bencolin explained, “never knows when I shall be here; there is always coffee on the stove, and a fire in the study.”

It was a formal apartment, stiff and luxurious in a stereotyped fashion, with the customary mirrors and Louis Quinze furniture—all except the study . . . A tiny balcony, books to the ceiling, and a fire. Certainly the most untidy room I have ever seen. There were great padded chairs with inclined backs before the fireplace. A letter had been thrown down carelessly on the hearth, beside a tabouret with brandies and cigars; and the first sentence of the letter caught my eye, “*De la part de sa majesté, le roi d’Angleterre——*”

“Clean off that chair and sit down,” said Bencolin. He began to sweep a pile of débris from the neighborhood of the hearth; a flutter of red fell from it, and I said,

“My Lord, man, be careful! That’s the ribbon of the Legion of Honor.”

“I know it,” he returned irritably. “Make yourself comfortable. . . .”

Presently I fell into a doze, and vaguely heard him fuming at something in the kitchen. The prospect of the evening danced in my brain; became linked with a crazy jingle, "Heads and knives, swords and wives, how many are going to St.—" and there swam across it the vision of Vautrelle polishing his monocle, of the flashlight in our faces . . . I stirred, and opened my eyes. Bencolin was sitting across the hearth in one of the great chairs, with the firelight on his sardonic face. He pointed to a cup of coffee at my elbow.

"In a moment," he said, "you are going to hear the prefecture in action. This," he tapped a telephone beside him, "is my private wire. There is another 'phone on that table at your left—push the books away—there. Listen to them, now."

Both of us picked up the 'phones. "Hello!" he said, "*bureau centrale*. Bencolin speaking."

There was a prolonged clicking. "*Bureau centrale*," a voice answered.

"Dulure's laboratory, please . . . I want the reports on the Saligny case. Have they finished?"

"Two-eleven speaking," said another voice. "Report as follows: There are no clear fingerprints, due to the brass-nail heads on the handle of the sword; an identification is impossible. There are several prints on the glass of the window, but they do not correspond to any in our files. The dust of the carpet and that of the cover on the divan has been swept up; the glass here sifts out nothing but cigarette ashes, mud-traces, and a few grains of candy."

"Have these been analyzed?"

"Not yet. There will be a report by morning as to whether the ashes are of the same quality as those of the cigarette submitted. This cigarette contains hashish."

"Very good. Shift me to the general office; one-

thirteen . . . One-thirteen speaking? You followed the American, Golton, from Passy?"

"Yes. He took a taxi to Harry's New York Bar, Boulevard des Italiens. He remained there half an hour; on emerging, spoke to two women but went with none; walked to the opera and there took another taxi. He returned to his home, 324 Avenue Henri Martin, arriving there at one-forty-five.

"You looked him up in the files?"

"Resident of Paris for two years, no occupation, reputable account at Lloyd's bank. I have a list of his associates."

"It will keep. I will speak to one-eleven now . . . One-eleven?"

"Edouard Vautrelle," said still another voice, "left the house in Passy at twenty minutes to one. In his own car he escorted Madame de Saligny to her home, 144 Avenue du Bois. He left there in five minutes, returned to his car, and drove downtown to Maxim's, rue Royale. I lost him, monsieur; he apparently left through a door into a neighboring shop. I questioned the proprietor, but he will say nothing. Very sorry."

"No matter . . . His antecedents?"

"Came to Paris in 1917, during the Russian revolution. Enlisted for military service; army of occupation until 1922. Gives his occupation as that of playwright—"

"Questions to the theatres?"

"The managers of all theaters in Paris are being sent a blank form asking if any plays by a person of that name have been submitted."

"Good. Now forty-six, please. . . . Luigi Fenelli? what of him?"

"To the best of my knowledge, he has not left his establishment tonight. Seventy-one is still at the corner; no 'phone message yet. Fenelli came to Paris a year ago, and sent circulars of his new house to prominent people.

Twice arrested in Italy, but never imprisoned. Charges: peddling opium in Naples; aggravated assault and battery."

"That is all . . . Head central! 'Phone me if any report comes from the laboratory. Instruct them to examine Saligny's fingernails. I want fingerprint samples from all these people. Post a man at the concierge's box in the Fenelli house."

"Any further instructions?"

"None until tomorrow. Make me an appointment with the *jugé d'instruction*."

Slowly Bencolin replaced the 'phone.

"You see," he remarked, "the octopus reaching. It is a gigantic system. I can, at this hour, ascertain the whereabouts of any man in Paris. And you also note how it fails!" He slapped the chair-arm; his eyes were bright, and he knocked over a glass with a nervous arm when he reached for a cigar. "They do not sleep, these men. I have my hands on all Paris as on a map; a finger moves across streets, up squares, and pauses at a house—a few words into this 'phone, and the police trap snaps like a deadfall. But the brain of one man opposing us renders all this organization useless. You can fight him only with the brain." He brooded, head in his hands. Then he growled: "Drink your coffee. It's getting cold."

This was another person from Bencolin the suave and mocking, the Voltaire of detectives and the Petronius of the boulevards: the man himself, in carpet slippers. I sipped the coffee, but it gave only a whirling sensation to my drowsiness. He sat there in the chair, motionless, with the smoke thickening about him and the ash sliding down his shirt-front. As though slow curtains were drawn, it faded—the gaunt face with its pointed beard, staring blindly into the red firelight. Somewhere a clock chimed. The glow of the fire played

on the ceiling, made deep shadows round his chair, glimmered on the nickelled telephone. . . .

When I roused out of confused dreams, dawn was creeping up the opposite wall. The whole room had turned to gray and shadows, and it was deadly cold; colored like ashes, the whole litter, and shivered with the rattling of the window. The fire was out. Dimly I could see Bencolin's figure detach itself from the gloom of the tall chair across the hearth. He had not altered his position, though the hearth was strewn with cigar-stumps and an empty bottle of brandy hung from his hand. He still sat, chin in his fist, staring into the empty fireplace.

To those who may care to inscribe on the opposite page their solution of the mystery as thus far presented, we offer for what it may be worth one further clue: When the narrator happens to meet Mr. Sid Golton in a café the afternoon immediately following the events just described, the Nebraskan winces at his hand-shake and complains of a sore hand.

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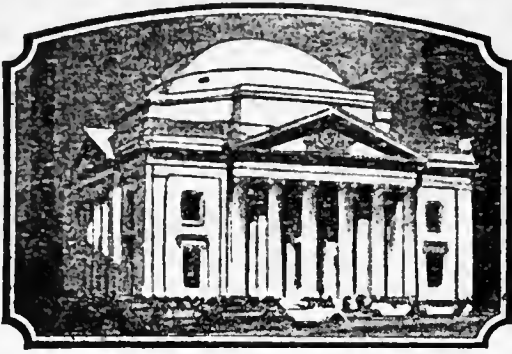
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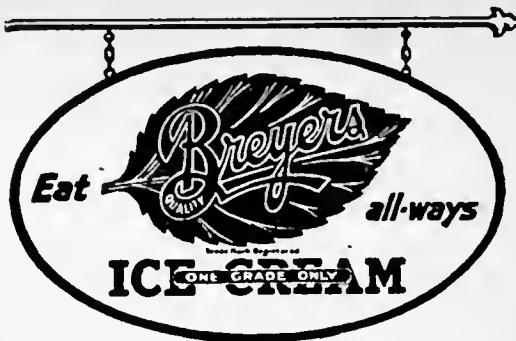
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The Haverfordian

VOL. XLVIII

HAVERFORD, PA., APRIL, 1929

No. 7

THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the *twentieth* of each month preceding date of issue during college year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates; to this end contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the *fifth* of the month.

Entered as second-class matter March 19, 1921, at the post office at Haverford, Pennsylvania, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized April 11, 1921.

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M. BENCOLIN

Grand Guignol

Readers of the Chapbook will remember how the Duc de Saligny was found decapitated in a carefully watched room, how M. Henri Bencolin discovered that the murdered man was really the much-feared Laurent, and how Bencolin was interrupted in his investigations by a second murder. Those who accepted the editors' challenge to solve the mystery for themselves may now compare their results with the actual solution attained by M. Bencolin.

VIII

(Continued)

WHEREIN THE DOUBLE-DOORS ARE OPENED

Others have written of the finale to this case; my own account can have no virtue except that of an eye-witness. There were wild accounts in most of the papers, and what irritated us all most was *Le Figaro's* smug assertion that "it is amazing that the only person to see the truth was M. Bencolin, since all the details were before the eyes of the witnesses from the first." Whatever the general public may think of that, it will probably agree with me that the reason why Bencolin staged his dénouement in the fashion he employed was rather for a psychological vengeance on his adversary than any real desire to extract a confession. You shall judge.

Around eight in the morning, I went to my rooms in the Square Rapp for a bath and a change of clothes. My charitable landlady drew her own conclusions, and solicitously inquired after the health of "my little girl." Then she found a couple of blood-spots when I sent my dinner clothes out to be pressed, and became sympathetic to such an extent that I hesitated to tell her they had been caused by a severed head. Madame Hirondelle is prone to hysterics.

Unquestionably, I thought when I was drinking chocolate by my own fire, it had been a Night. In retrospect, which is the best way to enjoy excitement anyhow, I contemplated it with entire satisfaction. I had had my murder. "We will forget the matter until this evening. I am going to have you all as my guests at the central office," Bencolin had said. "In the meantime, I suggest you call up some girl and go to an afternoon dance as an antidote against the future."

When I did use the telephone to suggest this—it is a hall-phone, and Madame Hirondele's door is always open—my astonished landlady inquired after this and that, and fell to dietary suggestions of more theoretical than real usefulness.

Paris was preening its finery that day; the gigolos were all a-cackle on the Champs Elysées, there was a warm winelike air made luminous around the green of the Tuileries, whose aisles were in bloom with the early-spring crop of artists painting the vista toward the Arc de Triomphe. It was all high lights and water-color, with the gray face of the Madeleine peering down her street at the obelisk from the Nile. I very nearly forgot the black business of last night in mingling with the whirligig life in the company of my friend (she was a *demi*, which is the word customarily used with *tasse*), until we entered one of those dancing-places where the extra charge is put on the champagne instead of the cover, and the cover is therefore permitted to be dirty. There the inspired orchestra played "Hallelujah," and followed it up with "Bye, Bye, Blackbird" . . . then, over in a corner, I saw Mr. Sid Golton. He had just neared that mild state of happiness wherein flipping water in a spoon seems highly humorous, and this he was doing to calculate his range when he should begin in earnest. I saw him look at me, seem puzzled, and then he waved in recognition. His shiny cheeks were freshly

shaven and blooming as a baby's; his thin hair was plastered down, and the blue eyes far less bloodshot. A smile dawned. He waddled over, after an appraising glance at the lady beside me.

It was the stage for an experiment. I rose, and thrust out my hand deliberately. He responded.

Now I have normally anything but a strong grip, yet under the pressure when he shook hands Mr. Golton perceptibly winced.

"Geez, go easy!" he protested. "Got a sore hand; fell on it last night—it's no fun."

"Nor is the sensation pleasant," said I, "when a bullet hits a flashlight."

"You're drunk," observed Mr. Golton casually. "Wouldn't have thought it, but you are. Well, order 'em up. Hey, garson, oon Marteeni, see?"

The afternoon passed somehow. I was a bit preoccupied, and Golton took care of the amusement of my companion, reciting droll stories of his adventures as ranger in Yellowstone until somebody had discovered on his property an oil gusher spouting—he illustrated the spouting of the gusher with appropriate pantomime—and delivered to him what he described as bokoo dough. Various parlor-tricks served to keep the company at the nearby tables interested in life.

We separated at six-thirty, and Marguérite, being philosophical, was content to regard one's mood and one's friends as just another of those things. Golton said that he had got a message from Bencolin to "be on hand, pronto, at nine o'clock, at the police station." Undoubtedly there hung over us the shadow of that night. . . .

When I returned to my rooms, I found Madame Hirondelle in possession of the afternoon paper; she had even violated an ancient French custom and bought two. All such ladies being embryo tabloid-

sheets, there is no reason for the tabloid in French life. She brought me in a special tray of tea and croissants in order to dilate on broken romances, which particularly reminded her of the case of her cousin by marriage, who had blue eyes and lived in Bordeaux, and was (figure to yourself, monsieur!) only the bride of a night when, etc. . . . I pondered the etiquette of wearing evening clothes to Bencolin's party, which seemed rather like debating the correctness of a morning-coat to attend a guillotining. Then, upstairs, somebody's insufferable gramophone started to scratch through "Hallelujah"

. . .

Everything made a person's thoughts all out of proportion. I gagged at the thought of food, but something was necessary to take one's mind off a killer. A taxi took me to the grand boulevards, already flowering with pink lights, and I dropped into a cinema. The player-piano rang with a flat stereotyped sound, like a newspaper editorial, and the peanut-shells . . . then the picture leaped out at me, and I was struck with the extraordinary resemblance of the star to Bencolin. Except for the latter's beard, the likeness was perfect. Nor could I imagine Bencolin plunged in the amorous intrigue whose chief purpose seemed to lead the hero as many times as possible into the wrong bedroom. But there was no getting away from that likeness. The piece was called "La Blonde ou la Brune?" and featured Mr. Adolphe Menjou. Presently, in one of the feminine leads, who bore the flamboyant name of Miss Arlette Marchal, I began to see a resemblance to Madame Louise de Saligny. This is a state called nerves, and is not at all pleasant.

It was eight-thirty when I arrived at the vast Palais de Justice. You cannot imagine the size of this Palace, which resembles a pictureless Louvre; so I naturally wandered into the department whose purpose, I learned, was

inquiring into the whereabouts of lost dogs. This was laudable but uninteresting. I penetrated three or four corridors before I was found at last by a clever detective and escorted through a maze of rooms to the office of Bencolin.

It was a small room panelled in dark wood and lighted by green-shaded lamps. Bencolin stood behind the desk, in no wise like the man I had seen the night before. His suavity was a mask, his voice low and clear, his beard freshly barbered. In a chair beside his desk sat a great lump of a man, like a bald Buddha, with flabby hands folded in his lap; his eyes blinked slowly, automaton fashion, and his jaw was buried in his collar.

"M. le Comte de Villon, the *juge d'instruction*," Bencolin introduced.

The judge looked me over craftily, so that I had an uncomfortable idea he would ask for my fingerprints. He grunted, and closed his eyes. Bencolin indicated a pair of closed folding doors behind him.

"The room of my entertainment," he said.

That was all, except for a faint glittery smile. I sat down, and for many minutes there was no sound except a deep humming from somewhere in the building. A watch on the table ticked audibly.

"M. Luigi Fenelli," a voice suddenly announced. I jumped around, and saw Fenelli being escorted in. He was very haughty; he fingered his curled moustache, and his hair positively bubbled with oil, so that some of the oil seemed to be spread over his fat face. Tiny eyes darted round.

"Me, I am here," he proclaimed, and thrust his hand under the breast of his coat. Cloak and hat he offered to the escorting detective.

"Sit down, please," requested Bencolin.

Again that silence, and the ticking of the watch. . . . Presently Golton came in like a landslide, exuding

geniality. But the atmosphere of the room awed him before long. He demanded to know "why they didn't have magazines here, like any good dentist's office," but his facetiousness trickled away; he sat down and shifted his feet nervously. François, the detective who had been on duty in the hall the night before, entered and stood in one corner.

Bencolin began to click a pencil against the table, just as he had the night before when he was questioning. . . .

"Madame Louise de Saligny and M. Edouard Vautrelle."

The circle was complete. Madame wore a black wrap with a collar of ermine. From this collar she looked out lazily, and her face was like a lovely photograph slightly out of focus. But her black hair was bound back to a knot tonight, which seemed to make the countenance thinner, and her mouth slashed with lipstick. Only the dark speculative eyes were the same. She greeted Bencolin without the slightest semblance of interest. . . . Vautrelle, ostentatiously cool, ran the tip of his finger along the thin line of his moustache. His colorless eyebrows were raised.

"We are all present," Bencolin said . . . "M. Vautrelle, will you be so good as to tell me the time?"

"Your questions seldom vary, do they, monsieur?" asked the other. "Again subject to confirmation, it is five minutes past nine."

Bencolin contemplated the watch on his desk.

"Yes. But for the purpose of this meeting," he remarked softly, "I prefer that the hour be *fifteen minutes to eleven*. François, will you be so good as to open those double doors?"

The distant humming died away. The demonstration had begun.

IX

THE LAST ACT

Bencolin asked us all to enter the room disclosed when the double-doors were opened. It was very large, the walls and floor covered with white tile, so that it resembled an operating-room in a hospital. Four lamps with green shades hung from the ceiling, immediately above six chairs ranged in two lines in such a way that the chairs of the second row were in the open spaces between those of the first, all of them three feet apart. The first row was about fifteen feet from the opposite end of the room. There were no windows.

"We have often been asked," Bencolin continued, "why the prefecture has no psychological laboratory such as that suggested many years ago by Professor Münsterberg of Harvard. I wish to show you now that we have our own conception of a psychological laboratory. It is eminently a practical one, and, so far as I know, there is no duplicate of it in the world. I am going to ask you to assist me in a parlor game which has often caused much amusement.

"I am going to ask you all," he continued after a silence, "to be secured firmly in these chairs, and also gagged, for all the world as though you had been kidnapped by a cinema-inspired villain. I promise that the fastenings will not chafe you, and that you will suffer no annoyance from the gag. I should prefer that everyone accede in this, including you," he turned to me, "François, and Madame de Saligny—although madame will be excepted, if she prefers."

I looked round at the group. Vautrelle laughed.

"It is obvious," he remarked, "that children's games are not confined to the nursery. Well, I have no objection, if you don't mean to rob us while we are helpless. Hein, Louise? I——"

"This is an outrage!" bellowed Fenelli. His coat rose

on his back like feathers. "To such proceedings——"

"You are, of course, at liberty to refuse," said Bencolin carelessly. Fenelli worked his mouth a moment, and added, "But if the others agree——" Bowing, Bencolin turned to Golton and rapidly translated his words into English.

"Sure, it's all right with me. But no funny business, mind!" Golton amended. He stared at the detective, and whispered to me, "Wise guy, that one!"

Madame de Saligny showed no more agreement or disagreement than before. She simply shrugged, "I do not care."

Manacles, felt-lined, were on the arms and legs of the chairs. Bencolin left us all to the selection of our chairs, standing before the group like a professor before his class. There was hesitation; we all glanced at each other, and it was madame who first sat down in the end chair of the first row to our left. Vautrelle took the one beside her, then Fenelli. Golton took the end chair to the right in the second row; then François, finally myself. Two attendants appeared out of a door I had not previously seen, and went about fastening the manacles on our wrists and legs with snap-locks. They produced half a dozen gags, like moustache-smoothers, with cotton for the covering of the mouth.

"Before these are fastened," said Bencolin, "I should like to ask one question . . . M. Fenelli, how should you describe the late Saligny?"

I could see Fenelli's profile partly turned in astonishment.

"Why—why, monsieur—he was tall, and good-looking, and blond; he was——" the manager hesitated, and chewed at his moustache. "I don't know that I can make it clearer—he was——"

"Can *you* make it any clearer; describe Saligny?" Golton was asked next.

"Why—sure—big fellow, always wore mighty fine clothes. . . ."

"M. Vautrelle?"

"Precisely six feet tall," responded Vautrelle amusedly, "weight, 70 kilos; eyes, brown; nose, convex; teeth, perfect; mole on right eyebrow . . . is this detailed enough for you?"

"You may apply the gags, messieurs."

The gags did not make one uncomfortable, but the helpless feeling these and the manacles engendered, caused uneasiness. It was final; no matter what happened, you stayed; a murderer could . . . Suddenly the lights went out, all except a drop-lamp over Bencolin's head where he stood immediately at our left, causing us all to turn our eyes. He stood weird and inscrutable in that spot of light, which showed the hollows in his face. The face became Satanic; he smiled, and for some reason I felt a shiver of nervousness. Darkness, tied and gagged in one's chair. There was not a sound in that vast building until Bencolin spoke.

"The last light, please. . . ."

We were in total darkness now. My heart was beating heavily . . . Fully ten minutes passed . . .

"The first thing which enters one's mind," Bencolin continued in a low monotone which drifted from another corner as though he were no longer there, "is the idea of a church. . . ."

Was somebody talking? A mass of people? I heard a deep but very faint humming of voices, broken with tinny laughter; the sounds of people shuffling. An auto horn honked; two of them. Distinctly I could smell the scent of banked flowers, hear a rustling. The blackness whirled before one's eyes, resolved into shapes and twistings; those tiny voices made a laughing, rising blur. Suddenly, there crashed through the room the sweep of an organ swelling the Wedding March from Lohengrin. . . .

The organ died away. There was a faint, rasping sob. The darkness assumed gigantic and horrible shapes, wove and broke like foam on water. After a silence Bencolin's voice drifted dully:

"Certain people have discovered that this man who stands as bridegroom at the altar is not the true Saligny. No, the true Saligny——"

That sound, far away in the dark; the bumping of a trunk being hauled upstairs. *Thump . . . thump . . .* the wheeze of panting breath.

"It was six months ago, in another city, that something came to that trunk——"

At first it seemed an illusion, and yet the darkness changed color, shifted with a weird green light as against gauze; the sound of lapping water . . . violins in the waltz of the Blue Danube . . . a shadow shot across this light before our eyes, the monstrous shadow of a man upreared in profile. Something sprang at it, and there lashed down a *knife*; a thud from sudden darkness again, and a faint groan. Then I no longer heard lapping water but a slow drip, as of thick fluid. The violins pulsed' were joined by other instruments. . . .

"The people have discovered all this before the marriage. But the marriage takes place . . . Night comes to Paris——"

Now that distant muted music blew faster, a hysterical note that swung to "Hallelujah." The song beat against one's ears in tinny resonance. Over it drifted a hum of conversation, the high laughter, the shrill chant of a croupier, the clicking dance of the ball in the wheel. The air was overpoweringly hot, and dense with a smell of powder; and the orchestra-beat shook against it like a madman on a cage.

"It is not loud," said Bencolin's far voice, "because you are in the card-room. The clock——"

Yes, the clock was striking. It tinkled with eerie chimes; then it sounded clear notes. One. Two. Three. Four. Five. Six. Seven. Eight. Nine. Ten. Eleven, with maddening deliberation.

"Already," Bencolin's voice was becoming more swift, "the assassin is preparing. The sword has been taken down from the wall, and hidden beneath a row of pillows on the divan for use later. *Look! The assassin is closing the door!*"

It had been so vivid that I had a mental picture of the card-room before me. Then it was that I realized it was no mental picture at all. Staring into the dark, eyes growing used to it, I could *see* the inside of the card-room. I looked at it from the side on which the window would be. There were the leprous red walls. There was the door to the salon at my right; in the wall directly ahead the door to the hall. There at the left was the divan, dull old rose with its pillows, and the red-shaded lamp on the table throwing a subdued light over it. But I saw that scene as through a faint mist, hazy and unreal, a stage for ghosts, and yet with those sounds and that human laughter pulsing around. . . . Yes, and the door into the hall was being softly closed, so softly that it hardly swayed the bell-rope beside it; the knob turned, the latch clicked, and was still. Just a few minutes after eleven. The murderer had planted his sword, and left the room. . . .

Faint music in a long interval. The knob was turning again! I could feel that the gag against my mouth was dryly rubbing my teeth; the scene whirled. *The dead man walked into the room; Saligny—or, rather, Laurent posing as Saligny—vital, alive, carrying on his shoulders that head I had seen grinning from the floor. Behind him came the woman who was his wife, Louise, languorous, feverish-eyed. Not a word was spoken. The two moved like phantoms. They stopped in the middle of the room, and the horrible marionettes kissed.*

Kissed . . . he seemed to be speaking inaudible words, and she was replying. She lighted a cigarette, inhaled deeply a few moments, and laughed soundlessly; you could see him smirking sideways at you now. She ground out the cigarette against an ashtray. Her eyes moved toward the place where the window should be, and I stared into them. Then she pointed to the button of her slipper, which had become unfastened; she advanced almost to the divan, and put out her left foot. While he knelt over the slipper, she threw her weight to the right, as though leaning against the divan . . . Catlike, she leaped aside. In her hands the great sword flashed aloft and fell.

His head seemed to leap like a grisly toy, springing out on wires. . . . The scene went dark. Somewhere the orchestra banged into the last bar of "Hallelujah!"

"It is not yet eleven-fifteen," Bencolin's voice snapped. "See, she looks around. She shakes the head aloft in triumph, for she has smoked the hashish that drives people to murder. She picks up the head and gestures like Salomé—this man, who would have killed her, *she* has killed. Then she becomes tense, ready, watchful. She has left a cigarette; that must be destroyed. She drops it into her wrist-bag. There are some ashes on the rug; she grinds them into the nap with her heel. Then she leaves again by the hall door, having raised the window to let the smoke out.

"And why has she done this? Why has she not denounced this man, whom she knows to be an impostor, to the police? So that the world will never know he is not the real Saligny; so that she, having married him, will inherit his fortune—which she can enjoy with her confederate . . . Vautrelle! Now, the murder committed, Vautrelle, who planned all this, must supply her with an alibi. . . .

"She knows that the detective Bencolin is sitting in

the main salon, down at its far end. Very soon she joins him. To all outward appearances, Saligny (or Laurent) is not yet dead; she talks of him. At precisely eleven-thirty, according to a prearranged signal, a man walks through the door of the card-room from the salon. His back is turned, and he is thirty feet away from the people she has joined, but he is tall and blond. She says, 'There goes Raoul now . . .' But that man was Vautrelle."

(As one puzzles at a cryptogram, and slowly sees the letters click into place, one by one, fewer gaps and fewer) . . .

"Vautrelle simply walked through the card room, pulling the bell-cord deliberately as he went, walked out into the hall. *But* he turned to his left and entered the smoking room by the door in the projection of the wall (remember your plan) which conceals the card-room door from the eyes of the detective seated at the end of the hall. Vautrelle walks out the door of the smoking-room into the hall, and speaks to the detective. The whole process, by time-tests, consumes just twelve and one-half seconds. His own alibi was now complete, as well as that of his colleague. He has summoned the boy with the cocktails, by pulling the bell, so that the body may be discovered and he can possess this alibi.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Bencolin cried out of the dark, "there will be no more pictures, no more stage-effects. You see now that these two were working together to gain control of Saligny's fortune; Mr. Golton blurted out the truth about their affair. That was why it was necessary to go through with the marriage.

"But the body of the real Saligny must be disposed of. This body was then in a trunk at the home of Saligny, and Vautrelle must have known of it. He left the gambling-house, took madame home, and then (knowing

that he was followed) he eluded my shadower at Maxim's and drove to the back door of Saligny's house, arriving there around one-thirty. He carried the body downstairs, having wrapped it in a blanket; then he walled it up in the cellar. By that time my companion and I had arrived. He did not know of our presence, and tried to come upstairs—probably to get rid of the blood-stained sawdust or dispose of the trunk by carrying it away. The intervention of Girard led him to murder. He escaped by the cellar door, having stolen a bunch of keys on a previous visit to Saligny. Just when he learned that Saligny was the madman Laurent we shall have to ask him to tell us himself. . . ."

The single drop-light appeared over Bencolin's head, but the rest of us were in shadow. I leaned back limply, and I was exhausted.

"And now," said Bencolin, "before turning on the lights over you, I may tell you the purpose of this experiment. I venture to predict that M. Vautrelle's chair is empty. If you will examine your manacles, you will see that with a little easy manipulation you could have slid them off without difficulty. None of you has tried to slip them off, I venture to assert; this was because you were innocent. The crux of our practical psychology, and the reason why this test was tried, is that *the guilty person always does.*"

The room appeared in a flood of light. There was a nervous, exhausted calm, and a strained silence. The sweated hair clung to Golton's forehead and I could hear him wheezing behind his gag. Fenelli seemed about to melt. Madame lay back in her chair, head lolling, one wrist free. Vautrelle's chair was empty.

Bencolin walked to the middle of the room, but he did not speak. The tile walls lent that room the chill semblance of a morgue. Laboriously madame worked herself free. She rose, swayed a little; tried to untie the

gag, and finally ripped it off. Her ermine collar lay back from her throat, and she was panting. The face was sunken, a madonna out of which peeped a vulture, and the dry lipstick cracked on her mouth. Her eyes, as she turned her head from side to side, were empty and frightening; a ruin.

Hard, harsh light . . . then the sound of steps on the tile floor. Two gendarmes appeared, escorting Vautrelle between them. He carried his coat over his arm, and he had casually lighted a cigarette.

"You weak-knees!" Louise de Saligny said, with sudden shrillness. "You left, did you?—Damn you." She leaned crookedly against the chair. The beauty and languor peeled away from her. "Well, tell them—go on—frightened at a lot of stage-traps—tell them!—"

Vautrelle was breaking. He tried to keep his mouth straight, but his forehead was a glitter of sweat; he tried to be contemptuous, but the ivory cigarette-holder trembled.

"You fixed up that story about ordering the cocktails," madame said, giggling. "I knew it—wouldn't go. *You* wanted me to kill him; *you* hadn't the nerve . . . in a public place where we could prove an alibi . . . if you'd listened to me," she smirked. "Yes, I'll tell them! Do you think *I* care about my precious neck? . . . Or do you want to kiss my neck now—as you used to. 'Ah, that divine neck'—goat of a Russian!—well, go on; it will be your last chance before the guillotine hits it." She drew her hand across her throat, and her laugh echoed against the walls.

Vautrelle's face was ghastly. The coat slid from his arm, and the cigarette spilled fire down his chin. With a terrific gritting of his nerves, he drew himself up. In a clear, defiant voice he sneered at Bencolin:

"Why, yes, I left your performance. I thought I would go up and see the Grand Guignol. If your men

hadn't interfered, I should have been just in time for the second act."

He essayed a bow towards the detective; then he lurched, and slid down in a dead faint. High and shrill against the tile rang the laughter of Louise de Saligny.

X

BENCOLIN TAKES A CURTAIN-CALL

"You will want some explanations, I take it," said Bencolin. "Well, there were certain features of the case which were clear from the moment I entered the room of the murder, and others which baffled me for the extraordinary time of nearly twelve hours."

Again we were sitting in his littered study, before a fire which looked a great deal more cheerful than that of the night before. He had mellowed under the influence of an appalling quantity of *Veuve Cliquot*, and I was far from taciturn myself. He lighted a cigar luxuriously, and leaned back to blow thoughtful rings at the firelight.

"Let us take it from the beginning. Before Madame Louise was supposed to know about the murder, when we were all sitting there in the salon, you remember that I salvaged her cigarette, as I told you. Possibly the implication of much hashish has not occurred to you. It is the killer's drug. If you doubt it, look up the origin of the word 'assassin,' which is a direct derivation. A confirmed user is at any time liable to go amuck—we get that phrase from the drug, too—and within five years is dead. It makes them nearly as insane as our first trouble-maker, Laurent.

"Then we were called into the room of the murder. You probably noted that heavy, sweet odor; if you ever dabble with this case in fiction, be sure to include it. It suggested hashish. She smoked before us, in the other room, but the overpowering collection of other smells

made it confused with powder and perfume. Now that room was perfectly clear, and it appeared quite distinctly. The window was up, which might or might not have been an indication that it was raised to drive out the odor. At any rate, it created a strong suspicion that madame had been there *a short time before*. A short time, or the odor would have been entirely dissipated.

"Next we examined the position of the body. It was in a grotesque *kneeling* position; showed no sign of a struggle, and indicated that he had been hit from behind, as I pointed out. The body of a decapitated man, as we discover at the guillotine, has a habit of freezing into its position. Now imagine to yourself the only way in the world it would have been possible to *get* him into that position, so that he could be struck from behind! Why, attending to the fastening of a lady's slipper! It is not normally necessary to demand masculine attention to the stocking or the garter—well, or the roll, if you insist. My comment about pillows, which seems to have puzzled you, was perfectly simple. It might surprise the victim to see a sharp sword lying in full view on the divan, and pillows in a line would very effectually conceal it.

"Thus far, it was a woman's crime; and I thought I could name the woman. Strength? Remember that *once before* Madame Louise had overpowered a madman, as I told you; and so it was no very far stretch of the imagination to conceive of her wielding that sword.

"Was it possible, I thought, that the time of the crime might have been *before* half-past eleven? I would pigeonhole the idea with the question, Who was the man who actually entered, and why?

"Before I came there, I already had a suspicion that the man posing as Saligny was Laurent. When we found the pictures of himself in his pockets, it suggested not so much conceit as an endless studying of his proto-

type; especially since some of the pictures were not at all flattering. Find me the beau who preserves pictures that make him look hideous! Then that question of a weapon in his pockets—it was curious—”

“But we found no weapon in his pocket!” I protested.

“Ah, that was the curious thing. Put yourself in the place of a man who fears for his life from an unknown assailant. Would you go around entirely unarmed, particularly if you were one of the finest pistol-shots in Europe? Now, I thought to myself, is it possible that Madame Louise knew this too? Might she have killed him because of it? If so, why in the devil’s name does she not speak and exonerate herself? Hold that idea in mind, please. Remember that Laurent is a cunning villain, who sends notes to himself and, when he knows he is being shadowed at the opium-house, voluntarily tells the police so that we shall believe he has merely been collecting evidence.

“Then came the crux: that outlandish business of the bell being rung. The question is, Who rang it; the false Saligny or the murderer? If Saligny rang it, the murderer certainly was insane, for, after his victim has rung a bell which will summon a witness quite soon, he coolly kills Saligny anyhow! If the murderer rang it, the same rule applies: he blithely rang for a witness to see him commit the murder, since he could not have known that the boy would be delayed in answering the bell. The only tenable hypothesis, however, is that the man whom we saw enter the room rang the bell. If it was not Saligny, who was it; and (here is the locked room) where did that man go?

“I now switch back to the idea that when the bell was rung the victim had already been killed, and the evidence points to Louise de Saligny. Who could have been the man who entered the room? By his size and the color of his hair, only Vautrelle! Well, then, Vautrelle knew

about the crime; and madame knew it was he who entered, if she had just left her husband without a head. It was pretty evidence of collusion, when coupled with Golton's drunken assertion about a possible affair there.

"Collusion *why*? The answer is obvious. They know about the false Saligny, but they must keep the world thinking it was Saligny, or there would be no fortune. But how could they have known this? The probability was that the false Saligny's refusal to indulge in sports had aroused Vautrelle's suspicions, and he investigated Saligny's house—indicated by the fact that he stole the cellar keys.

"When he learned about the trunk we shall not know until the *juge d'instruction* gets his confession, but clearly he had to hurry to Saligny's house and destroy that damning evidence that an impostor was about. The house would have been gone over by the attorneys and the appraisers of the estate, and a conspicuous trunk in the study would assuredly have been opened.

"Having already proved an alibi for madame and for himself, Vautrelle would return to Saligny's home as soon as he could. I did not, naturally, know about the trunk until we ourselves reached the premises; but it seemed probable that there was in that house some evidence of a false Saligny which Vautrelle would wish destroyed. I shall be very much surprised if the executors do not unearth a diary, some letters in Laurent's handwriting, or other suspicious material. That Vautrelle had visited Saligny's home on the day before the murder is fairly clear since he knew about and suspected the trunk. This was probably when he stole the keys of the cellar door. . . . So after the killing of Laurent he gave my shadower the slip (recall the operative's report over the telephone), and went back to hide the body of the real Saligny. Fresh mortar does not ordinarily lie about loose in cellars, and presents another indication that not

only was the prowler familiar with the house, but that he had prepared for his work that or the preceding day.

"The intruder was, then, a close friend of Saligny—"

"But why didn't Golton fit in as well? He lived next door, too."

"*Zut alors!* That Golton hypothesis of yours is an *idée fixe!*"

I narrated the experiment of the handshake in the café, and added, "That was why I suspected him to the very last minute—"

Bencolin chuckled. "Well, some of our evidence hinges round the flashlight; let us take that into consideration. Golton's bad hand was no evidence at all that he was guilty. Have you ever had anything knocked out of your own hand by a pistol bullet?"

I confessed to no such charming experience.

"A light object would cause no more disastrous result than a momentary jar. Something very heavy, of course, might numb one's hand; but certainly not an electric torch. Did you think for a moment that I was trying to hit the intruder with my shots?"

"Since you fired pointblank at him, it seemed highly probable."

"Why? I knew who the intruder was and I also was morally certain he carried no pistol—why should he? He expected to find the house deserted. But remember above all that we ourselves were fully as guilty of house-breaking as he. I hardly wanted to complicate matters by unnecessary shooting. Had I known that Girard was in danger I would have dropped him, but I cannot lay claim to omniscience. What I was doing—sound as it may like the master-detective of fiction—was estimating his height. . . . How? Well, if you are holding an electric torch, what is the natural position of your hand? Try it. You see—waist-high. Now I took good aim—I couldn't have had a better target—and put two bullets

through the flashlight firing from the stairs. One of the bullets nicked the newel-post at the precise height of the electric torch, and then entered the floor. Calculating from my own position on the stairs, and estimating the mark on the newel-post as indicating the man's waist, it was not too difficult to estimate his height at about six feet."

"It is without doubt a unique, if somewhat too spectacular, method of taking a man's measurements. But it seems to this hard-headed person that it would have been much simpler neatly to put those bullets through both legs—"

"My dear fellow, you are saturated with traditions of American gunplay! In France the police shoot only as a last resort. Besides, a sense of drama prevented me from pouncing too soon on my victim."

"And thereby cost a man's life. But proceed."

"So the height of the murderer," went on Bencolin expansively, "excludes definitely your roly-poly candidate, M. Golton. Your last remarks indicate why I did not give you a loaded pistol. Had you been in my place, you would have felt an overwhelming urge to clutter up the premises with bullets on the slightest provocation. You would have caught the machine-gun urge of New York and Chicago—in which cities, I am told, under the beneficent American government, a man has no personal liberties except the full and free right to commit murder."

"Thereby," I said, "causing French detectives to talk like United States senators. . . ."

"It is true!" he protested. "That is the philosophy of your great country. It is even so bad that every time I see in the news-reels a picture of your president M. Coolidge, he is either wearing a cowboy suit or indulging in rifle-practice. Diable! The crime-situation must be terrible."

"It is certainly a branch of crime," I said, "sponsored

by the W. C. T. U. and kindred producers of nausea. . . . You were saying?"

"About the murder. When you add the evidence of the cigarette ashes in the card-room containing hashish, the fingerprints on the window being those of madame, you add a couple of details which never interested me, but which would be highly valuable in a court of law. A search of Vautrelle's house tonight produced the gloves he had worn to bury Saligny and kill Girard—"

"What is the evidence in a pair of soiled gloves? I have a pair myself."

"I would warn you never to discount the efforts of our tireless laboratory. Did you know that the fibers of certain fabrics, impressed on a receptive surface, will print their individual weave exactly like fingerprints? And that no two weaves, even on a machine-made article, are precisely similar under a microscope? No, Jack, it is no longer safe even to use gloves. The fiber-prints on the dust of the knife that stabbed Girard correspond with the soiled gloves Vautrelle had neglected to throw away."

"Is there any more of this scientific evidence?"

"All the evidence which will convict those two is scientific. You recall my request to examine the false Saligny's fingernails. Clinging to the inside of the nail on the first finger of his right hand was a bit of silk, about a sixteenth of an inch long, scratched from madame's stocking when he fell. Of course, I could not see it; I did not know it was there. But I trusted to the laboratory to discover anything that *might* be there. The octopus has eyes, too. . . ."

"You neglect nothing, do you? . . . Then all that mummary of reproducing the crime was unnecessary!"

"Oh, well, I had to have a little personal satisfaction," he explained, somewhat apologetically. "I am inherently a mountebank. It is our national weakness

as constant gunplay is yours. When I can be aided by dummy tile walls, pleasing musical effects, shadow-graphs, and certain actors expertly made up (one with a wax head, which will fall at the application of a tin sword), I cannot resist the temptation to become a disciple of Hollywood. Besides, I am fond of sticking pins in my fellow-mortals to see how they will react. . . . I studied Vautrelle, and I fancied he would break before madame. It was a test. . . .” He sat a long while silent in the firelight, so motionless that the ash did not fall from his cigar. “Examine closely, my friend,” he said at last, “the extremely contained person who never cuts loose; who never indulges in a good, healthy, plebeian brawl; who affects indifference and boredom—that man is the extreme in self-consciousness. He is never sure of himself, and at the climax he will crack. Madame, on the other hand, was the opposite; you recall how she was willing to speak so freely and personally before you, a stranger. I rather imagined she would outlast him. And I was curious about both Golton and Fenelli.” He chuckled. “Again I guessed correctly. The American had nothing on his mind; it scared him to a shadow, and thus he enjoyed it thoroughly. And, at least, it will furnish a better subject for conversation than Yellowstone Park. As for Fenelli, it was almost necessary to escort him home in an ambulance. . . .

“And now,” he concluded, reaching over to take the champagne-bottle from its cooler, “we have finished. I give you a wish, the conclusion of all cases—”

The broad glasses clicked together in the firelight. Then, at Bencolin’s elbow, the telephone rang. The pieces of his overturned glass lay shattered on the hearth, and, as he picked up the ’phone eagerly, the spilled champagne crawled and sizzled about the burning logs.



Wind-Mother

*Whither away, little Mother, whither away?
Over the wind-blown hills, my son,
Over the wind-blown hills,
Over the hills
And away.*

*And why in the wind, O Mother,
Why in the wingèd wind?
Why must you fly
With the big grey wind
Over the hills
And away?*

*Over the warm brown hills, my son,
Over the hills to the sea,
Over the sea
To the sunset-land
Where the sun comes out
Of the sea.*

*Then over the hills I'll follow thee,
Over the hills and the sea,
To the morning land
Where the sun was born,
And the dawn-wind sleeps
In the sea.*

*Then hush, my son, for the grey winds come,
And the green wind waits
By the sea.
And he who rides in the wind tonight
Must ever silent be.
So, never a breath—
For the wind is death
That bears thee over the sea.*

Bramwell Linn.

Ami Ancien

A Vision of Middle-Age

*I wonder, friend, are your thoughts turning—
These dull dead days of March—
To other springs and fairer weather,
When we still walked the road together,
Through hedges green with new life burning—
The beechwood tree and the larch.*

*Come, let's grant it, this is over,
We shall not live such days again;
On parted ways, we leave behind us
Timeless youth, the dreams that blind us,
The bosom friend, the carefree rover—
To older times and younger men.*

*Wild, we prate of heavens falling,
Loosèd cord and broken bowl;
Wild, we moan them all forgetful,
These and friendship both grow fretful;
Better pain than pleasure palling—
Grieving mind than weary soul.*

*Up, my lad, have done repining,
Roads must part as time sweeps on,
Weep not we for what is ended—
Severed cord and bowl unmended,
Present's gloom and dead past's shining—
The golden days were ever gone.*

*Stand we here and wave a greeting,
Waste no tears for what is gone,
View not change with mournful wonder,
Join not paths that lie asunder,
Snatch our meed of pleasure fleeting,
Lift our burdens—and plod on.*

J. W. Martin



The Gulf Between

SO PERVERSE a trick of that blind chance, romantically known as Fate, should have been swift, spectacular, dramatic—but it wasn't; in fact, so annoyingly casual did it appear, that anyone not knowing the natures of the two would have passed it by oblivious. Powers—Edward R. Powers he signed himself—merely looked up from his seat in the lounge window, uttered a fervent “damn!” and hurriedly buried his face in the newspaper. And, outside, Julian Vesey helped his mother down from the bus, walked unconcernedly through the lobby to register, and followed the Far Valley Inn's lone bell-boy up to his room. That was all. . . .

Abruptly Powers' eyes reached the bottom of a column and he realized that he had not the slightest idea of what he had read—only a rankling feeling that somehow this part of his vacation was completely ruined. . . . With nearly a hundred other classmates and some thousand different summer resorts, why had one of the half-dozen impossibles such as Vesey had to turn up here? Even three years with him in the same college courses hadn't been so bad as a month at this tiny, isolated hotel threatened to be: at college you at least had your activities and your own clique of friends for an excuse, but here there were only two sets—the grey-haired, porch-sitting one and the bobbed-haired, tennis-playing crowd. *There* was the rub: you couldn't avoid, nor even ignore him, for after all, he *was* a classmate and college loyalty . . . Oh, damn him, anyhow!

He uncrossed his legs vexatiously, stretched them to their full ponderous length and tossed the newspaper aside as he mechanically started to fill his pipe; with something like a start he came to, remembered the disapproving glances of old Mrs. English the last time he had smoked a pipe in the lounge, and changed to a

cigarette. The resulting annoyance quite naturally attached to Vesey. . . . College loyalty to be decent to a queer, smart-alec fellow like that, who hadn't a bit of it himself? What a black-eye *he* was for any college—and especially now when you were trying to sell yours to those Stewart sisters who seemed hipped on Harvard. A fine sample Vesey was! wouldn't it be possible to ditch him somehow? . . . No, damn it, you couldn't get around it—he *was* your classmate and you had to be a gentleman, even if he wasn't.

Vesey stood in the doorway, surveying the room with his quick brown eyes, running a slim, almost effeminate hand through his rick dark hair and, because of his slenderness, looking taller than he really was. He spotted Powers almost immediately—and immediately, in one of his fits of unconquerable shyness, he turned his gaze in the opposite direction. God! a vacation with that loud-mouthed, slow-witted chap Powers—well, let him make the first advances. Those crude personal witticisms of his and his habit of trying to decide all arguments by lung power! A well-bred lout. But even then, you could always twist him around your finger when it came to quiet reasoning—oh well. . . . He reached the end of the time he could plausibly occupy in gazing at the scenic photographs on the walls, and to preserve his poise lighted a cigarette. . . . There was Powers walking over towards him now. . . .

Powers came smiling up to him with virtuously assumed heartiness, and compromised between the unkind college nickname "Julie" and the too-kind "V" by saying, "Hullo there, Vesey. When did you blow in?" And Vesey, unable as usual to decide between "Ed" and "Powers," merely said unexcitedly, "Hello."

They discussed quite solemnly the length of time they were staying, the locations of their respective rooms, the summer plans of a half-dozen classmates, the idiosyncra-

sies of last semester's substitute history professor, the final exam in their English course, the weather and the adjacent landscape. And both kept thinking furiously for an excuse to stop; it was Powers who found it first. "Well, I promised to play tennis with a couple of girls at two-thirty," he announced with a somewhat too satisfied glance at his wrist-watch. "I suppose you'll want to unpack, anyhow. See you at supper-time."

"Yes," said Vesey politely, but he was already gazing at Powers' rather broad back.

II

After-supper introductions and subsequent casual associations, undertaken by Powers with somewhat the air of a martyr, resulted much more successfully than he had anticipated; much as you might despise him personally, you couldn't deny Vesey certain graces of amusing conversation. Gifted with rather more than average cleverness, Julian had soon discovered how to manufacture quite a considerable reputation as a man of taste out of a collection of assorted artistic prejudices—the keynote of which was a violence in like or dislike and a passionate desire to be different. Painting, for instance, he would dismiss with a wave of the hand by pointing out that, after all, it was not plastic—which was all very well if you liked that sort of thing, but that, personally, he preferred sculpture. In music he thought it much more diverting to find the "modern" already nearing the point of *passé*. As for literature, authors in general were divided into two classes—the geniuses and the shoddy writers of claptrap—and with any falling within the no-man's-land of mere tolerance he was probably on no more than speaking terms.

Yet cheap and insincere as this pose might be, it covered a real interest in literature and things artistic; it was merely a natural sublimation of the actual achieve-

ment which his constitutional laziness apparently rendered impossible. In a sense, indeed, the pose was as purely professional a thing as a statesman's frock-coat: being, as he was, too slight for the athlete, too mercurial for the scholar, too essentially shy for the good-fellow, it was his only claim to distinction. True, on the campus it was a doubtful distinction at best—in spite of all the cheap absurdities which there passed at face value, this one was decidedly not the fashion—but Vesey was one of those people who find flouting public opinion the easiest and pleasantest road to the attention for which they secretly long. Like so many clever people, he was unable to tolerate apparent stupidity nor to refrain from quips and *bon mots* at the expense of its personifications; and so his wit, more often than not, had as its butt some rather slow-witted but likable campus hero—the road to attention but hardly to popularity. But lonely as was his life among presumable college friends, amongst comparative strangers his pose brought him the momentary notice which he desired.

Thus the elder of the two pretty Stewart girls, Vida, who had just graduated from college the preceding June, found Vesey a welcome relief from the sometimes excessively undergraduate ways of his classmate. Perhaps, indeed, it was this fact more than any other which first put a new light on relations between Vesey and Powers. The latter had become somewhat afraid of the withering remarks occasionally made by Vida on such obviously sacred things as campus traditions and college spirit, and was quite glad to have her taken off his hands and his attentions left free for the more impressionable Evelyn. Paired off thus—whether canoeing on the icy waters of the small lake, playing tennis on the Inn's execrably rough court, or dancing to the strains of the radio under the half-disapproving, half-envious eyes of the customary summer-hotel widows—the four found it

a pleasing arrangement all around. The doubles combination, for instance, of Vida's vigorous net play and Julian's erratically fast serve proved just strong enough to put up a good game before succumbing before Evelyn and Ed, while the conquered pair would console themselves at the supper table in sly, pointed remarks about the defeat of brains by brawn. For two weeks, much to Powers' surprise, things went merry as the proverbial marriage bell—rather merrier, in fact, for at the end of this time (when Vida had heard as many of Oscar Wilde's epigrams as Julian could conveniently adapt to the Far Valley Inn, and was obviously beginning to be bored) the only divorce proceedings necessary were for the Stewart family to remember an invitation to the seashore.

Thrown completely on their own resources—for the other youth of the hotel seemed, for age or other reasons, entirely ineligible—Powers and Vesey still found each other surprisingly agreeable. Never having thought of it before, they were amazed at the discovery that few people are so totally incompatible as to be unable to get on quite passably together, if they have to; and the revelation stimulated them to a searching out of common interests. They both, long idle days disclosed, liked Rupert Brooke, Marlowe, Molière—not to mention etchings, European travel and the career of Charles XII of Sweden. Even stronger bond of sympathy, they uncovered similar dislikes and prejudices—raw oysters, mathematics and Boston, for example. Powers regarded Socialism as visionary, Vesey found it boring, and all forms of settlement-work they both quite cheerfully damned; religion they kept discreetly away from. And out of these things grew a companionship as strange as it has been unanticipated; so strange that when Vesey left, neither could quite decide whether he were glad or sorry it was all over and each free to relax into his former

attitude—Powers into that of accepting conventional judgments without thought or question, and Vesey into making fun of them with scarcely any more.

III

It was late autumn, college was in full swing, and that strange friendship formed in the mountain woods had followed the summer leaves into a certain mellow decay but never quite to withered oblivion. Along with a fire in the chemistry laboratory, a freshman-sophomore fight and a flaming editorial against the dean, it had been a modest nine days' wonder to the upper classes, and had played its part in relieving what most of the college seemed to feel was the insufferable tedium of purely intellectual education; but football had shortly taken over the stage and held it ever since. Vesey, on his part, showed no very evident desire to tighten the bond ramblingly knit the summer before; he found himself treated just as coldly as ever by Powers' friends, found it increasingly difficult to remain friendly with Powers himself—there were so many witty remarks that you just didn't dare make. Powers, however, having once accepted him as a friend, seemed disposed to cling to him—not too closely, of course (especially when he'd made nastily disparaging remarks about your roommate's desperate efforts to win an end position on the team), but still with a certain dogged loyalty. . . .

Powers sat at the wheel of the family Packard, driving mechanically, thinking morosely, Vesey at his side. They were returning from the dance which had followed the last game of the season, a dance to which they had taken the two Stewart girls (unexpectedly but conveniently spending the week-end with an aunt only an hour's drive away), a dance which even the most shameless society columnist could not have described as a success. First of all, they had lost the game—lost it

badly—thereby finishing the season with only two unimportant victories. Then it had rained. And part of the orchestra had been too drunk to show up. Finally, the Stewart girls, taking a cue, perhaps, from Julian, had kept up a continuous fire of banter (somehow always contriving to mention Harvard's undefeated machine) about the team's playing and Ed's conscientious rooting. Yes, that much of it, at least, could be blamed on Vesie; in his usual embarrassment at anything which he chose to consider sentimental revivals, he had seemed rather cool towards the prospect of taking Vida and Evelyn to the game, and had openly expressed himself as preferring to make one of his customary football-season flourishes of going to a *matinée* instead—incomprehensible heresy, of course, to Powers. The rain had irritated him, and as the players barged up and down the sea of mud, he had taken out his feelings in sundry elaborations of the general hypothesis that the mental calibre of any team which didn't even know enough to come in out of the rain must be incalculably low. This attitude, continued indiscriminately at the dance, brought the obvious retort from Freddy Lawson, Powers' hot-tempered roommate, that since Vesey hadn't had the guts to be out there himself, he'd better shut up before something happened to him. . . . Hardly a gay affair, that dance.

Powers sat grasping the steering wheel, waiting for a traffic light to flash green, sullenly angry. Damn the light, damn the rain and damn Vesey. The way he'd acted! after you'd made a ridiculous spectacle of yourself by going on a double date with him, too. It was largely V's remarks that'd made the women so damned sarcastic and high-hat—why the hell couldn't he keep a decent tongue in his head? God, how that crack about getting in as end-man in the black-face minstrel show had griped Freddy! It was getting to the point where you'd have to choose between his friendship and Vesey's

—and everybody in college seemed agreed that Vesey was a natural gripe and a born outcast.

He put on the brakes, savagely and too swiftly, and the car momentarily skidded. "Damn!" he muttered—the first word spoken aloud in perhaps ten miles.

"Tut, *tut!*" mocked Vesey—whose sulks paraded before the world clothed in bitter-sweet sarcasm.

"Oh! for God's sake can it! You've been saying nothing else all day." Powers finally exploded. "Why in hell did you have to make all those smart-alec wise cracks about the team? Everybody was feeling sore enough as it was. Freddy's mad as ten devils about your calling his getting into the game 'one of those big moments in little lives'—or something like that. Says he'll throw you out on your neck if you dare come in our room again." He stopped defiantly, pretending to be absorbed in his driving.

"And are you going to let him?" Vesey's voice was cool and even.

"Well, . . . I think you ought to apologize."

"So you *are* going to. Well, I guess we'll have to leave it that way," Vesey retorted, gazing stonily at the reflections in the windshield. And the rest of the ride was silent.

Finally it was ended, they had parked the car and were separating. "Good-night," ventured Powers not unkindly and a little contrite.

"Ho-hum," said Vesey.

Up in his room, Julian pitched his coat into the farthest corner, straightened his tie and lit the meditative cigarette. . . . Well, that was over at last—no more toadying to stupidity. And one less friend—a somewhat lonelier time than before. God! but that was a dreary sort of life. . . . But apologize to Lawson and go in for this stupid, good-natured, "nice-boy" stuff? Hell no! Muzzle yourself for mere popularity? Be

courteous when you didn't want to? The really great, clever men had always been pretty much abused, anyhow—Shelley, for instance. How was it someone had defined an artist—one who could live his own life? Ah, that was good! That was a real goal to point for—and never mind how people treated you. Go your own way, live your own life and let the world go hang!

And bolstered up by these comforting heroics, he took a final grandiloquent puff at his cigarette, tossed the butt out the window, and went softly laughing to bed.

J. W. Martin.

Arachnid

*I killed him for a loathing,
The horrid, leggèd spider—
I could not work
Because I felt him climb.*

*But then, when I had worked,
And that was done,
I could not sleep
Because the moon was in the spider's-web.*

Bramwell Linn.

BOOKS

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN

H. W. FREEMAN

A new meteor has swum into the ken of the reading public on both sides of the Atlantic according to the advance windings of this author's trumpet of publicity. With a great deal of stir and clatter, with sturdy invocations to the shades of Thomas Hardy and of various other earthy souls who have drawn their inspiration from the soil of England, this book has been launched before the eyes of a carefully prepared public.

After reading a succinct account of this novelist's career upon the flyleaf, and an introduction by one R. H. Mottram included in the first few pages of the book itself, we are left in a nicely bewildered frame of mind for the boarding of *Joseph* itself. We are told that Mr. Freeman is thirty years of age; that he worked as a farm hand in that part of rural England which he depicts in his novel; that he was employed in educational "odd-jobs" during the time that *Joseph* was written, in short story form; that he "did it over" as a novel during the winter of 1927-28. We are left to guess a reason for the expansion. It may have been from an artistic motive: to lend it the amplitude of scope that a book of epic proportions deserves; it may have been from a likelier motive: to become *aussi vite que possible* a novelist.

R. H. Mottram's in some ways unfortunate introduction deserves a special mention. He begins by insisting that *Joseph* is not of "that school of fiction—I will call it the Cocktail School—which plays upon such incidents as that of Lord Snooks shooting the lovely Miss Jones in the back as she is coming out of the bathroom." Thus commences the honourable Mottram

who goes on to suffer as frothy an attack of Cocktailitis himself as we fervently hope never to see again. Having swallowed an Aspirin and made very sure there was an open window handy in case there should be a Mottram introduction to the second chapter, we finally came to the reading of the story proper.

It is a one-track study of a single family in an English rural community, one-track in that we are never allowed to focus our glance upon anything but the action of this single family. Mr. Freeman has thus gone to drastic extremes to obtain his unity of place. The time span is more than a quarter of a century. Over this period the scene changes only for those brief interludes when each of the Geaiter boys, resenting the harsh ruling hand of a tyrannous father, runs away alone on one pretext or another only to be drawn back with an irresistible longing "for Crackenhill with its sagging roof and crow-stopped gable, for his brothers, even for his father, because he belonged there." These last few words phrase the unspoken tragedy of the five Brethren. Each lives only as an integral part of the wild, impersonal acres that he has helped to subdue. An untransplantable mechanism.

As for the story itself. Benjamin Geaiter, a self-sufficient tyrant, is himself the warp and woof of Mr. Freeman's narrative. He drives his sons to labor like slaves upon the farm of Crackenhill. His wife died in the fields one day, worn out by a life of toil. An elderly housekeeper died and a young girl, Nancy, arrived to "do" for the six men. Mr. Freeman makes use of the inevitable to deliver his most astounding "coup." Nancy became in the family way. Each brother suspected the other. The father admitted the seducing, and—what could the brethren do about it? His colloquy with Mrs. Nushwaite, the vicar's wife, is classical in its simplicity of utterance. She came to remind him

that he was living in sin. She left blushing in all directions at the unstinted eloquence of Ben Geaiter.

But he did marry Nancy. Not long after, he suffered a series of strokes and died, leaving the farm to his wife. She was again prevailed upon, this time by one Ted Willett, the village ne'er-do-well. She married him, and the five brothers were done out of the farm they had spent so many years of labor on.

They hired themselves out. Kept meeting for dinner and for strolls on Sundays. The particular apple of their eye was Joey, their half-brother. They live for him in the forlorn hope that they will some day get the farm back again. Crackenhill becomes too much for Nancy and her new husband. They disappear and the brothers buy back the house and part of the land. Joey falls in love and persuades his city-minded Daisy to be mistress of Crackenhill with his five half-brothers as chaperones.

There are frequent long periods in the dramatic sequence of the story about whose events we are told nothing. The author seems to subordinate whatever leaning he may have towards detail to the unity of effect that he seeks. He effects this unity to so complete a degree that, towards the end, we are not at all sure whether there are five separate Geaiter brothers or simply one integrated Geaiter. Mr. Freeman may have again had an artistic motive for so doing. We rather suspect it was more for convenience' sake. In this respect his power of plot-making is rather emasculated. He left the emotional side of the brothers untouched. But his single character portrayals are vigorous enough. The portrait of Benjamin Geaiter is convincing. "There was something solidly consistent in his way of living that remained unaffected by any of the human currents around him; he cared neither for the approval nor the blame of his neighbors. He only asked to be

left alone." Indeed, it is in the sometimes detailed, sometimes brief sketching of people in this rural community of Bruisyard that the whole import of the book lies, for it is in this that Mr. Freeman's power as a novelist lies.

In the hands of professional boosters this novel has been so ballyhooed that we expected a worse let-down than we got. We were instructed to behold Mr. Freeman trailing clouds of Hardy as he comes. We beheld nothing of the sort. There is really more of the touch of Warwick Deeping's *Doomsday* in this new writer's manner than there is of Egdon Heath. Both of the former are inclined to swan-song in a faint last note of optimism. Thomas Hardy sits down with a final sad kerplunk amongst a heap of broken images. But for an author's first book, *Joseph and His Brethren* is a remarkable piece of writing.

(Henry Holt & Co., \$2.50)

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The Spanish Pageant is just that. Across the sure background of much intimate contact with the country itself, with its draughty castles, its glamorous cities, its national inhibitions that have leaned over from the time of the Inquisition, Mr. Riggs draws a succession of highly decorated wagon-stages upon which are perched, with detailed care as to arrangement, every piece of property peculiar to the scene. The book has these qualities of pageantry. It also has the pageant's quality of confusion. We are jolted from shady Seville to grim Toledo, from tedious historical documents to a description of the time-honored custom of complimenting a Spanish woman publicly and in no uncertain manner upon her beauty. "It is quite customary for any man to observe a Spanish woman with fixed attention and

then step close enough to murmur to her 'How lovely!' 'What glorious eyes!' 'By God, but you are beautiful! !' or something analogous." It is alluring confusion at any rate. In fact we rather enjoyed being mixed up. Sure we'd enjoy it more, though, in one of Seville's dark alleys.

Here is a chance to fatten one's stock of knowledge about an almost unknown foreign country. Mr. Riggs fills well a double capacity. He is at once a good storyteller and a discriminating interpreter of the country he has observed for some quarter of a century. Being an American, he is in a position to interpret Spain from our own point of view. We secretly confess that before we opened *Spanish Pageant* our impressions of that country had been vaguely centered upon the fact that some one of its queens floated a loan for Columbus a few centuries back. We are now an authority upon the history, legend and romance of Spain's cathedrals, cities, rivers, historical background and national temperament. There is really a huge amount of material crammed into these pages, presented in a nicely informal manner. We are going to read it again. The chapter on Seville anyway.

May we add a word in appreciation for the number and quality of its illustrations.

(*Bobbs-Merrill, \$5.00*)

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The Haverfordian

VOL. XLVIII

HAVERFORD, PA., MAY, 1929

No. 8

THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the *twentieth* of each month preceding date of issue during college year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates; to this end contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the *fifth* of the month.

Entered as second-class matter March 19, 1921, at the post office at Haverford, Pennsylvania, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized April 11, 1921.

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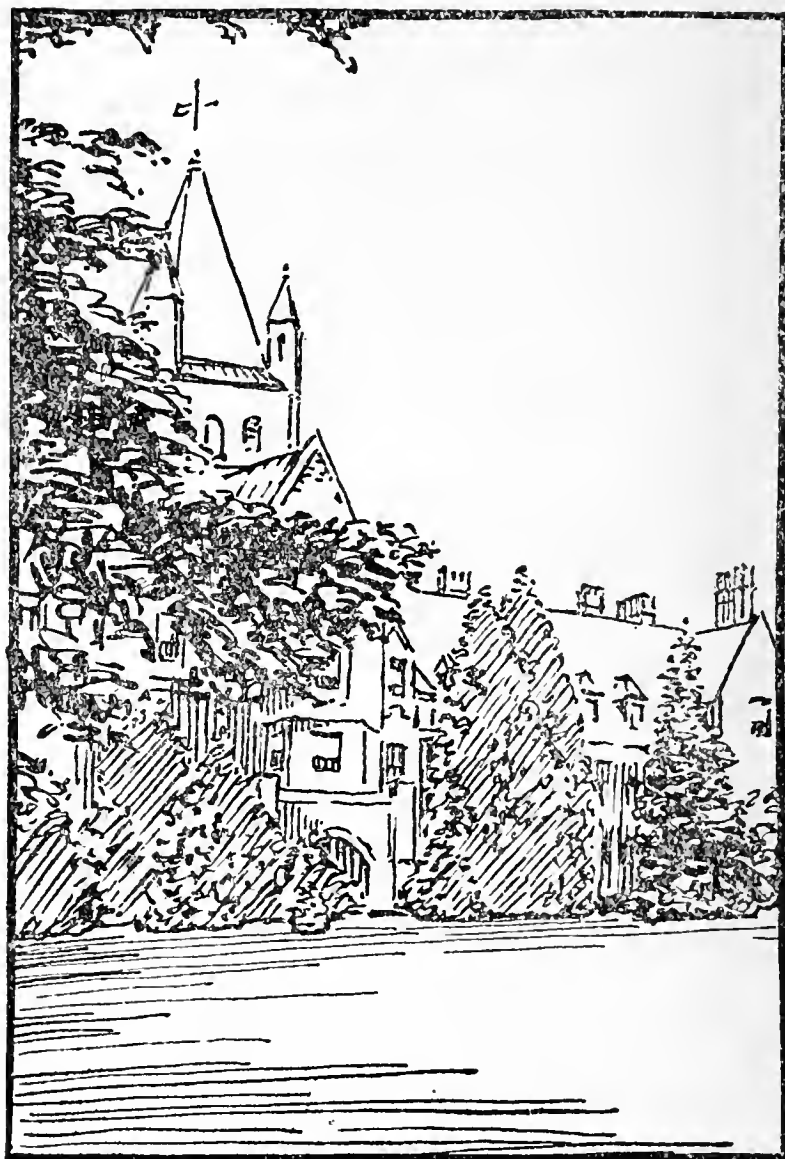
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The Sword of the Lord

HE WAS large, sandy-haired, unaggressive and peaceful almost to a fault, and his name was Gideon—which was one of those delicious bits of irony which so frequently result from compromise. It had been one of the earliest arrangements of the godfearing Braile family that the prerogative of naming their offspring was to alternate between husband and wife; the right to choose the first-born's name had as a matter of course fallen to Calvin Braile, and he, almost as naturally, had picked on that of his admired Old Testament hero, Gideon. *Quite* as naturally, one might say, for there was a certain savage sternness about Calvin Braile which reminded one almost as much of the swashbuckling warriors of the Book of Judges as of his own dour Covenanter ancestors—a compelling austerity which constrained even those not of the Lord's elect to render him a certain grudging admiration. "Put him in the days of Cromwell," a young lawyer, who had occasional dealings with the small savings bank of which he was treasurer, had once said of him, "array him against tyranny and popery and you have a martyr and a hero. That bigoted Presbyterianism of his would become 'pure religion and undefiled', and his undoubted integrity, his absolute readiness to carry out literally his favorite text, *And if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee*, would have made him a minor Puritan saint." And the lawyer was right: Calvin would often catch himself longing, with a fierce piety not un-mixed with blood-lust, for the spacious days of a Jephthah or a Barak, of a Cromwell or an Ireton. Certainly his great secret sorrow was that Gideon, his first-born, was a weak-kneed doubter who seemed to take entirely after his mother.

It was not, of course, that Calvin Braile found anything

of which to complain in his wife Anna; on the contrary, her sensitive, clinging nature seemed to him the epitome of the virtues (at least as defined by the Apostle Paul) of an obedient Christian wife. Physically frail, musical in a rather pallid but not entirely talentless way, and quite a capable housekeeper, she was superior to her husband in practically every accomplishment save that of mere rugged self-assurance; but born and bred under the ideal of wifely subjection, she deferred to his opinions in everything. By Calvin Braile's standard, however, what was humility and virtue in the wife was weakness and vice in the son—"resist not evil" was all very well for a sheltered woman to believe, but a man should realize that evil must be resisted at every step, fought mercilessly with blood and iron, stamped out root and branch. Tolerance was only a deceiving name for compromise and eventual surrender. And so Gideon, who resembled his father only in his sandy hair, gawky frame and fumbling slowness of thought, was in Calvin's eyes a failure and a backslider unworthy the name of Braile.

But Gideon's passive, almost timorous sort of religion, however much scoffed at by his father as womanish and inconsistent, was to Gideon a thing intensely alive and real. At worst, it provided him with that crying necessity of all essentially weak natures, a set of catch-words which gave life a meaning and a purpose which it otherwise lacked: and at its best, his religion seemed to him the most important thing in the world; for he was of that temperament—serious, kindly, ascetic—which is essentially and unalterably religious. He engaged in church "activities", for instance, not alone because of parental pressure, but because he honestly liked to; and if the extravagant sanctimony of his father often called forth in him a shy avoidance of the subject in conversation, it was a shrinking which was not actual but apparent.

Added to this was a voracious and unsystematically omniverous intellectual curiosity which, among other results, made his freshman year at the University much the happiest he had thus far known. Bryant University, indeed, was admirably calculated to satisfy this suddenly flowering want within him: jammed in the center of a great city, a huge conglomeration of business and dental schools, teachers' college and seminary, it fairly groaned with the pains of growth—and teemed with gratuitous public lectures designed to satisfy the questing soul of the undergraduate on every conceivable subject. Gideon Braile reveled in them. He, whose life had previously been bounded by narrow questions of theology, early Victorian novels, school assignments in American history, bickerings with his brother Philip, now gradually awoke to the great world around him and became interested in its problems with tremendous zeal. And because he was young and serious-minded and knew not how to shut his eyes to some crying social ill with the pessimistic but comforting subtlety that this, after all, is the best of all *possible* worlds,—he became disturbingly concerned at the continued existence of such things as social injustice and poverty and war.

II

He sat in the street car on his long ride home, his eyes fixed mechanically on the dirty dimly-lit house fronts which he jolted metallicly by,—but his heart bounding with a fierce exaltation. He had just heard Dwight Stewart, Christian Socialist and uncompromising pacifist, address a University audience (composed, in about equal parts, of consciously-dutiful members of the Y. M. C. A. and atheistically-inclined Jews) on "War's Challenge to Christianity". . . . Funny how he'd never realized before the tremendous implications of the teachings of Jesus—what an uncompromising pacifist

He'd been. He'd always thought of Him as gentle and humble and kind, of course,—but without stopping to wonder what He'd have done if a Roman decree had conscripted Him to fight against the Parthians. Would he have considered Himself one of "the things that are Caesar's"? The Early Church too—that statement that the early Christians had been persecuted by Rome on much the same grounds as pacifists during the late war certainly made you stop to think. Just what did being a Christian mean, after all? Of course, his father would say it meant believing in Christ and going to church, fighting against Evil and finally getting into Heaven—but did it? did it end there? The Church's mission, he'd often been told, was to save the World—convert it to belief in Christ and redeem it from hell fire in the next world, save the individual souls of a mass of individuals—but wasn't it just possible that its mission was to save it from hell fire—another World War—in *this* world,—and not just the fear-maddened spirits of Tom, Dick and Harry, but the world as a social unit? Funny, he'd never thought of that before. Now that he thought of it, though, what else *was* there to save the world from a repetition of the black disaster of 1914 except the united action of an enlightened Christian Church? . . .

He reached his stop and walked the six blocks to his home keyed to a pitch of excitement bordering on poetic fervor—it all seemed so splendidly clear now. His father had not yet gone to bed; "Was it a good meeting, son?" he asked not unkindly—perhaps sensing approvingly the radiant strength of Gideon's mood.

"Yes, father, really splendid." He could never get over a certain almost girlish shyness in talking with his father.

"That's good. Who spoke?"

"Dwight Stewart. He's—"

"Dwight Stewart? Humph! rather dangerously modernist—I'm a bit surprised the Y. M. C. A. should have a man like that."

"Oh! no, he was really awfully good—" and before he fully realized, Gideon was telling his father all about it. ". . . and so far as I can see, an absolute refusal on the part of Christians to fight is the only thing that can prevent another war like in 1914."

"Why, that's absolute sedition!" Calvin Braile broke in, his voice harsh with conviction. "Where would we be now if Englishmen and Americans had talked like that during the War? Why the Kaiser would have succeeded in his plot to conquer the world. That's what radicals like this Stewart lead to!" . . .

As he sat in the Adams Square Presbyterian Church that Sunday, however, Gideon's spirit revived. The Adams Square Church was large, it numbered among its members some of the wealthier manufacturers of the city, its organ was an excellent one, its choir quite capable; and the fortunate combination of wealth and numbers gave its services a solid worldly satisfaction which was perhaps stronger than the purely religious exaltation which these things engendered. And then the tall, white-moustached, cadaverously distinguished-looking pastor, Dr. Richards, possessed in large measure the supposedly non-existent ability of pleasing all of his flock all the time: this morning it was Gideon's turn, with a sermon all about peace and the Church's part in promoting it by spreading loving-kindness and goodwill among men and showing the nations the Way of Jesus. As he listened, a feeling of triumphant joy again took possession of Gideon—here at last was someone else who really understood, who conceived Christianity as a vital shaping force of this world rather than the next. During the closing prayer a sudden flash of inspiration flooded his mind and, still seeing things in

its pleasing bright light, he lingered unobtrusively on the fringe of the ever twining and untwining knot of parishioners effusively congratulating their minister after the service.

As the last one shook hands and Dr. Richards turned to walk back to the vestry, he stepped excitedly forward. "I—uh—I just wanted to tell you how much I enjoyed your sermon, Dr. Richards," he said a bit self-consciously, then hurried on, "and to ask you if you wouldn't try to get Dr. Dwight Stewart to address the district Young People's Conference here Memorial Day. He's awfully good on this topic and it's such an important one, I think—"

The clergyman took in the situation and smiled, pleased and benevolent. "Thank you, my boy," he said kindly, "I'm very glad to see you so interested in the subject. I'll speak to the Session about it and see what can be done. And now, if you'll excuse me—" and he shook hands. . . .

As Dr. Richards paternally explained it to Gideon afterwards, it had been not the Session but the Board of Trustees which had finally decided it necessary to give up the plan for having Dr. Stewart as the feature speaker of the Conference. As one of the financial pillars of the church, Mr. Metzler (whose small chemicals factory had been turned into an exceedingly auriferous munitions plant by the War) had put it, considering all the other expenses which the church was at the present time called on to bear, the Trustees could not feel justified in undertaking the additional burden which securing a speaker, so greatly in demand as Dr. Stewart, would entail—especially when Dr. Stewart's well known radicalism might render their position liable to misinterpretation, and in some quarters to unfavorable criticism. In his place, Dr. Richards said, the Committee had secured the popular and forceful evangelist, Malcolm

Jenkins, who had won the hearts of young people everywhere by his sympathetic discussion of the personal religious problems which confronted them. An additional feature, timely and patriotic, was also being planned for the service on Memorial Day—that of having a unit of the Bryant University R. O. T. C. attend in a body. . . .

Perhaps, thought Gideon Braile with disappointed misgiving, the Church itself didn't understand the teachings of Jesus. Perhaps the Church wasn't really pacifistic, after all. He wondered. . . .

III

His sophomore year Gideon found a new consolation in the Sunday afternoon discussion groups held at the home of Carl Rand, a youngish professor of philosophy in the University. The meetings were extremely informal and those who attended were of all sorts and stripes. There were those who came mainly from a lack of anything else to do, there were those who attended merely to hear themselves talk and to smoke, there were a few of the dogmatically faithful who were present out of pure bravado and a desire to flaunt their orthodoxy in the faces of the doubters; and there were those, like Gideon, who came because they were intoxicated with the freedom to discuss in an untrammelled and unfearful way the problems which obsessed them. These last, at least, found the group wonderfully stimulating; and under Rand's sympathetic guidance they became far less fumblingly self-conscious in airing their own opinions and in criticising fairly and freely the dogmas of their native churches.

To these Sunday afternoon gatherings Gideon would often bring his friend, Alan Gordon, a bespectacled high school senior of somewhat wealthier and less strict home environment than himself. It would probably

have been a mistake to describe young Gordon as an earnest seeker after religious truth; he was rather of that type of mind which loves to play with ideas very actively and enthusiastically so long as they continue to amuse, —and then to toss them light-heartedly aside. Just now, however, his intellectual plaything happened to be religion; and as he was also of that type which takes its work flippantly and its play seriously, he and Gideon found quite a considerable ground of intimacy. En route to Rand's and elsewhere they discussed quite seriously such things as the attitude of the Christian to the so-called heathen religions, the nature of the Holy Ghost, the efficacy of Prayer, and a host of other theological problems which it would have shocked their elders quite as much to find them discussing as actually doubting. With regard to some questions their discussions took on an almost sceptical and wholly fiendish glee (as, for instance, when they would twit the strictly orthodox Philip Braile as to the results in Heaven when the respective clergy of two warring nations pray fervently and trustingly to the same God for victory), but in general their discussions were serious and gropingly sincere. One question alone stumped them completely —what their dogmatic and cock-sure elders could possibly find in *their* religion that was in any way real or vital—or capable of calling forth such blind, unquestioning faith. . . .

In the meantime, the Sunday afternoon discussion group had made quite a modest stir in University circles and charges began to be heard from the occupants of nearby pulpits that it was a veritable serpent's nest of atheism and unbelief. At first, rumors of suppression merely served to increase the size and zest of the meetings, but late in the spring the rumors seemed about to be translated into fact. The University, as usual, was desperately in need of funds and about to stage another

of its periodical endowment campaigns; and to this design Rand's discussion group proved an embarrassing stumbling block. Prospective contributors were often so conscientious as to inquire just how far the University officially sanctioned it, and finally the Lutheran pastors of the city (whose seminary and preparatory school, founded a little over a quarter century back, had proved the embryo of the present overgrown foundling) banded together and refused to allow a direct appeal to their congregations so long as the dangerous Rand was continued in his position at the University. So when the fall term opened, the institution was again supplied with funds and Rand was gone. . . .

With Alan Gordon away at a more fashionable college, Gideon felt the loss of the discussion group companionships most keenly. He was never of a truly sociable disposition; always he needed the excuse of some more or less extraneous end in view to achieve any sort of free and unconstrained intercourse with his fellows—and with the loss of those Sunday afternoons, he seemed to have none at all. Rand, after all, had been the only adult with whom he had ever been able to discuss religion in any but the coldest and most innocuously formal way. . . . Curious, how everyone over forty seemed to freeze up on the subject—as if afraid that anything he said might be used against him. Any real discussion of it seemed as taboo as sex among the Mid-Victorians. A generation that shouted its most intimate bodily diseases from the housetops, yet scarcely dared whisper the ills of its soul in its own inmost chambers. . . .

He turned for consolation to books and art, spent hours in the civic museum among the early Italian ecclesiastics and the English Pre-Raphaelites, spent entire days rapturously immersed in St. Augustine and Thomas à Kempis. For weeks at a time he never missed paying a short visit each day to some Catholic church,

reveling in the shadowy peace—all very much to the concern of his family and thus, indirectly, to his own; for now he seemed to have no companions other than those with whom external circumstances threw him in contact. He could not decide which wounded him more, his mother's gentle sorrow at this departure from the stern faith of his forefathers, or his father's angry scorn—"He'll get over that," his father would say with a hard laugh. . . . His religious turmoil, moreover, seemed to leave him no interest in anything else—as social reform, for instance. For a time he herded with the real radicals of the University, but their crass materialism of object and their cold intellectuality of method left him uninspired and more than a little frightened. . . . It was all very well to go flying in the face of society and refusing to obey the solemn law of the land when you felt the teachings of the Church compelled it and God wanted you to, but to do it on your own whim, at the same time denying the very *existence* of God! . . .

And always that terrible, aching loneliness. . . .

IV

It was Easter Sunday and the faithful of the Adams Square Church were gathered to celebrate it with hearts made glad no less by their joy at the Resurrection of their Lord than by a quite pardonable pride in their own spring finery. But Gideon, even seated as he was in the middle of his family, felt himself somehow an outsider. . . . It was probably his own fault, anyhow, he supposed. From the family's point of view, no doubt, their demand that he follow the course that would be expected of one of the pious Braile family and take charge of a class in the Sunday School—it was all eminently reasonable. A trivial thing. He could go on believing whatever he liked, himself—and, after all, he *still* considered himself a good Christian. But

to dose young children with nauseating myths he couldn't swallow himself—ugh! . . . What a horrid mess people had made of religion, anyway! . . .

He sat restlessly in the pew, unmindful of the long droning prayer, gazing meditatively at the row of stiff-collared, frock-coated elders before him. . . . These were the men (he thought) who had conquered the world and held it captive in the golden bonds of trade; yet here they sat with stooped shoulders and tired eyes, as if shackled to their thrones—slaves themselves to the very cause of conquest. And with each new conquest their places of refuge grew fewer. They had taken the Church, put it on a budget and made a model business of it, and yet somehow the spiritual essence of it—that vague trifle which sent a St. Francis out into the rags of poverty or a Father Damien to Molokai—had fled before them. Lacking the courage for a somewhat intellectual mysticism, they would have damned as mere superstition that mob-mysticism of the Catholic mass; the shadowy spirituality of Anglican stained-glass windows they would have regarded as not quite the thing for open-eyed, practical men of business (their own church architecture proved it); nor could they—had they read it—have honestly subscribed to the cold, uncompromising logicism of their own sect's creed. Yet here they sat, elders and spiritual rulers of the church, perhaps enjoying themselves in a fuddling, half-hearted way, but certainly not finding that rest for which they subconsciously longed. . . . Of course not! how could they? look what they had done to it! Taken the sweet country quietness of Galilee and put into it all the blaring trumpets of Imperial Rome; taken the Prince of Peace and worshipped him to the thundering of the drums of war. . . . "The Son of God goes forth to war" . . . "Onward, Christian Soldiers" . . . The Church Militant. . . .

He sought out Alan Gordon after the service, eager for someone to whom he could talk without reserve. As they exchanged greetings and started walking home together, he noticed vaguely that Alan had changed, but for the time at least, refused to admit it. A moment more and he found himself talking just as in the old days—clothing in words all that had passed through his mind in the church—and then it was too late. Gordon heard him through to the end, and greeted the conclusion with a laugh—a hard laugh that was perfectly cynical and perfectly self-possessed.

“So you’re still puzzled over the continued existence, side by side, of Christianity and war!” And again that laugh. “Why, Gid, you damn fool! don’t you see they’re the best of bedfellows? When did Christianity start? during the Pax Romana, the greatest era of peace the world has known before or since. Its founder himself proclaimed that he came not to bring peace but a sword. What was the result? within a hundred years after it became the State Religion all Europe was writhing in anarchy and bloodshed? What followed? just when they’d gotten it well strangled by the most efficient of priesthoods and had localized war to a game of Swiss mercenaries, along came the Reformation—and a century of the bloodiest kind of *religious* wars. And look at the *Christian* nations in the last war! Christ! Don’t make me laugh!”

Gideon winced. . . .

He was walking aimlessly out under the stars, striving desperately to recover his sanity. His universe had collapsed. . . . The last tattered shreds of his religion had gone, leaving nothing but cold, terrifying, empty space between him and reality. He might as well be brave and confess it. For once he might as well be brave and face reality—alone, naked, with no warm, comforting, man-made roof of religion to shelter and protect

him, to shut out those cold fishy eyes, the stars. . . . At any rate, he now had his choice clearly defined before him—which one he should believe in: a distant, impersonal, extremely problematical God, or a worn-out religion that he knew to be silly and futile. He could choose. . . . Mockery! He had no real choice. He knew he didn't have the courage to throw away his religion entirely, knew it would leave too big a hole in his life if he did. His nature was too essentially weak to live in any but a world of make-believe. And, after all, the world of make-believe *might* be the real one. Suppose his father's religion *were* the true one—why, he'd be so much to the good. There were plenty of people who accepted it; there must be *something* to it, even if there was lots you couldn't swallow. What was it his mother had once advised him to do—take all that you couldn't believe on faith? So that was what "faith" amounted to! . . . And don't let anyone know you don't believe it all. Avoid the subject. Don't mention it, don't talk about it for fear someone may find you out. A conspiracy of silence. Dodge the issues. Trust, don't ask questions. Be orthodox. . . .

He entered the house, trying hard to appear casual; his mother and father were still seated in the living room "Oh, by the way," he announced—and his voice was tonelessly steady—"I've decided to take that class."

J. W. Martin.



*τὴν μὲν ἰδὼν γήθησε πολύτλας δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς,
ἐν δ' ἄρα μέσση λέκτο, χύσιν δ' ἐπεχέατο φύλλων.*

Sleep

Ulysses crept among the leaves
Tired, wet, and cross about
The sea that would not bear him home.
"Oh, I am poor, and bruised, and sick
Of striving where I cannot gain:
And I had better died than this."

Ulysses slept among the leaves
Long, loud and deeply on the shore;
And dreamed, and woke, and slept again.
Then the warm sun shook him softly,
And touched his broad shoulders.

He turned, and rose, and yawned widely
At the sun. The warmth was good.
He yawned again, and smiled slowly
To himself. "I would not have
It changed for all of Troy: —and home?
Now what is home when I am hungered?"

Bramwell Linn.

Child of Pan

THERE could be no doubt about it. The heat, or something, was playing strange pranks in the waiting-room of the Broad Street station. The ebb and flow of humanity had paused unreasonably. STOP-GO signals, set by some capricious hand against both streams of traffic, had produced a sort of crazy balance in the flux of arrivings and departings. The languorous air was charged with hints of the impossible. Magic was afoot and rampant in the waiting-room; and magic was quaintly brooding over the room's occupants, softly working in upon them.

Swivel-necked travellers were forgetting for once to make the Information-man's life miserable. They sat as though rooted, surrounded by a cluster of straw suitcases. Their heads popped over these, nodding like so many disks of large green sunflowers. Ample ladies of ease, soft and poky as over-ripe plums, were neglecting to pose. Were, in fact, running all to hips. They kept billowing uneasily about upon their not-half-large-enough benches. The not too infrequent ladies of color, as solid and as round as idols of Buddha, gazed stolidly ahead, surrounded by halos of dark, odiferous radiations. Peppy little salesmen perked moodily upon their thrones and threw sleepy, arrogant glances about the room. Eager to go, but held magically in the embrace of heat, or something. Frankly perspiring shoppers sat awaiting each her Local, were it the Paoli or the Chestnut Hill or the Whatever. They sat wearily cradling back, arms drooping by their sides; wrapped, as were the packages that lay about them, in multi-colored sheets of reverie. Domestic sails becalmed in the whisperless warmth of a mid-summer's afternoon. Here and there a loose-lipped bum tipped further down in his seat and twanged a thin, speculative chord of tobacco-juice at a squat spittoon nearby. Fragile

grandmas perched in bonnetted primness upon miraculously small amounts of bench, and thought of peach preserves and Jesus and the cool dark cellar at home.

The shouts and noises from the station beyond the balustrade came over strangely muted. As though the sound-impulses rowed their course with little muffled oars. A magic, heated shell of stillness enclosed all this waiting mass of human freight. Invisible languor was slowly folding its wings over these forms propped in the long rows of seats. They might have been monks and nuns out of a legended past gathered for afternoon chapel. (Granted that the Abbot and the Abbess had overlooked the inconsistency.) That distant tinkle of train-bells might even be the abbey chimes, summoning the monks from their gardens and their cells. (Anything is possible under the rule of Pan.) The sense of a breathless, timeless pause breathed over the waiting crowd. No sound tore the fabric of the stillness.

And through the fragile hush there broke the enchanted tone of a voice. Over the bowed heads of the throng below sounded the tiny, spoken words of music, intoned with the slow silver cadence of the rise and fall of ocean-waves:

*"All things—have rest—and ripen—toward the grave
In silence—ripen—fall—and cease— —
Give us long rest—or death—dark death—or dreamful ease . . .
Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil—the shore
Than labor in the deep mid-ocean— — wind and wave
and oar— —
O—rest ye—brother mariners——we will not wander more."*

The voice died way into notelessness. A sigh as of a thousand ghost-chains rattling down ghostly scuppers swept clinking silently over the room. In a brief, eternal moment each waiting cosmic mariner glimpsed the gray and dreary stretch of this life's waste land. Each felt

lost youth, tragic youth. And each mobbed insanely back into life.

The beads were told. The crystal pause broke into myriad bits of energy. The travellers started up, the ladies of ease launched themselves, the ladies of color barged out, the bums spat, the salesmen beat it, the grandmas mumbled scripture, the shoppers hustled. There was the sound of a rasping voice in the waiting room's loudspeaker, and it shattered the last bit of magic crystal: "Express—for New Yawk—leaving three o'clock—track thirteen."

That evening there were a thousand preludes in as many houses beginning: "I could scarcely believe my ears," and rendered in the colloquialisms peculiar to each house. And that same evening one more of Pan's children, stricken with radiolepsy, lay at the point of death in an obscure corner of the Broad Street station. She did not suffer. She was trembling and aching with the single thought, the wild possibility, the pathetic query: "*Did I help them? Did I help them? Could they understand?*"

A. R. Crawford.

Park Bench

*Take advantage of your youth;
Horace put it rather neatly:
"Snatch the fleeting day"—in truth
Loving young is loving sweetly.*

*Slip your arm around her, lad;
Never fear the crowd's remarks:
City folk have never had
Prying eyes in city parks.*

Imbecilia

SOLIL'QUY

Funny. Strikes in from nowhere,
Quirks thither and hither, electrically striding,
Up and down across this huge expanse of book-page;
Spasmodic pausings to stroke its back conceitedly
With a set of great long leg-fins.
One tap of finger, thus!
A smudge. A cigarette speck . . . Dead. Seems
absurd.
(Man would have a death monopoly,
Gnats and such like being simply squashed.)
Absurd. A little embarrassing, too.
Hell, that's cowardly. Wasn't even looking when—
Here's another,
May be brother.
Same quirk. Same thither and hither amperage.
The pauses. The casual fin-rubbings.
(Doesn't know You, even see You.
Can't harm You.)
Ambles to an edge and gazes off into the infinite.
A gnat soliloquy . . . Umph!
Tolerant brush of finger and off it flashes.
Yes, there is an order in the universe.
And, Oh yes! God is Love.

a. r. c.

The Madonna of Gardano

THE occasional visitor to the chapel of Our Lady in the palace of the Dukes of Gardano can find a complete catalogue of its art treasures in the descriptive folder of that historic city, which may be bought for a few lire of old Rosa, in the little tobacco-nist's shop opposite the cathedral. The author of this rustic guidebook has little to recommend him save native pride and a flowing literary style: "The chapel," he declares, grandiloquently, "is the most perfect artistic gem in all Tuscany. It is magnificently frescoed with scenes from the life of the Blessed Virgin, and on the altar reredos there hangs that life-sized portrait famous throughout Italy as The Madonna of Gardano. The artist, Gian da Sarteano, is remembered today not only as a painter of some note but also as the author of several novelle and as the sculptor of the baptistry at Pesaro. The Madonna is unquestionably da Sarteano's greatest work, if not the most marvelous picture of the Mother of God ever painted by the hand of man. Although typically Renaissance in its execution, it is not a usual Madonna. All the stiffness which critics have so often deplored in the usual ecclesiastical conception of the Holy Mother is lacking, and in its place is simply a very beautiful living person—warm, tender, natural. A girl of scarce nineteen, with long waves of auburn hair tumbling over slim shoulders in graceful cataracts, looks down charmingly upon the chapel. There has been no attempt to represent anything but a simple Tuscan maid just as she appeared to the artist—an oval face, slightly pale, with gently curving chin and lips drawn up into the faintest suggestion of a pout, a broad forehead, white like sea foam and eyes, deep hazel eyes that seem at once to laugh and frown; and over all shines a sweetness and tenderness of character that is far more saintly than the

conventional halo behind her head. This is Our Lady of Gardano, the pride and glory of all Tuscany."

In spite of this eulogy, the "most perfect artistic gem in Tuscany" still slumbers on peacefully, like all the rest of Gardano, beneath the Cisalpine sun. The ducal palace receives but few visitors, chiefly painters and *litterati* who have heard the distant rumor of a strange Renaissance Madonna, and have come to worship at the shrine. It is a rare visitor, indeed, who notices the chapel's other wonder. Only one who has been upon his knees before the little marble altar could see it, for carved in small Roman capitals upon the second altar step are these words:

ERIPERE AMOREM DOMINE EX MEO CORDE

So forgotten has the inscription become, that even those unsung bards, the guides, have concocted no carefully formed legend to explain its presence upon a holy altar. And for centuries the Madonna has smiled down upon that altar step; for centuries men have come and gone who have known and loved her sweet face; for centuries the anguished cry of those words has been so neglected that men have scarcely ever puzzled over their intended meaning.

Still another priceless but little known treasure in the palace of the Dukes of Gardano is the library which has the reputation of housing one of the finest collections of Medieval and Renaissance ecclesiastical documents in all Italy. Here, instead of the occasional artists who visit the chapel, come still less frequent scholars intent on discovering the benefices paid to certain obscure abbots of the Dark Ages by long forgotten lordlings. If in their dusty labors they passed over the faded parchment journal of a forgotten monk, it was, no doubt, either because it lay outside their special field of research or because they did not know that "Anastasius," the name it bore, was the monkish cognomen of him who is known

to history as Gian da Sarteano. The earnest but immature youth revealed in its pages is very different from the sculptor of the baptistry at Pesaro or the author of that fascinating fabliau *I Tre Gatti Tedeschi*, but here and there a stretch of limpid narrative or a bit of acute introspection betrays the talented Gian.

Perhaps the journal is overlong and, as might be expected in the writings of one who is both very young and very religious, much of it is rambling and dull; but through the dreary waste of monastic chronicle runs the thread of a story which is as vital and human to-day, as it was five centuries ago.

The Record

Saint Bartholomew's Day, August 24. At the second hour before dawn I arose to adore the Sacred Heart. Brother Augustine and myself remained on vigil till Nones. God willing, I am intent on doing all in my power to rid me of this fiend of Satan. The creature is very beautiful, even though she be the figment of my evil desire. May St. Anthony preserve me! . . .

The Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, September 8. The Lord has been gracious to me this day. Before Compline I completed the frescoes in the chapel which the Reverend Father asked me to make to the glory of St. Catherine. Again, I was haunted in sleep by the same figure of a woman. *Per bacco!* but she was beautiful! . . . a glory of auburn hair streaming in profusion over the most perfect body . . . St. Anthony forgive me, what do I write? I feel the coldness of a great fear about my heart. This apparition bodes no good for me. To-night I have resolved to keep the vigil before the Host. Perchance that will rid me of the monster.

St. Nestor's Day, September 9. O Holy Mother. I am sore afflicted! Help me, *Santissima*, to put on the armor of the Blessed Anthony and withstand the works of Satan. Last

night I took my vigil before the Most Sacred Host, but even there I could not escape her. She came and floated before me—beckoning and swaying till I thought my heart would break with longing to caress her tresses and fondle her lissom body. At dawn I awoke shivering to find myself fallen in a miserable heap before the altar. A noble vigil I have kept! I am no longer worthy to be called a Brother. I have soiled my vow of chastity, for does not Our Lord himself say: "Whoso looketh on a woman to lust after her hath already committed adultery with her in his own heart"? . . .

St. Ninian's Day, September 16. Again the apparition! Last night it was worse than ever before. What am I to do? The woman fascinates me. She is lovely, she is sweet, she beckons with her eyes, large fawn-like eyes, till I find myself rising in my sleep and crying, "*Dio Liberi.*" But I will be strong; I will triumph over the flesh; but I will place my heart and soul in Heaven's care; and then what can Messer Satan do but rage . . . Today I confided in my Father in God, Ambrose. He agrees with me that the forces of evil have taken the field against me. May St. Anthony strengthen me! . . .

St. Theodore's Day, September 19. An interlude! After Compline today the Reverend Father summoned me to the Locutorium. There I found a bluff soldierly gentleman in the green of the Pazzi, flicking the tops of his boots with a small riding whip. "Anastasius," said the Superior, "Monsignore the Duke has requested that you be allowed to fresco the new chapel in the palace at Gardano. This is his seneschal, Messer Bartolomeo Barga."

The man in green bowed respectfully to me. "It is my lord's express wish that the reverend Brother deign to decorate the new chapel of Our Lady."

I felt myself growing red and I stammered, "The Duke has conferred a great honor upon me, but I cannot leave this convent without the sanction of my Superior."

Father Ambrose lifted his hand. "You have my blessing, my son," he said.

"Father," I cried, dropping on my knees, "how can I thank you!"

"Only be diligent, my son, and reflect credit upon yourself and this poor house of God."

And so it is that tomorrow I am to take my way to the great city of Gardano to fresco my lord Duke's chapel. Perchance in Gardano I may be free of my apparition. It did not appear last night, albeit I found myself longing to see it once more. I am going out beyond the shelter of convent gates . . . may the Lord and St. Anthony protect me from all the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil!

St. Matthew's Day, September 21. My first day in Gardano is done. It has been one of discovery since full market time this morning, when I first set eye on the city. One comes upon Gardano from afar. Across the fields and vineyards of the Ezza she towers like a great dung hill crowned with spires and battlements. It has been eight years since I entered the convent close, and I found myself looking about me and drinking in every new sight with the unadulterated pleasure of a little child. As I rode under the great gate, I was fascinated by a train of merchants from the East with bales of silk and many strange rarities. I confess, I have always entertained a desire to be a traveller like the Polos. I was met at the palace by Bartolomeo who superintended the unloading of my mule while I was ushered into the presence of the Duke.

I found myself in a small dark-beamed council chamber. In the center of the room stood a great oblong table. One end of it was piled high with parchments, the other was bare. Leaning over the latter was a little shriveled creature who balanced himself on a sort of crutch-like cane. He was intent upon the table

before him where he seemed to be moving little men like pieces on a chessboard. I waited for a few moments to see if my lord had noticed my arrival, but the little man still leaned over the table without so much as a glance in my direction. Finally I saw more clearly what the invalid was doing. Upon the broad expanse of tabletop were drawn up hundreds upon hundreds of soldiery in miniature. The little figure was manoeuvring these toys feverishly up and down the expanse of his table battlefield. So this was why no one ever saw Duke Niccolo—the lust for warfare had to be satisfied though Nature forbade the battlefield. I recalled the legends I had heard years before about his hideous deformity—some men said that he was the bastard son of Leonardo Pazzi and a Greek harlot from Byzantium. I was aroused from these conjectures by a sharp tapping on the floor. The little man had become conscious of my presence and was hobbling around the table on his crutch to get a better look at me.

“And who may you be, Sir Monk?” he queried in high falsetto.

“I am Brother Anastasius from Monte Giacomo. Your Magnificence has conferred a great honor upon me by asking that I employ my humble art in decorating your new chapel.”

“So . . .”, he said. “You are young, my friend, to be the painter of Giacomo’s murals. But we shall see. Follow me.”

Again a sharp tapping as he propelled himself towards a small oak door behind the table. We passed out into a long silent corridor, made our halting way towards a great florid doorway at its end.

“Here is the place,” said my guide, as he pushed open the carved bronze door. “this is the chapel of Our Lady.”

The room is not large, neither is it small, but it is very

beautiful. It is lighted at one end by four great windows, and on the side by as many narrow slits. The floor is a marvel of mosaic, done, I hear, by Pietro Lazzischini from Pisa. But it is the sanctuary that is the most beautiful of all with its gorgeous little white marble altar, and behind it a space for a portrait.

Duke Niccolo was speaking, "I shall want the frescoes on the side walls and the ceiling to depict scenes from the life of the Blessed Virgin. You may use your own judgment about the altar reredos, but I should prefer a Madonna."

Without another word Niccolo swung around and hobbled from the room. I do not think that I shall like my new master, though I am inclined to pity him.

The afternoon I spent arranging my painter's vanities. The good Bartolomeo and I labored till dark arranging scaffolding. At dusk I retired to my room (which I fear me is far more worldly than the Blessed Benedict would recommend for a good Brother) and have only now finished the Office of Vespers in my private devotions. . .

St. Maurice's Day, September 22. O Great God protect me! I have seen her in the flesh! She lives, she breathes, she lives to capture me! Last night in my dreams she appeared to me again swaying, calling, luring, beckoning, till I thought I would go mad. With a great cry I rose up out of my bed and dashed into the corridor. All was dark and cold, and moaning I knelt to seek protection of the Blessed Anthony. For two hours I prayed there in the corridor. I was calmer now and more collected; so I rose to return to my pallet and sleep. As I turned toward my door I caught sight of the flicker of a taper approaching me down the long hall; I waited. It was a woman's figure. She was clothed in a gorgeous red robe; she had auburn hair! As she came up to me holding the taper high above her head, the light shone full on her face. Holy Mother of God! It was *she*, the monster of

my dreams! but the eyes were not beckoning now; they were hard and cold.

"Your strange cries have awakened my mistress, the Contessa," she said sharply, "please refrain from arousing the whole household."

I felt myself strangling; I could not utter a word; the blood rushed to my head, and I knew no more. When I recovered my senses, I was lying on the cold marble floor, but I was not alone. My head was resting in a lap and someone was bathing a great gash in my forehead where I had fallen. I became conscious of delicate, sweet odors and soft efficient hands. I crossed myself, and making a great effort, rose to my feet.

"Woman!!" I thundered, "you are touching one chosen of the Lord. Get thee hence to the devil that made thee!" and with that I covered up my face and fled into my cell.

The rest of the night I passed in prayer. In the morning, early, I sought audience with the Duke. I told him I could not decorate his chapel, and craved his gracious leave to go back to Monte Giacomo. He leered up at me and coughed a rasping little cough.

"My friend," he squeaked in his high falsetto, "Niccolo Pazzi makes no idle requests. The chapel of Our Lady must be frescoed before Brother Anastasius returns to the monastery, or . . .", and he gave a sickly little chuckle and picked up one of his toy soldiers which he calmly broke between his hands. What could I do but remain? This afternoon I accomplished nothing. I feel as one distraught. Before Vespers I questioned Messer Barga about *her*, and found that she is the daughter of a provincial knight who has taken service as lady-in-waiting to the Contessa Margherita, Niccolo's daughter. She is called Paola—Madonna Paola, a lovely name. I have resolved with St. Anthony's help never to speak to the creature again. I shall pursue my way, and if God

grants me strength, I'll conquer Messer Satan yet.

St. Thecla's Day, September 23. God be thanked! She did not appear to me last night. In less than a week I shall have forgotten all about her. I began work in earnest this morning upon the fresco of the north wall—the birth of the Blessed Virgin. I have requested that I be allowed to take my meals in my own chamber, so that I may not meet *her* in the Great Hall. So far, all goes well; I have not seen her since that dreadful night

St. Cyprian's Day, September, 26. Ah! God! . . . St. Anthony! I am losing all I gained! I saw *her* again today! Or, rather, she saw me; for the minx came and watched me as I painted in the chapel. As soon as I knew she was near, I began to tremble all over, and feel as I do in those awful dreams. I feel then that I cannot live without holding her close to me and breathing, "Carissima" into her dainty little ear. She sat and watched me wide-eyed as I balanced on my scaffolding, and said:

"You are shy, Sir Monk. How is that?"

I dared not trust myself to answer.

She went on, "Come! come! Long Face, why are you so rough-mannered? You have acted like a real *contadino* from the mountains."

I could control myself no longer. "Madonna," I hissed, "you are driving me mad! Remember, I have taken vows of celibacy, and you are too beautiful to resist. I warn you, Madonna, though I wear the monkish cowl, I have passions . . . *but that must never be!* We must work to defeat the Evil One."

Her answer dumbfounded me. "Why?" she said.

I jumped off the scaffolding and went and stood over her. "Because, woman, when a man takes a vow before God, and his fellow men, he cannot break it. He must be true to his promise."

She smiled at me with radiant eyes. "And what if a

man be not true to himself, what then, Messer Monk?"

I could make no answer; I simply strode from the chapel, and came here to pray. But I am weakening, spiritually weakening. Oh, for the strength of the Blessed Anthony to ward off this temptation! Her words ring in my ears, and I can neither answer them nor escape them. *What if a man be not true to himself?* Am I being true to Gian da Sarteano by following the path of Anastasius? May God forgive me! I scarcely know what sacrilege I write.—I shall try the vigil of the Sacred Heart again this night. . . .

St. Lioba's Day, September 28. This day after finishing on the right wall, I took strong measures to combat the Evil One. On the second step of the chapel's little marble altar, I carved with my chisel:

ERIPERE AMOREM DOMINE EX ME O CORDE

I have resolved to make one last effort to come to my senses about this woman. For three hours after I had carved the words I prayed to God that I might be spared this bitter-sweet cup. Perhaps their imprint upon the sacred step will soften the Almighty's heart. May the blessing of Heaven protect me, for I know not whether my course be up or down.

St. Michael and All Angels' Day, September 29. Why did I ever take the vows? I have not the strength to fight against myself much longer. My soul was restless before I took the cowl, but now that I have given it to God, I seethe and boil to be free again. I, Anastasius, duly consecrated "*frater in coetu*", long to be simply plain Gian once more. I have lately been asking myself how it happened, this miracle which would make me change from man to demi-God. I remember well the day, the Eve of All Saints it was. I knelt there by the little bridge across the Ezza, and like the blessed Paul felt the spirit of the Lord come upon me. From that time forward, all was different. Money, friends, family, life and

love sank to ridiculous nothings: I cared only for fasts and vigils and the life of the cloister.

Then Gardano, and Paola, and my whole life seems in vain! I am bewitched by the woman, and I can do nothing but worship her! I have decided to ask her to sit for the Madonna of the reredos. May God forgive me if I am doing wrong, but I cannot help myself.

St. Jerome's Day, September 30. I ceased work on the frescoes today, and began on the Madonna. Paola sat for me, and the picture is going to be glorious! She is so beautiful, so perfect, so indescribable that all I can do is to try to capture some of her beauty and give it to God in the Madonna of the reredos. . . .

St. Simon and St. Jude's Day, October 28. It happened today! I have known for a long time that it was inevitable, but I was fool enough to hope that with God's help I might withstand the temptation longer, but I have fallen, God forgive me! And what is worse I seem to care for nothing but her smile. Today I began on the last finishing touches of the auburn hair which I have asked Paola to wear down over her shoulders. It was necessary to pose her; so I approached her chair to direct the operation. She was unspeakably beautiful today, but as I crossed the floor from my easel to her side, something stronger than that came upon me, something stronger than anything I have yet known. Before I knew what I was doing, I was on my knees beside her chair crying:

"Madonna! Paola! I cannot live without you! Will you come away from this dead place with me? Paola! speak to me! I love you!"

I heard a little catch in her breath as she replied, "And what of your vows, Sir Monk?"

"To deepest Hell with my vows! I will break them if you will but say the word"!

Silence. I looked up to find her eyes shining with tears.

"Gian mio," she was beginning, when suddenly the great bronze door behind us clanged. A horrid little laugh, and Duke Niccolo hobbled out before us.

"So . . . " he said, "it would seem that you are adept at more arts than those of the Church, Messer Monk."

I hung my head. It was Paola who flared up in our defence. "We love each other," she said.

The little man leaned forward. "I know it," he croaked. "Listen to me, you children. Niccolo has known for weeks that you loved each other. Where is the love that mortal rules can restrain? You, Gian, are a monk. You have taken your vows before your fellow men never to look upon womankind. But who are you to forswear the infinite ways of God? You are in the hand of fate you cannot control. You cannot help yourselves. Then let instinct be your only guide. You love each other." He spread his hands. "*Basta!* You have the blessings of an old reprobate. May you be happy . . . always."

His raucous voice ceased in a final, almost cynical cackle. The room was silent save for the gentle tap-tap of his crutch as he hobbled toward the door. We were alone.

I looked at the floor. "May God forgive me," I murmured. Someone's arms were about my neck; someone was breathing in my ear . . . Paola!

"Gian mio," she said, "to renounce your vows is a disgrace as the world sees it, but to you and to me, and to God who are the only ones concerned, it has the justice of love."

"Madonna" was all I could murmur.

So it is settled. Tomorrow evening when I have seen my completed Madonna hung behind the altar as a

reredos, Paola and I are going out from the palace and for the first time in eight years I will be Gian da Sarteano again; for I shall have buried Anastasius deep beneath the altar step where he once carved:

ERIPÉ AMOREM DOMINE EX MEO CORDE

J. T. Golding.

YESTERDAY

*There are flowers in my heart
Because I slept upon the earth;
And you were rather careless how you planted,
Scarcely knowing what you wanted,
More than flowers for a day.*

*There are footprints on my heart
Because I slept upon the sand;
And you were fond of seeing what each tide scattered,
I thought your footprints never mattered,
That the sea would wash away.*

*But flowers that you planted,
That you really only wanted
For a day,
Never faded.*

*And the ocean never reached where
You stepped upon the sand;
And your footprints on the beach there
Are just beneath my hand.
And now you've found a garden
That's always closed to me,
And you seem to have forgotten
Your footprints by the sea.*

Bramwell Linn.

BOOKS

PLUNDERED HOST

FOWLER HILL

A psychological study of a boy's emotional development, written in the extreme of the impressionistic manner is this *Plundered Host*. It is an analysis of a sensitive mind's response to the vague unexpressions of a growing, expanding life—to sex, religion, beauty in all their grotesque forms. The book has an amazing vitality. It fairly aches with life. Mr Hill has laid on his colors with the bold, sure hand of an artist. His portrait has distinctly not the quality of the well-known "Nude Descending a Staircase," the problem being to find the Nude. Peter Brush is Youth, and Youth is Peter Brush. Nothing could be clearer.

Peter is the son of John Calvin Brush, deacon of the church and a moderately successful manufacturer. Shrewd in worldly matters, fanatically orthodox in matters that deacons bow their heads and cross their fingers over, he sets up an early conflict in the mind of his precocious son. The lad sets alone about the resolving of rules for his game of life. He plays host to the jagged emotional impressions that strike through his sensitive mind. "Whatever he did he wanted to be related to those emotions, those thin, pale thoughts that had stirred his mind." He is host, and beauty is his guest. John Calvin Brush would be moved to the shallow depths of his orthodox soul could he know what is going on inside the mind of his offspring. He dies before finding out that he has been harboring an atheist-in-arms.

Much could be said of the synthetic style of Mr. Hill. One might suspect him of being a disciple of Erin's pathological case, Mr. James Joyce. Surely there is

much in *Plundered Host* to recall the turgid "stream of consciousness" manner of the amorphous *Ulysses*. But like every good disciple, Mr. Hill has borrowed only that of the Joycean method which he can handle. And he has made a most adroit adaption. His realism is at least sincere. The remark has been made that Mr. Joyce is not content with calling a spade a spade. He insists that it be a manure fork. Mr. Hill has made no such perverted use of the maxim. Spades are spades, but they are also actual instruments; to be used for delving into the turfy parts of our nature and revealing the fairness and beauty of small earth things.

Life hurts Peter. But he worships life, and rather seeks than avoids the aching rapture of contact with life. He is not precisely the personification of the Average Boy. Most of us are minor John Calvin Brushes, learning early the safety and value of bowing our heads and crossing our fingers over the shibboleths of living. There is in *Plundered Host* much that was surely in the boyhood of the young Goethe, the young Chatterton, the young Shelley. It is the amazing chronicle of one Peter Brush, who, had he died before even coming of age, may be said to have truly lived. That he should have suddenly and strangely reached his Ideal in the last few chapters may seem faintly incongruous. But let that pass. As a record of an adolescent's search for beauty this book is certainly unique and worthy of note.

(Dutton, \$2.00)

RABELAIS

ANATOLE FRANCE

This is an attractive edition of the last unpublished work of Anatole France. It is the form of a series of lectures, written to be delivered in Buenos Aires. They were never given there, for the ever-watchful Bishops of

that religious, immoral city believed they smelt a heresy in the matter of the lectures, certainly in the lecturer himself, and forbade their pious flock from exposing themselves to this impious danger.

The lectures are in the form of a combined biography of Master Francois Rabelais and a critical study of his *Gargantua and Pantagruel*. They are translated by Ernest Boyd. The book contains a number of wood cuts by A. and P. Baudier, used in the definitive French edition. They are executed in the extravagant and boisterous manner that is quite in keeping with the heroically humorous events they illustrate.

Rabelais' book has become such a tradition, and so unique a one, in the world's literature, that the idea of a strong and human personality behind its composition has been somewhat mislaid in the mist of tradition. The method Anatole France used in preparing these lectures, that of explaining the significance of the satire of Rabelais against the background of an accurate story of his life, is a happy one. It leads to a sane understanding of a truly great man. In his conclusion the author pertinently writes: "Tradition effects strange metamorphoses, causing the heroes whom it sweeps along to lead a posthumous existence very different from the life they lived in flesh and blood. Rabelais is a case in point. He was popular because of his undeserved reputation as an intrepid drinker, and tradition composed a biography of him wholly dissimilar from that of which I have tried to present the solid elements."

We find that Rabelais was ordained at the age of twenty-five as a monk in the Franciscan order. And he remained for his whole life within the bosom of the Church. He was a man of immense learning, and was at one time or another exposed to all the erudition of his own age and of every age before his own. His *Gargantua and Pantagruel*, published from time to time until five

parts had accumulated, represents but a small bit of the energy that drove him through a life of huge activity. A list of his accomplishments and interests would stretch to a tiresome length. He had the mental scope of a Liebnetz or of a Descartes, but he never allowed his head to outweigh his heart. Never unlearned the wisdom of a laugh. And when he was laid away, Pierre Boulanger, doctor and friend of Rabelais, wrote in an epitaph: "Beneath this stone sleeps the most excellent of laughing men. Our descendents will seek out what kind of man he was . . . Perhaps they will believe that he was a buffoon, a clown, who by dint of his laughs earned a good meal. No, no, he was not a buffoon, nor a public clown. But, with his exquisite and penetrating genius, he mocked at the human race, at its insensate desires and the credulity of its hopes. Undisturbed about his fate, he led a happy life . . . like a new Democritus, he laughed at the vain fears and the desires of the common people and of princes, at their frivolous cares and at the anxious labors of this brief life in which is consumed all the time which a benevolent deity is willing to grant us."

One sees why Anatole France chose this subject to concentrate his powers of research upon. He has treated with sympathy and understanding a man whom no other scholar but he was more qualified to treat. For he was himself a Rabelasian; a more refined and subtle disciple, perhaps, than his boisterous teacher, but a true disciple for all of that. *Rabelais* is an exact and careful study of a great teacher by one who bids fair to be nearly as great a disciple.

May we say one more word in praise of the A. and P. Baudier woodcuts that have so happily caught the extravagant spirit of the book they represent.

(*Henry Holt, \$5.00*)

DARK STAR

LORNA MOON

This is a joint study of heredity and of the struggle between love and ambition, shot through with a great deal of sharp character drawing. Nancy Pringle, begotten without the pale of holy wedlock, is forever searching for the knowledge of whether or not she belongs to the Fasseferns, those mad Fasseferns who held life cheaper than they did a dramatic exit from it. Harvey Brune is the Whistling Boy, enamoured of his work as a musician to the extent of refusing to marry Nancy for fear of losing his singleness of purpose. She shrinks from his veiled offer to keep her as his mistress, for in that she thinks she sees the fate of such as her mother. By way of solving the problem and of incidentally asserting the Fassefern blood that was surely in her, she leaps from a cliff into the sea upon whose shores lay many a heap of Fassefern bones, for this was a time-honored method among members of that wild clan for making a spectacular exit from life.

The drawing of the minor characters is, strangely enough, what makes the book. After the death of her grandmother, Nancy goes to live with the minister of the parish of Pitouie. This man's wife is a portrait of one of the less lovely types of womanhood. She had her "martyr-days" on which "she would 'visit and cheer the sick of the congregation,' carrying jars of jelly . . . to the righteous ones, and to the sinners those passages from the Bible that best accorded with their sins." Then one day she planted some buck shot on the stairs upon which her hated mother-in-law slid and broke her hip. There is Divot Meg, the harlot, who one time said to Nancy: "I'd sooner see you grow up to be a clean minded strumpet like me than a dirty-minded holy bitch like the minister's wife." Not exactly metaphor. This Meg keeps Bella Pringle, a drug-addicted, degraded

piece of humanity who was living with a nigger man in a travelling circus, from going to her daughter, Nancy, by doping her with whiskey and then systematically choking her to death. This particular part of the book, which deals with doings in a Pitouie tavern, makes some of the strongest reading we have found in many a day.

It is easy to see why *Dark Star* is enjoying popularity. The story is graphically spun. It has an element of suspense. Contains a quite human set of people. It has moreover an element of charm (believe it or not from the foregoing details!) Quite enough ingredients for our own popularity recipe.

(*Bobbs-Merrill*, \$2.50)

THE BOOK OF MONELLE

MARCEL SCHWOB

Anatole France wrote of this book that it is one of the gems of world literature. And he was conversant enough with that vague assembly to know what he was saying. It has the certain quality of timelessness that a book of this class must necessarily have. Strangely enough, this is the one quality that a few French critics deplored at the time of the book's first appearance—in 1894.

This is not the sort of book that can be written of and regarded critically, gnatlike. It is a record of an experience, a fragile interlude in which two spirits, totally unlike in temperament and background, meet and share in something which is granted to but few mortals. As such, it is a book to be absorbed and felt. Not one to be read with a perpetually quivering eyelid. One might find in it the ethical problem: can a prostitute reform? But that would be like looking at a glorious sunset through the eye of a needle. We prefer the wider vision.

(*Bobbs-Merrill*, \$2.00)

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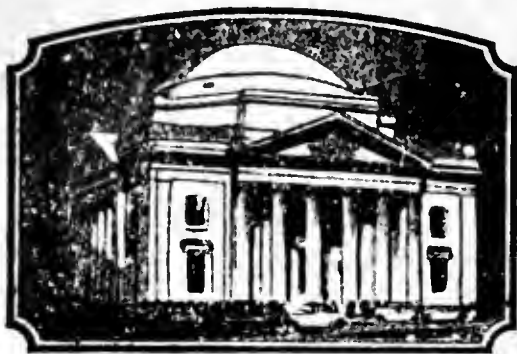
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